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I  
LETTERS OF  
HORACE WALPOLE

*MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE*

III

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.  
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*Horace Walpole*  
*from a painting by Nathaniel Hone.*



THE LETTERS  
OF  
HORACE WALPOLE  
FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED  
AND EDITED WITH NOTES AND INDICES  
BY

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES  
WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

VOL. VII: 1766—1771

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# THE LETTERS

OF

## HORACE WALPOLE

1115. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 22, 1766.

AT last, my dear Sir, I begin to see daylight: the present ministry, I think now, will stand. Mr. Pitt missed his opportunity, and pushed his haughtiness a little too far, and I believe is grievously disappointed. Nothing was more plain than his eagerness to return to power, but he took it upon too high a style, and miscarried. The court did not wish for a master, nor many of the ministers for a dictator; yet he was courted by the latter to the last. He would not vouchsafe to treat but personally with the King, who would not send for him a third time. He then veered towards his kin, and having laid out all his dignity with the ministers, was condescending enough towards the Grenvilles. Lord Temple met him halfway, but George Grenville's wounds were too fresh to close so soon, and he took the counterpart of Pitt; for having repeated the most abject advances to Bute, he indemnified his pride by holding off from Pitt, and so both are left in the lurch, and both have taken to the last quieting draught of disappointed ambition, the country. The Duke of Grafton has sacrificed himself to Pitt's pride, and has resigned the Seals, which are given to the Duke of Richmond, who kisses hands to-morrow<sup>1</sup>. Lord Rochford, I think, will go to Paris<sup>2</sup>.

LETTER 1115.—<sup>1</sup> As Secretary of State for the Southern Province.

<sup>2</sup> As Ambassador.

The promotion of the Duke of Richmond pleases me extremely; it makes an united administration, and a little prudence and management may make it a permanent one.

Luckily for us, it has been a time when we could afford to play the fool. France has neither heads, generals, nor money, and Spain has got its hands full; and we have got rid of our enemies there, the French and Italian ministers.

As I love big politics, I am waiting with impatience for more news of Prince Heraclius<sup>3</sup>, who, we are told, is on the high road to Constantinople. When he has pulled down the Mufti, pray fetch him to burn old Mother Babylon for a witch. You know I have always sighed for thundering revolutions, but have been forced to piddle with changes of ministers. Oh, but we have discovered a race of giants! Captain Byron<sup>4</sup> has found a nation of Brobdignags on the coast of Patagonia; the inhabitants on foot taller than he and his men on horseback. I don't indeed know how he and his sailors came to be riding in the South Seas. However, it is a terrible blow to the Irish, for I suppose all our dowagers now will be for marrying Patagonians. Somewhere else, too,—but I am a sad geographer—there is a polished country discovered in those seas. They must be barbarous indeed if they exceed London and Paris! Have you heard of Lally's<sup>5</sup> tragedy; that they gagged him lest he should choke himself with his own tongue, which is not the easiest sort of self-murder in the world, and that the mob clapped their hands for joy during the execution? When a nation has behaved cowardly, they always think to repair it by cruelty;—so poor Byng was murdered—and now this man, who was a tyrant, but certainly not guilty to his country.

<sup>3</sup> Prince of Georgia.

<sup>5</sup> He was beheaded on May 10,

<sup>4</sup> He had just come back from his voyage round the world. 1766.



I know our people always accused him of breaking his word with us to serve the cause of France.

If it is too soon to conduct Prince Heraclius to Rome, and you have quite annihilated the Pretender, and have nothing else to do, I wish you would think for me of the other volumes of *Herculaneum*. Mount Vesuvius seems out of humour, and may destroy all the copies. When you have an opportunity too, pray send me home my letters: I have not had a parcel a great while.

We have no news of any kind but these dregs of politics. The town empties, and will be deserted after the Birthday. I shall soon settle at Strawberry for the summer, which is not begun yet, from a succession of rains and east winds; and as I have no disappointed ambition, I don't choose to retreat from one fireside to another. Adieu!

1116. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, May 25, 1766.

WHEN the weather will please to be in a little better temper, I will call upon you to perform your promise; but I cannot in conscience invite you to a fireside. The Guerchys and French dined here last Monday, and it rained so that we could no more walk in the garden than Noah could. I came again to-day, but shall return to town to-morrow, as I hate to have no sun in May, but what I can make with a peck of coals.

I know no news, but that the Duke of Richmond is Secretary of State, and that your cousin North has refused the Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. It cost him bitter pangs, not to preserve his virtue, but his vicious connections. He goggled his eyes, and groped in his money-pocket; more than half consented; nay, so much more, that when he got home he wrote an excuse to Lord Rockingham, which

made it plain that he thought he had accepted. As nobody was dipped deeper in the warrants and prosecution of Wilkes, there is no condoling with the ministers on missing so foul a bargain. They are only to be pitied, that they can purchase nothing but damaged goods.

So, my Lord Grandison is dead! Does the General<sup>1</sup> inherit much?

Have you heard the great loss the Church of England has had? It is not avowed, but hear the evidence and judge. On Sunday last, George Selwyn was strolling home to dinner at half an hour after four. He saw my Lady Townshend's coach stop at Caraccioli's chapel. He watched, saw her go in; her footman laughed; he followed. She went up to the altar; a woman brought her a cushion; she knelt, crossed herself, and prayed. He stole up, and knelt by her. Conceive her face, if you can, when she turned and found his close to her! In his most demure voice, he said, 'Pray, Madam, how long has your Ladyship left the pale of our church?' She looked furies, and made no answer. Next day he went to her, and she turned it off upon curiosity—but is anything more natural? No, she certainly means to go armed with every viaticum, the Church of England in one hand, Methodism in t'other, and the Host in her mouth.

Have you ranged your forest, and seen your lodge yourself? I could almost wish it may not answer, and that you may cast an eye towards our neighbourhood. My Lady Shelburn<sup>2</sup> has taken a house here, and it has produced a *bon mot* from Mrs. Clive. You know my Lady Suffolk is *deaf*, and I have talked much of a charming old passion

LETTER 1116.—<sup>1</sup> John Fitzgerald, first Earl Grandison. His only surviving child married, as her second husband, Montagu's brother, General Charles Montagu.

<sup>2</sup> Mary (d. 1780), daughter of Hon. William Fitzmaurice, of Gallane, co. Kerry; m. (1734) John Petty, first Earl of Shelburne, who died in 1761.

I have at Paris, who is *blind*<sup>3</sup>—‘Well,’ said the Clive, ‘if the new Countess is but *lame*, I shall have no chance of ever seeing you.’ Good night!

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

1117. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, June 9, 1766.

THE session of Parliament has at last ended, and the ministry have a lease of five or six months longer. This is the most one can depend upon, notwithstanding my views were so sanguine in my last; but their heads not being quite so well ballasted as their hearts, it is difficult to say how long they will swim. Your friend, the whitest of our white princes<sup>1</sup>, was very nearly oversetting their bark as it was making land. He had obtained a promise from his brother and Lord Rockingham of a Parliamentary settlement on him and his younger brothers, which would have raised their appanages to 20,000*l.* a year each. It was neglected till the last days of the session; when Mr. Conway, who had not been made acquainted, objected to so considerable a donation being hurried through the remnant of a thin House, especially as it was universally disapproved, the ministers having the good fortune to have most people agree with them on all points against the opposition, of which this Royal Highness is a chief. The ministers gave in to Mr. Conway's opinion; the Duke insisted, but at last the King consented that it should be postponed till next year, after recommending it to the House, with the demand for his sister's fortune, the future Queen of Denmark. If you have your royal visitor again this summer, you must expect to hear Mr. Conway much

<sup>3</sup> Madame du Deffand.

LETTER 1117.—<sup>1</sup> The Duke of York. *Walpole.*

reproached. I will dispense with your bearing it patiently, if it procures you the red riband. As stability is not the property of ministerial tenures at present, be always upon your guard what you write to me, for your letters may find new faces at the post office before I have time to prepare you for them.

*The Great Commoner*<sup>2</sup> is exceedingly out of humour, and having duped himself, taxes the ministers with perfidy ; he who would never connect with them in or out, and who, having proscribed half of them, would not vouchsafe to treat with the rest. The people who think everything right that he does, or does not, and who, as often as he changes his mind backwards and forwards, think that right too, take all the pains they can to indulge his pride. He has been at Bath ; they stood up all the time he was in the Rooms, and while he drank his glass of water ; and one man in Somersetshire said to him as he passed through a crowd, 'I hope *your Majesty's* health is better !' I am glad,—no, I don't know whether I am not sorry, that he is not at Quito<sup>3</sup>, where they have insisted on crowning one of their fellow subjects King of Peru. 'Tis a lucky revolution for us, and would have pleased me entirely if they had chosen a Peruvian. However, the poor Peruvians must have some comfort in seeing their tyrants punish themselves.

We have a Russian Garrick<sup>4</sup> here, the head of their theatre, and, like Shakespeare, both actor and author. He has translated *Hamlet*, and it has been acted at Petersburg. I could wish the parallel were carried still farther, and that after this play acted before the Empress *Gertrude*, the assassin of her husband, she were to end like Hamlet's mother.

<sup>2</sup> A common phrase for Mr. Pitt.  
*Walpole*.

<sup>3</sup> The Spanish capital of Peru.

<sup>4</sup> Alexander Sumarokoff (1718-1777).



The King and Queen have been here this week to see my castle, and stayed two hours. I was gone to London but a quarter of an hour before. They were exceedingly pleased with it, and the Queen so much that she said she would come again. I do wish, my dear Sir, you could once see it! It would to me be the most pleasing interruption that could happen to our correspondence. Adieu!

## 1118. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, June 20, 1766.

I DON'T know when I shall see you, but therefore must not I write to you? yet I have as little to say as may be. I could cry through a whole page over the bad weather. I have but a lock of hay, you know, and I cannot get it dry, unless I bring it to the fire. I would give half a crown for a pennyworth of sun. It is abominable to be ruined in coals in the middle of June.

What pleasure you have to come! there is a new thing published, that will make you bepiss your cheeks with laughing. It is called the *New Bath Guide*<sup>1</sup>. It stole into the world, and for a fortnight no soul looked into it, concluding its name was its true name. No such thing. It is a set of letters in verse, in all kind of verses, describing the life at Bath, and incidentally everything else—but so much wit, so much humour, fun, poetry, so much originality, never met together before. Then the man has a better ear than Dryden or Handel. Apropos to Dryden, he has burlesqued his *St. Cecilia*, that you will never read it again without laughing. There is a description of a milliner's box in all the terms of landscape, *painted lawns and chequered shades*, a Moravian ode, and a Methodist ditty, that are incomparable, and the best names that ever

LETTER 1118.—<sup>1</sup> By Christopher Anstey (1724–1805).



were composed. I can say it by heart, though a quarto, and if I had time would write it you down, for it is not yet reprinted, and not one to be had.

There are two new volumes, too, of Swift's Correspondence, that will not amuse you less in another way, though abominable, for there are letters of twenty persons now alive. Fifty of Lady Betty Germain, one<sup>2</sup> that does her great honour, in which she defends her friend my Lady Suffolk, with all the spirit in the world, against that brute, who hated everybody that he hoped would get him a mitre, and did not. There is one to his Miss Vanhomrigh, from which I think it plain he lay with her, notwithstanding his supposed incapacity, yet not doing much honour to that capacity, for he says he can drink coffee but once a week, and I think you will see very clearly what he means by coffee. His own journal sent to Stella during the four last years of the Queen is a fund of entertainment. You will see his insolence in full colours, and, at the same time, how daily vain he was of being noticed by the ministers he affected to treat arrogantly. His panic at the Mohocks is comical; but what strikes one, is bringing before one's eyes the incidents of a curious period. He goes to the rehearsal of *Cato*, and says *the drab* that acted Cato's daughter could not say her part. This was only Mrs. Oldfield. I was saying before George Selwyn, that this journal put me in mind of the present time; there was the same indecision, irresolution, and want of system, but I added, 'There is nothing new under the sun.'—'No,' said Selwyn, 'nor under the grandson.'

My Lord Chesterfield has done me much honour: he told Mrs. Anne Pitt that he would subscribe to any politics I should lay down. When she repeated this to me, I said, 'Pray tell him I have laid down politics.'

<sup>2</sup> The letter dated Feb. 8, 1781.

I am got into puns, and will tell you an excellent one of the King of France, though it does not spell any better than Selwyn's. You must have heard of Count Lauragais, and his horse-race, and his quacking his horse till he killed it. At his return the King asked him what he had been doing in England? 'Sire, j'ai appris à penser'—'Des chevaux?' replied the King.

Good night! I am tired, and going to bed. Yours ever,  
H. W.

### 1119. TO LADY HERVEY.

Strawberry Hill, June 28, 1766.

It is consonant to your Ladyship's long experienced goodness, to remove my error as soon as you could. In fact, the same post that brought Madame d'Aiguillon's letter to you, brought me a confession from Madame du Deffand of her guilt. I am not the less obliged to your Ladyship for *informing* against the true criminal. It is well for me, however, that I hesitated, and did not, as Monsieur de Guerchy pressed me to do, constitute myself prisoner. What a ridiculous vain-glorious figure I should have made at Versailles with a laboured letter and my present! I still shudder when I think of it, and have scolded Madame du Deffand black and blue. However, I feel very comfortable; and though it will be imputed to my own vanity, that I showed the box as Madame de Choiseul's present, I resign the glory, and submit to the shame with great satisfaction. I have no pain in receiving this present from Madame du Deffand, and must own have great pleasure that nobody but she could write that most charming of all letters<sup>1</sup>.

LETTER 1119.—<sup>1</sup> A letter written by Madame du Deffand in the name of Madame de Sévigné, and accompanying a snuff-box ornamented on the top with a miniature of Madame

de Sévigné, and on the bottom with the cipher of Rabutin and Sévigné in marcasites. Horace Walpole at first thought that the box and letter came from the Duchesse de Choiseul.

Did not Lord Chesterfield think it so, Madam? I doubt our friend Mr. Hume must allow that not only Madame de Boufflers, but Voltaire himself, could not have written so well. When I give up Madame de Sévigné herself, I think his sacrifices will be trifling.

Pray, Madam, continue your waters; and, if possible, wash away that original sin, the gout. What would one give for a little rainbow to tell one, one should never have it again! Well, but then one should have a burning fever—for I think the greatest comfort that good-natured divines give us is, that we are not to be drowned any more, in order that we may be burnt. It will not at least be this summer; here is nothing but haycocks swimming round me. If it should cease raining by Monday se'nnight, I think of dining with your Ladyship at Old Windsor; and if Mr. Bateman presses me mightily, I may take a bed there.

As I have a waste of paper before me, and nothing more to say, I have a mind to fill it with a translation of a tale that I found lately in the *Dictionnaire d'Anecdotes*, taken from a German author. The novelty of it struck me, and

The letter ran as follows:—

'Des champs Elisées.  
(Point de succession de tems;  
point de date.)

Je connois votre folle passion pour moi; votre enthousiasme pour mes lettres, votre vénération pour les lieux que j'ai habités: J'ai appris le culte que vous m'y avez rendu: j'en suis si pénétrée, que j'ai sollicité et obtenu la permission de mes Souverains de vous venir trouver pour ne vous quitter jamais. J'abandonne sans regret ces lieux fortunés; je vous préfère à tous ses habitans: jouissez du plaisir de me voir; ne vous plaignez point que ce ne soit qu'en peinture; c'est la seule existence que puissent avoir les ombres. J'ai été maîtresse de choisir l'âge où je voulois reparaitre; j'ai pris celui de vingt-cinq ans pour m'assurer

d'être toujours pour vous un objet agréable. Ne craignez aucun changement; c'est un singulier avantage des ombres; quoique légères, elles sont immuables. J'ai pris la plus petite figure qu'il m'a été possible, pour n'être jamais séparée de vous. Je veux vous accompagner partout, sur terre, sur mer, à la ville, aux champs; mais ce que j'exige de vous, c'est de me mener incessamment en France, de me faire revoir ma patrie, la ville de Paris, et de choisir pour votre habitation le fauxbourg St. Germain; c'étoit là qu'habitoient mes meilleures amies, c'est le séjour des vôtres; vous me ferez faire connoissance avec elles: je serai bien aise de juger si elles sont dignes de vous, et d'être les rivales de

RABUTIN DE SÉVIGNÉ.'

I put it into verse—ill enough; but, as the old Duchess of Rutland used to say of a lie, it will do for news into the country.

‘From Time’s usurping power, I see,  
Not Acheron itself is free.  
His wasting hand my subjects feel,  
Grow old, and wrinkle though in Hell.  
Decrepit is Alecto grown,  
Megæra worn to skin and bone,  
And t’other beldam is so old,  
She has not spirits left to scold.  
Go, Hermes, bid my brother Jove  
Send three new Furies from above.’  
To Mercury thus Pluto said:  
The winged deity obey’d.

It was about the self-same season  
That Juno, with as little reason,  
Rung for her Abigail; and, you know,  
Iris is chambermaid to Juno.  
‘Iris, d’ye hear? Mind what I say;  
I want three maids—inquire—no, stay!  
Three virgins—yes, unspotted all;  
No characters equivocal.  
Go find me three, whose manners pure  
Can Envy’s sharpest tooth endure.’  
The goddess curtsy’d, and retir’d;  
From London to Pekin inquir’d;  
Search’d huts and palaces—in vain;  
And tir’d, to Heaven came back again.  
‘Alone! are you return’d alone?  
How wicked must the world be grown!  
What has my profligate been doing?  
On earth has he been spreading ruin?  
Come, tell me all.’—Fair Iris sigh’d,  
And thus disconsolate replied:—  
‘Tis true, O Queen! three maids I found—  
The like are not on Christian ground—  
So chaste, severe, immaculate,  
The very name of man they hate:  
These—but, alas! I came too late;



For Hermes had been there before—  
 In triumph off to Pluto bore  
 Three sisters, whom yourself would own  
 The true supports of Virtue's throne.'  
 'To Pluto!—Mercy!' cried the Queen,  
 'What can my brother Pluto mean?  
 Poor man! he doats, or mad he sure is!  
 What can he want them for?'—'Three Furies.'

You will say I am an *infernal* poet; but everybody cannot write as they do *aux Champs Elysées*. Adieu, Madam!

Yours most faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

### 1120. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, July 10, 1766.

Don't you think a complete year enough for any administration to last? One<sup>1</sup>, who at least can remove them, though he cannot make them, thinks so; and, accordingly, yesterday notified that he had sent for Mr. Pitt. Not a jot more is known; but as this set is sacrificed to their resolution of having nothing to do with Lord Bute, the new list will probably not be composed of such hostile ingredients. The arrangement I believe settled in the outlines—if it is not, it may still never take place: it will not be the first time this egg has been addled. One is very sure that many people, on all sides, will be displeased, and I think no side quite contented. Your cousins, the house of Yorke, Lord George Sackville, Newcastle, and Lord Rockingham, will certainly not be of the elect. What Lord Temple will do, or if anything will be done for George Grenville, are great points of curiosity. The plan will probably be, to pick and cull from all quarters, and break all parties, as much as possible. From this moment I date the wane of Mr. Pitt's



glory ; he will want the thorough-bass of drums and trumpets, and is not made for peace. The dismissal of a most popular administration, a leaven of Bute, whom, too, he can never trust, and the numbers he will discontent, will be considerable objects against him.

For my own part, I am much pleased, and much more diverted. I have nothing to do but to sit by and laugh, a humour you know I am apt to indulge. You shall hear from me again soon.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1121. TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

Thursday, July 10, 1766.

YESTERDAY the administration's year was completed, and yesterday the administration ended. His Majesty declared to them that he had sent for Mr. Pitt. Nothing more is known, nor will be till his arrival. The event itself is but little known yet in town : the succeeding days will be a little more busy, and your Ladyship may guess what curiosity and expectation will be raised till the list appears. I knew yesterday that something was ready to burst out, as I believe your Ladyship perceived, though I could not tell what. If Mr. Pitt does not arrive by Saturday, I shall be at Twickenham that day, and will see you in the evening. If he does I cannot be so unfashionable as to quit the town, when everybody will be coming to it, though I have nothing else to do than to amuse myself, except being very glad, for reasons I will tell you.

Your most obedient

HOR. WALPOLE.

## 1122. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 11, 1766.

I HOPE you have minded me, and are prepared. Nay, if you did but calculate, you must have expected a revolution. Why, it was a year yesterday that the ministers had held their places. Surely you did not think that Secretaries of State and Lords of the Treasury are of more importance, or ought to be more permanent than churchwardens! If you did, you do not know my Lord Bute. As Petulant says of Millamant<sup>1</sup> and her lovers, he makes no more of making ministers than of making card-matches.

The late ministers—I talk of those who were in office three days ago, stuck to their text; that is, would not bow the knee to the idol<sup>2</sup> that keeps behind the veil of the sanctuary. They were content to have shown some civilities to one or two of his family<sup>3</sup>, and asked the King if there was anybody his Majesty wished particularly to have placed? It was now too late: the answer was ‘No!’ On Sunday last, without any communication to the ministers, the Chancellor<sup>4</sup>, who can smell a storm, and who has probably bargained for beginning it, told the King that he would resign. The ministers saw this was a signal of something, though they did not know what; and having found of late that they could obtain no necessary powers for strengthening themselves, determined to resign. They should have done so on Wednesday; but the old obstacle, Newcastle, and one or two more, prevailed to defer their resolution till to-day. Mr. Conway alone had determined, when he should quit, to recommend the sending for Mr. Pitt. To their great sur-

LETTER 1122. — <sup>1</sup> Characters in Congreve's *Way of the World*.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Bute.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Rockingham had offered to

make Mr. Mackenzie, Lord Bute's brother, Vice-Treasurer of Ireland.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Northington. *Walpole*.

prise, when they severally went into the closet, the King, *sans façon*, declared that he *had* sent for Mr. Pitt. Mr. Conway replied that he was very glad of it, and hoped it would answer. To him much graciousness was used; he was told that it was hoped never to see an administration of which he should not be part. This looks as if the plan was arranged, and that he was to remain; for a cool leave, very cool, was taken of all the rest.

You have now the sum total of all I know, except that, half an hour ago, I heard Mr. Pitt was arrived. What his list will be is a profound secret. Probably, it will be picked and culled from all quarters. If the symptom of an arrangement being settled, which I mentioned above, had not appeared, I should say, 'Stay, this is not the first time Mr. Pitt has been sent for, and gone back *re infectâ*.' Oh, but though they are not cured of sending for him, he may be cured of going back. Well, but on the other side, his scheme of breaking all parties may not succeed—pray don't think I mean that the constituents of parties are all men of honour, and will not violate their connections. No; but the very self-interest that would tempt them to desert may at last keep them together. Men will find out that the tenure of places is too precarious. It grows not worth while to let themselves be dragged through every kennel for the salary of a single year.

There may be another difficulty. Will Mr. Pitt propose Lord Temple for the Treasury? Will he take it? Will he accept without George Grenville? And will the latter serve under both? Can these three act together? Will Grenville be endured when Mr. Pitt is called, only to avoid being forced to call for Grenville? Oh, I could ask you, or you may ask me, twenty other questions, that I cannot answer, and that a few days will. What will popularity say to the union of Pitt and Bute? Will Mr. Pitt's fortune save

that? Will it please the nation to see him sacrifice a most popular administration to the favourite, who fall, because they withstood the favourite? Truly, I do not yet know; but one thing I do know, that Mr. Pitt must disoblige so many more than he can content, that by this day twelve-month I may probably send you another revolution.

As to you, my dear Sir, I am not apprehensive for you. This is not one of those state-quakes that reach to foreign ministers. Mr. Pitt is not a man of vengeance; nor, were he, could he have any animosity to you. Had the former ministry returned I would not have warranted you; the favour you received from Mr. Conway may have been noted down in their black book, and the red riband would have added another dash. In all cases you had better not say much in answer to this. The new plan may blow up before it takes place, and what might succeed it is impossible to guess. I will write to you again as soon as anything is settled, or if the machine falls to pieces in the erection.

You will soon see at Florence the son<sup>5</sup> of Madame de Boufflers, to whom I have been desired to give a letter. As I conclude the new French minister<sup>6</sup>, who is much connected with his mother, will be at Florence before his arrival, he will not have great occasion for your civilities. However, for once I will beg you rather to exceed in them, for particular reasons. His mother is the mistress, and very desirous of being the wife, of the Prince of Conti. She is a *savante*, *philosophe*, author, *bel esprit*, what you please, and has been twice in England, where she has some great admirers. She was very civil to me at Paris, and at the same time very unpleasant, for being a protectress of Rousseau, she was extremely angry, and made the Prince of Conti so, at the letter I wrote to him in the name of the

<sup>5</sup> The Comte de Boufflers-Rouvel.  
See the following letter.

<sup>6</sup> Monsieur de Barbantane. *Walpole.*



King of Prussia. It was made up, but I believe not at all forgiven, for it is unpardonable to be too quick-sighted, and to detect anybody's idol. Rousseau has answered all I thought and said of him, by a most weak and passionate answer to my letter, which showed I had touched his true sore; and since, by the most abominable and ungrateful abuse of Mr. Hume, the second idol of Madame de Boufflers, to whom she had consigned the first. This new behaviour of Rousseau will not justify me in her eyes, because it makes me more in the right; therefore I should wish, as the only proper return to a woman, to be of use to her son. You answer any bills I draw on you so readily, my dear Sir, that I need say no more—indeed I have not time; therefore adieu!

## 1123. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 11, 1766.

THE Comte de Boufflers, who does me the honour of carrying this letter, is the gentleman for whom I have already told you I interest myself so much. His birth and his rank, added to the uncommon merit and talents of the Countess, his mother, will everywhere procure him the proper distinctions. If Madame de Boufflers has done me the honour of asking what she is pleased to call a commendatory letter of her son to you, you may be sure I had not the vanity of accepting such an honour with any other view than to procure you so agreeable an acquaintance. You are too just to merit of all nations to estimate it by countries; and yet if you can find a way of being more civil than ordinary, I must beg that art may be employed for the amusement and service of Monsieur de Boufflers while he is at Florence. Madame de Boufflers has done so much honour to England and Englishmen, that you will be a very bad



representative of both if you do not endeavour to pay some of our debts to her son. Adieu ! my dear Sir.

## 1124. TO THE MARQUISE DU DEFFAND.

[16 Juillet, 1766.]

... Mr. Hume qui s'est épuisé en bonté pour Rousseau, avait sollicité M. Conway de procurer une pension du Roi pour lui. Le Roi en accordait une de cent livres sterling, mais vu les hérésies de Rousseau, Sa Majesté souhaitait qu'on en gardât le secret. Mr. Hume en fait l'ouverture à son protégé ; Rousseau reçoit avec beaucoup de reconnaissance cette grâce du Roi, mais demande permission d'écrire à Milord Maréchal pour obtenir son consentement, ce seigneur lui ayant négocié une pareille grâce auprès du Roi de Prusse, dont Rousseau n'avait pas voulu.

L'affaire traîne en longueur ; Mr. Hume ne reçoit plus de lettres de Jean Jacques ; il lui écrit pour le presser de donner réponse à l'offre du ministre. Au lieu de répondre à son ami il écrit à Mr. Conway la lettre du monde la moins intelligible, la plus mystérieuse, et qui marquait un désespoir, une amertume—enfin on croyait qu'il allait se pendre ; sa tête, son âme, ses nerfs, disait-il, étaient trop troublés pour permettre qu'il prit une résolution formelle ; quelque chose lui était arrivé auquel un honnête homme ne devait pas s'attendre. Je disais à Mr. Hume, 'C'est moi assurément qu'il désigne, il sait mes liaisons avec Mr. Conway.' Enfin nous nous donnions la torture pour percer ce mystère ; mais ce qui était plaisant, le même ordinaire, Mr. Hume reçoit une lettre de M. Davenport, l'hôte de Rousseau, qui lui marque que jamais il n'avait vu Rousseau plus gai et

LETTER 1124.—Not in C. ; now first printed from the transcript (in the handwriting of Wiart, Madame du

Deffand's secretary) in possession of Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis.

plus enjoué. Mr. Hume, à la sollicitation de M. Conway, presse le personnage de se décider, et en même temps me fait sentir que ce pourrait bien être la condition du secret qui aurait révolté cette âme trop sensible et délicate ; et me conjure de faire ôter cette stipulation ; je m'y rends, et d'autant plus volontiers que l'ayant blessé je voulais lui rendre des services essentiels. Je pousse Mr. Conway, et il me promet de faire des tentatives auprès du Roi pour que la pension soit publique.

Pendant que le ministre épie un moment favorable, voici une nouvelle lettre de Rousseau à M. Hume où il l'accable d'injures, l'appelle le plus noir des hommes, l'assure qu'il le connaît, et qu'il est persuadé que Mr. Hume ne l'a traîné en Angleterre que pour le déshonorer, toujours sans assigner la moindre raison, sans avérer l'ombre d'un fait. Enfin il rompt tout commerce avec ce trop tendre ami. Le pauvre M. Hume est au désespoir, il craint un éclat, il ne veut pas être le thème d'une querelle littéraire. Il me dit qu'il veut encore tâcher d'adoucir cette bête féroce, et qu'il veut le prier très doucement de lui assigner les raisons de cette conduite bizarre et indigne. 'Oh ! pour les politesses,' je crie, 'passe ; ne répondez pas aux injures ; mais, mon bon ami, ne soyez pas trop doux s'il vous plait, soyez ferme ; demandez-lui hautement les motifs de ce procédé abominable ; car comptez que si vous le souffrez il publiera que vous avez souscrit à votre propre condamnation.' Mr. Hume me remercie, se rend à mon avis, écrit comme il fallait une lettre modérée mais très décidée, et somme Rousseau d'alléguer des faits, faute d'être pris pour un calomniateur atroce. En même temps il envoie le duplicata de cette lettre à Mr. Davenport, en le conjurant de presser Jean Jacques à y répondre. L'affliction, le trouble, le désespoir reviennent sur la scène, les nerfs sont attaqués, on a le plus mauvais visage du monde, et pour cette fois-ci Mr. Davenport ne

mande pas que le triste philosophe est on ne peut plus gai. Il promet de satisfaire à son devoir et d'expliquer sa conduite. Six ordinaires passent sans qu'on entend parler de lui ; enfin avant hier une brochure manuscrite de dix-sept grandes pages in-folio d'écriture très petite ! Mais comment vous rendre compte de ce qu'elle contenait ? Des misères, des puérilités, des petits soupçons, des mensonges, de la vanité, des méchancetés, des injures, c'est peu dire, l'ingratitude la plus outrée n'a jamais joué un pareil rôle ; faute de faits il impute à M. Hume jusqu'à ses regards ; quand il n'a pas reçu de réponse aux lettres qu'il a écrites à ses amis, c'est à M. Hume qu'il l'impute ; il va jusqu'à lui dire qu'il ne lui a jamais rendu des services essentiels, qu'il lui a détourné des amis, et que sans M. Hume son accueil en Angleterre aurait été de beaucoup plus favorable. Passant toujours en outre, il rappelle à ce pauvre homme toutes les fois que lui Rousseau lui a manqué, c'est à dire en ne faisant pas de réponses à ses lettres, mais en s'adressant à d'autres etc.

Il désigne toutes ces circonstances par ces mots *premier soufflet sur la joue de mon patron ; second soufflet sur la joue de mon patron*. Il l'accuse de basses flagorneries à son égard, et en même temps de ne lui avoir pas marqué assez de tendresse. Il lui reproche d'avoir toujours eu sur sa table un volume de *La Nouvelle Héloïse* sans être capable du sentiment qui devrait le lui faire goûter ; mais passons aux articles capitaux dont tout le reste n'est que l'émanation.

Il se plaint piteusement de ce que quelques semaines après son arrivée, l'empressement du public à son égard se ralentissait ! Ha, voilà le nœud de l'intrigue ! Quand la curiosité du public était satisfaite, quand on l'avait vu dans son habit arménien, quand on l'avait regardé comme on regarde un dromadaire, voilà qui était fini. Il ne peut pas supporter cet oubli. On l'attaque dans les papiers publics ;

sans doute ! est-ce que nous n'avons pas des prêtres et des cabales comme il y en a partout ? Mais ce qui est plaisant, il en accuse Mr. Hume, lui qui pour les prêtres est encore plus gros hérétique que Rousseau lui-même ; mais non, c'est M. Hume qui lui suscite ces ennemis, qui cherche à refroidir le public à son égard ; c'est exactement comme si un homme qui, pour attraper de l'argent, faisait débarquer un dromadaire à Londres, mit dans les papiers publics que ce n'était qu'un petit chien ordinaire.

Dans l'instant comme le fol orgueil de ce dromadaire se sent indigné de voir tomber sa célébrité, arrive la malheureuse lettre du Roi de Prusse, voilà tous les soupçons éclaircis. Mr. Hume connaît un Mr. Walpole qui est le prête-nom de cette lettre, mais dans laquelle M. Rousseau reconnaît, aussi précisément que s'il l'avait vu écrire, le style de M. d'Alembert, autre ami de M. Hume. Rien peut-il être plus clair ? Voilà le complot le plus artificieusement tramé depuis celui de feu Catilina. Ceci s'appelle la démonstration intrinsèque ; voici des preuves extrinsèques et démonstratives.

Un jeune homme qui, par parenthèse, est imbécile et qui loge à la maison où logeait Jean Jacques, ne lui rend pas le salut toutes les fois qu'il le rencontre sur l'escalier. La femme de la maison, qui est sourde, et qui ne sait pas le français, ne lui parle pas. Un fait plus grave ; Jean Jacques et Mr. Hume dorment à la première hôtellerie, dans la même chambre ; au beau milieu de la nuit, M. Hume crie plusieurs fois (on ne sait pas précisément, et comme on est très scrupuleux sur la vérité, on ne dépose pas si c'était en rêvant ou en veillant) 'Je tiens Jean Jacques Rousseau !'

Ordinairement rêve-t-on dans une langue étrangère ? N'importe ; combinez toutes ces misères qui s'appellent les circonstances, et les circonstances, comme vous savez, apparemment composent les faits, et peut-on douter de la



trahison des dits comploteurs? Mr. Hume, Mr. d'Alembert, et M. Walpole, rien de mieux constaté; mais à quoi bon, me diriez-vous, ce complot? comment Mr. Hume trouvait-il son compte en déshonorant un pauvre homme dont il se faisait l'honneur d'être le conducteur, l'ami, le protecteur? Ma foi, je n'en sais rien. Si vous me demandez, encore en m'accordant que les mesures étaient bien prises, quelle devait être la réussite? la voici. Mr. Hume ménage si secrètement tous ces affronts à Jean Jacques que Jean Jacques ne peut rien prouver; or, Jean Jacques, dont la pénétration est plus qu'humaine, doit s'en apercevoir. S'il s'en aperçoit il en marquera son indignation? Eh bien, il le fait, c'est alors le moment de lui procurer une pension. La reçoit-il? Il est donc un infâme s'il s'assujettit à des obligations à un homme qui l'a si bien et si mal traité. Ne la reçoit-il pas? Oh, alors il ne la reçoit pas, je n'en sais plus rien, je ne vois pas comment cela se tournait en mal pour lui. *Ergo*, à toute force il devait recevoir la pension, car la pénétration qui devait le servir si bien en découvrant le complot devait fermer les yeux aux conséquences.

Ah Dieu, que de sornettes viens-je vous conter! Ne faut-il pas décider que cet homme est fou? Un fripon a plus de finesse. Je ne vous demande pas le secret, car toute cette histoire est de notoriété publique, et ce serait un mystère mal imaginé que de faire semblant que je ne vous en aurais pas parlé.

#### 1125. TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

Arlington Street, Thursday morning [July 17, 1766].

Not an inch of the curtain is drawn up yet, Madam. Mr. Pitt has a fever at Mr. Dineley's<sup>1</sup>, at Hampstead. Lord

LETTER 1125.—Collated with original in British Museum.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Dingley (d. 1769), the opponent of Wilkes at the Middlesex



Temple arrived on Monday, and has been with the fever two or three times, but whether he has caught any of it or not, remains an impenetrable mystery. Nobody comes to town; in short, all is dumb-show hitherto.

Lady Monrath<sup>2</sup> is dead. She has left a mortgage of 40,000*l.*, which she had on the Devonshire estate, to Lord John Cavendish, whom she never saw but twice. Twickenham Park to Lord Frederick his brother, but he must permit it to be inhabited by the Duchess of Montrose till the Duke of Newcastle dies, when the Duchess of Newcastle is to occupy it; and when she dies, for Lady Monrath has settled all their deaths by entail, the Duchess of Montrose is to return to it, and after her Lord Frederick is to enjoy it. She leaves a thousand pounds a year to her son<sup>3</sup>, whom she makes residuary legatee, as she makes Lord John executor, but she gives six hundred a year in land to Lord Milton's youngest son<sup>4</sup>, and threescore thousand pounds in small legacies. I do not know, Madam, whether you or I have any as neighbours, or as not being acquainted with her.

I wish much that our state puppet-show would begin or end. I wish to see the first scene or last, and return to the country; the town is empty and dull, and we live upon idle guesses.

I forget that Mr. Cambridge must have probably told you all my news, or no news; but at least, the will will serve you to answer some of my Lady Tweedale's questions. Yours, &c.

Thursday evening.

Lord Temple is not a good febrifuge. Whatever passed between them yesterday, Mr. Pitt is much worse to-day, and sees nobody; not even the Duke of Grafton, who

election of 1769. The house let by him to Pitt was at North End, Hampstead.

<sup>2</sup> Diana Newport, Countess of

Mounrath.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Henry Coote (d. 1802), seventh Earl of Mounrath.

<sup>4</sup> Hon. Lionel Damer (1748-1807).

arrived this morning. If any one knows the secret, it is Mr. Graham the apothecary.

1126. TO THE HON. THOMAS WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

Arlington Street, July 18, 1766.

I am extremely obliged to you for the testimony you have borne in my favour, and much flattered by the sight of Mr. Pitt's letter, which is too valuable not to restore to you. You shall not be ashamed of having been my surety, for what little assistance I can give Mr. Pitt, especially by my connections, he may depend upon; and he may as much depend upon it, that I have nothing to ask, nor shall ever trouble him with a solicitation. To see an upright, reputable, and lasting administration is all my wish. I was born in politics, but do not design to die in them. The return of L. T.<sup>1</sup> will greatly facilitate everything: and I hope Mr. Pitt's recovery, which is so essential to his country. I again thank you, dear Sir, and am your faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1127. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 18, 1766.

LAST post I put your blood into a little ferment; but now I send you a quieting draught. We were very uneasy for four days, for Lord Temple not only came to town on the King's summons, and by Mr. Pitt's desire, but saw both, and, what was worse, stayed here. There was no fishing out a syllable of what passed. Few of the present administration, or their friends, would have stayed, if Temple had accepted; not a man of them, if he dragged his brother

LETTER 1126.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Some Unpublished Letters of Horace Walpole*, edited by Sir Spencer Walpole (pp. 9-10).

<sup>1</sup> Lord Temple.

George along with him. As his own acceptance would have hampered Mr. Pitt, his Lordship's *amiable* temper made that very probable; as, if he got in himself, he might have wriggled his brother in afterwards, it was much to be apprehended, for family interest visibly pointed to that measure. Happily, family pride and malice predominated. He stickled for George; Mr. Pitt withstood him to his face, and would not budge an inch. Thus mortified, he took a natural turn, and asked Mr. Pitt what he intended to do for Lord Bute's friends? He replied, considerably. Then came on the rupture. Yesterday Lord Temple saw the King; repeated his insolent demands; was rejected with proper spirit, and is gone—I trust, for ever. However, he ruffled Mr. Pitt so much, that yesterday he had a great deal of fever, and was not able to see even the Duke of Grafton, whom he had sent for to town.

Nothing could be so happy as these events. The nation had scarce a wish, or at least their wishes were divided between Mr. Pitt and the present ministers. The City was even discontent with the prospect of a change; yet they wanted strength, and he brings it. All the unpopular will remain out of place, and if they please, in opposition. Mr. Pitt's name will cover any satisfaction that is given to Lord Bute, and the ministers have the credit of having resisted paying court to him. If anything can give stability, this concurrence of popularity and integrity will.

What the changes will be, I neither know nor much care. If the Duke of Richmond could be satisfied, I should be quite so, and much more so than they who see all their wishes gratified. My whole ambition was to quit politics. I leave them happily and gloriously settled, and an exclusion given to the public's and my private enemies. The King may be happy if he will, and the people are no longer in danger of arbitrary power. The ministers will withstand

that, and Mr. Pitt's name will keep Europe in awe. 'Tis a great æra, my dear Sir, and a new birthday for England!

You are perfectly secure; for I suppose you will not resign your post in compliment to the Grenvilles. Your *visitor*<sup>1</sup>, who has contributed a little to this storm, will by no means find his account in it, and may possibly, therefore, still make you another visit.

You shall hear the changes when they are settled, though of little importance now, and I should think not likely to extend far. Adieu!

### 1128. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, July 21, 1766.

You may strike up your sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, for Mr. Pitt comes in<sup>1</sup>, and Lord Temple does not. Can I send you a more welcome affirmative or negative? My sackbut is not very sweet, and here is the ode I have made for it:

When Britain heard the woful news,  
That Temple was to be minister,  
To look upon it could she choose  
But as an omen most sinister?  
But when she heard he did refuse,  
In spite of Lady Chat his sister,  
What could she do but laugh, O Muse?  
—And so she did, till she bepist her.

If that snake had wriggled in, he would have drawn after him the whole herd of vipers, his brother Demogorgon and all. 'Tis a blessed deliverance!

The changes I should think now would be few. They are not yet known—but I am content already, and shall go to Strawberry to-morrow, where I shall be happy to receive

LETTER 1127.—<sup>1</sup> Edward, Duke of York. *Walpole*.

LETTER 1128.—<sup>1</sup> As Lord Privy Seal.



you and Mr. John any day after Sunday next, the twenty-seventh, and for as many days as ever you will afford me. Let me know your mind by the return of the post. Strawberry is in perfection; the verdure has all the bloom of spring: the orange-trees are loaded with blossoms, the gallery all sun and gold, Mrs. Clive all sun and vermilion,—in short, come away to

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

P.S. I forgot to tell you, and I hate to steal and not tell, that my *Ode* is imitated from Fontaine.

# 1129. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 23, 1766.

I RECEIVED yours of the 5th last night, with the enclosed for Lord Hillsborough, which I will deliver the moment he arrives. I am glad of every new friend you acquire, especially in a sensible man; but I doubt whether just at present he can be of any use to you. He has no connection with Mr. Pitt, who is at this moment the sole fountain of honour, as my two last letters will have told you.

Your eagerness for the red riband I see still continues, and I am sorry for it, both as I think it a plaything not worth your care, and not likely to be soon gratified. In a season of such frequent convulsions, you must be content, I fear, to keep your seat. Though Mr. Conway will continue in his<sup>1</sup>, the disposition of favours will not lie much in his province; Mr. Pitt too, I should think, would be dressing up military men in plumes, as trophies and remembrances of his own former glory, which may want to be recalled to the

LETTER 1129.—<sup>1</sup> As Secretary of State for the Northern Province, and Leader of the House of Commons.



people's memory. Every favour you obtain from one set of men will be a demerit with their antagonists, and the more garlands you wear, the sooner you may be sacrificed. The present shock, I am persuaded, will not reach you, though you will have a master entirely new; Lord Shelburne will be he<sup>2</sup>: a destination not at all known yet, but I suppose it will be so presently, for Mr. Pitt is at this instant with the King, arranging the outlines of his system. The Duke of Grafton is to be at the head of the Treasury, and Charles Townshend Chancellor of the Exchequer. The latter was sent for, and arrived exulting. Yesterday his crest fell terribly; Mr. Pitt sent him two dictatorial lines, telling him, he was too considerable not to be in a responsible place, and therefore would be proposed by him on the morrow to the King for Chancellor of the Exchequer, to which he required a positive answer by nine at night. This was plain. You are not to remain Paymaster, but are to be *promoted* from seven thousand pounds a year, to seven-and-twenty hundred—to such contemptuous slavery has his enormous folly reduced his enormous parts!

You see the new colour of the times: the style will be exalted, but it will be far from meeting with universal submission. The house of Grenville is not patient: the great families that will be displaced are by no means pleased. The dictator, I think, will not find his new magistracy pass on so smoothly as his former; but one cannot judge entirely, till more of his plan comes forth. I shall be able to tell you more before this letter sets out, two days hence; but the stability with which I flattered myself when I wrote last, is not quite so promising as it was. A great point, still wrapt in mysterious darkness, is, whether Lord Bute is to be taken by the hand or not. It will secure the closet, but shake the popularity; and Lord

<sup>2</sup> As Secretary of State for the Southern Province.

Temple is not a man to let it pass unnoticed. Your *White Friend*<sup>3</sup> I believe will not find him very considerable in the new system.

I am sorry for poor Count Lorenzi<sup>4</sup>; but when his services were treated with such ingratitude, is it probable his family will be used better?

Prince Ferdinand has quarrelled with the King of Prussia, and thrown up all his employments. We have had a notion here, that he would go into the French service: the event of Mr. Pitt might hinder that, if between his two heroes the balance did not incline to the Monarch.

As we shall love now to humble France and Spain, your having bullied their ministers on the Pretender's affair may be much in your favour. On any proper occasion, I will get Mr. Conway to set your merits forth. On every occasion I beg you to be as haughty as may be; you no longer represent the King, but Mr. Pitt; and pray keep up all the dignity of his crown. It will be your own fault if you don't huff yourself into a red riband. This is my serious advice; as well as my temper. You know I love to have the majesty of the people of England dictate to all Europe. Nothing would have diverted me more than to have been at Paris at this moment. Their panic at Mr. Pitt's name is not to be described. Whenever they were impertinent, I used to drop, as by chance, that he would be minister in a few days, and it never failed to occasion a dead silence. The Prince of Masserano here is literally in a ridiculous fright, and I don't doubt but the King his master will treat Madrid with uncommon condescension.

Wednesday night.

You must not wonder that the style of my letters fluctuates. Nothing wears so changeable a face as politics, especially in

<sup>3</sup> Edward, Duke of York. *Walpole*.

<sup>4</sup> He had been dismissed from the post of French minister at Florence.

such unsettled times. Consider too, I write you journals, not history. Madame History collects the result of events and forms a gross detail. She would have enough to do if she specified their daily ages. Well, then, I think we shall have a good and stable settlement at last. Mr. Pitt has opened his budget in private, but I must not send it yet. There will be very few alterations, and no leaven. The present administration will be retained or pacified. Charles Townshend will be suffered to remain where he was. You shall know more soon; you may be easy, for I assure you I am so. Adieu!

Friday, weather changeable.

The new plan does not move on kindly, but though there may be hitches, it will certainly take place. Mr. Pitt is resolved, and would not want recruits, if the present corps should disband. He takes the Privy Seal himself, and Lord Camden is to have the Great Seal: the Chancellor<sup>5</sup> to be President. Charles Townshend changed his mind again yesterday, went to Mr. Pitt, and desired to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Pitt replied coldly, that the place is full. I believe Mr. Dowdswell continues<sup>6</sup>. Mr. Pitt has certainly been moderate, far beyond what could have been expected, yet it does not satisfy—those that are to go out. That old wretch the Duke of Newcastle is moving heaven and earth (but heaven and earth are not easily moved with a numbed finger of seventy) to raise dissatisfaction; and I suppose will end, like Lord Bolingbroke, laying plans at fourscore to govern under the Prince of Wales, who is now almost five.

<sup>5</sup> Lord Northington.

<sup>6</sup> He resigned, and was succeeded by Charles Townshend.

## 1130. TO DAVID HUME.

DEAR SIR,

Arlington Street, July 26, 1766.

Your set of literary friends are what a set of literary men are apt to be, exceedingly absurd. They hold a consistory to consult how to argue with a madman; and they think it very necessary for your character to give them the pleasure of seeing Rousseau exposed, not because he has provoked you, but them. If Rousseau prints, you must; but I certainly would not till he does<sup>1</sup>.

I cannot be precise as to the time of my writing the King of Prussia's letter; but I do assure you with the utmost truth that it was several days before you left Paris, and before Rousseau's arrival there, of which I can give you a strong proof; for I not only suppressed the letter while you stayed there, out of delicacy to you, but it was the reason why, out of delicacy to myself, I did not go to see him, as you often proposed to me, thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial visit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him. You are at full liberty, dear Sir, to make use of what I say in your justification, either to Rousseau or anybody else. I should be very sorry to have you blamed on my account; I have a hearty contempt of Rousseau, and am perfectly indifferent what the litterati of Paris think of the matter. If there is any fault, which I am far from thinking, let it lie on me. No parts can hinder my laughing at their possessor, if he is a mountebank. If he has a bad and most ungrateful heart,

LETTER 1130.—<sup>1</sup> Rousseau was at this time convinced that Hume was conspiring against him. He wrote abusive letters to Hume, in one of which he accused Hume of having assisted in the composition of the

pretended letter from the King of Prussia, which was in fact written by Horace Walpole. Hume's literary friends in Paris wished him to publish a narrative of his dealings with Rousseau.



as Rousseau has shown in your case, into the bargain, he will have my scorn likewise, as he will of all good and sensible men. You may trust your sentence to such, who are as respectable judges as any that have pored over ten thousand more volumes.

Yours most sincerely,

HOB. WALPOLE.

P.S. I will look out the letter and the dates as soon as I go to Strawberry Hill.

1131. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 1, 1766.

WELL! Europe must have done talking of Mr. Pitt; there is no longer such a man. He is Lord Privy Seal, and Earl of Chatham. I don't know how Europe will like it, but the City and the mob are very angry. The latter, by which I do not mean to exclude the former, prove that it was only a name they were attached to, for as he has not advised a single measure yet, they can have no reason to find fault. Such as know why they are angry, though they will not tell you their true why, dislike his quitting the House of Commons, where he had more opportunity of doing jobs for them.

This dust will soon be laid, though my Lord Temple has a long foot, and will keep kicking it up as long as he can. Everything is settled but a few lower places; and as but few have resigned, and some full as important are acquired, I see nothing at present to prevent the new establishment from lasting.

The Chancellor<sup>1</sup> is President of the Council, in the room of Lord Winchelsea, with a pension of 4,000*l.* a year into the

LETTER 1131.—<sup>1</sup> Earl of Northington. *Walpole*.



bargain. I neither approve the pension nor the person, for he is never sober after dinner, and causes are only heard before the Council in the afternoon. Lord Shelburne, as I told you, is Secretary of State. The Duke of Grafton at the head of the Treasury, where Charles Townshend has fixed at last as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Colonel Barré will have the vacant Vice-Treasurership of Ireland, and James Grenville has another in the room of Lord George Sackville, who is rather cruelly removed. Lord Howe returns to Treasurer of the Navy, which had not been filled up.

Lord Camden has the Great Seal; Wilmot succeeds him as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Yorke has resigned<sup>2</sup>, finding that all his trimming and double dealing could not make him Chancellor, and unable to digest Pratt's<sup>3</sup> promotion. Mr. Mackenzie will be restored to the Privy Seal of Scotland. Lord Dartmouth has resigned the Board of Trade, having been on the point of becoming third Secretary of State for America, which now will not be disjoined from the Southern Province; and Lord John Cavendish has quitted the Treasury. I believe resignations will stop here: Newcastle's people are weary of following him in and out, and see what everybody else sees but himself, that seventy-three and ambition are ridiculous comrades. Mr. Stanley goes ambassador to Russia; I do not know who to Spain<sup>4</sup>.

So much for this revolution. I don't mean that we shall not have lampoons and libels. My Lord Temple and the mob are cross; and the former was born to gratify the latter: he has no other talent. George Grenville's endless harangues must wait till the Parliament meets, where he will speak so long that nobody will perceive that he has none to speak on his side.

<sup>2</sup> He was Attorney-General.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Pratt, Lord Camden.

<sup>4</sup> Sir James Gray was appointed in Nov. 1766.

Well! have not I been punctual and diligent? You must now give me a few holidays. I am going to Strawberry, and shall think no more of politics. I carried your letter to Lord Hilsborough, and met him in his chariot going to court, and could only reach your letter to him. He is talked of for coming in, but I do not know whether there will be any room. Adieu!

## 1132. TO THE PRÉSIDENT HÉNAULT.

De Strawberry Hill, le 17 Août 1766.

UNE lettre de votre part, Monsieur, ne me paye que trop du petit présent que j'ai osé vous offrir, et Lucain doit être plus glorieux de votre éloge que de voir sortir sa *Pharsale* de la presse d'un simple particulier comme moi. Vous, Monsieur, mettez le sceau à l'histoire, et quiconque ose parler avec impartialité de son propre pays est plus en état que personne d'apprécier les auteurs étrangers. Pour nous autres presque républicains Lucain doit être un auteur précieux, et il est vrai qu'il y a des hémistiches dans son poème qui me font oublier des centaines de vers ampoulés et gigantesques.

À mon âge on est bien revenu du clinquant; il nous faut du bon sens même dans la poésie, et je vous avoue que j'aimerais mieux Virgile si j'en retenais autre chose que des vers harmonieux. On oublie de bonne heure les poètes qui ne parlent qu'aux passions naissantes. Votre Despréaux plaira toujours, parce qu'on est plus longtemps sur le retour qu'on est jeune. Mais c'est La Fontaine qui charme tous les âges. Il a l'air d'écrire pour les enfants, et plus on avance en âge plus on lui découvre de beautés. Tous les autres auteurs, qui ont le plus approfondi le cœur humain, ne font que faire parler

LETTER 1132.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy (in the handwriting of Wiart, secretary of Mme.

du Deffand) in possession of Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis.

la nature, mais c'est la nature qui fait parler La Fontaine. Dans les tragédies, dans les satires, ce sont des vices, ce sont des crimes, qu'on voudrait n'attribuer qu'à des particuliers ; dans La Fontaine tout émane de nos dispositions ; c'est la marche de nos penchants naturels ; et d'abord qu'on a établi les passions, tout le reste semble en deviner le résultat nécessaire. Est-on loup ? On dévore. Est-on renard ? On est rusé. Est-on singe ? On est petit-maitre. Ce n'est pas comme dans les pièces de théâtre où tout se fait de dessein prémédité, et où l'on souffle ses passions, plutôt qu'on ne les obéit. Pardonnez, Monsieur, cette petite critique. Vous m'avez entraîné, et votre exemple est bien séduisant. Mais je sais à qui je parle et je m'arrête ; mais plaignez un étranger, Monsieur, qui se sentant du goût pour vos auteurs admirables, n'est que trop convaincu combien des beautés doivent lui échapper : car je ne suis pas de ces génies heureux qui saisissent les meilleurs endroits des auteurs étrangers, et savent en enrichir leur propre pays. Tout le monde, après avoir lu notre Shakespeare, ne produit pas un *François Second*<sup>1</sup>.

Je ne dois pas quitter la plume sans vous féliciter, Monsieur, du rétablissement de la santé de la Reine. Je sais combien vous vous intéressez à cette vie précieuse ; mais permettez-moi de vous dire que ce n'est pas uniquement sur votre compte que je m'y intéresse aussi. La vertu de la Reine la fait adorer de tout le monde ; et rendez-moi la justice de croire, Monsieur, que si chez nous on ménage moins qu'ailleurs les défauts des princes, nous savons aussi respecter à proportion ceux qui méritent notre estime. Eh ! que nous serions barbares si nous ne rendissions volontiers l'hommage dû au caractère incomparable de la Reine de France. Sa haute piété dans un siècle illuminé est toute autre chose que celle des princesses qui font le principal

<sup>1</sup> Hénault wrote a play of that name.

et peut-être le seul ornement de la première partie de votre inimitable *Abrégé Chronologique*.

Oserai-je vous supplier, Monsieur, de présenter mes très respectueuses <sup>2</sup> compliments à Mesdames vos nièces, et de me conserver un petit coin de votre amitié? Vos bontés passées m'ont enhardi, et je sais que vous n'êtes pas homme à manquer à ceux qui ont autant d'attachement et de respect pour vous que n'a, Monsieur,

Votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

HORACE WALPOLE.

### 1133. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1766.

I HAVE had nothing great to tell you since my last. Lord Chatham continues to be ill-treated by the mob and the gout, and is going to Bath. The Bedford-squadron offered themselves: there was not room for them; the Admiralty was tendered to Lord Gower, but he would not sell himself by retail; and it was given to Sir Charles Saunders, Lord Egmont having resigned it. Lord Granby is made Commander-in-Chief, to the mortification and emolument of Lord Ligonier, who has accepted an Irish earl's coronet for his ancient brows and approaching coffin, and got fifteen hundred a year pension settled on his nephew. In consideration of Lord Granby's preferment, his father has given up Master of the Horse, to which Lord Hertford succeeds, that Lord Bristol<sup>1</sup> may go to Ireland. He was going to the south of France, dying, but the sole prospect of a throne, ermine, and Beef-eaters, has cured him. The nomination of this nymph to rule Huns and Vandals is the joke of all companies—I dread his being brought to bed, like Pope Joan, as he goes to Parliament.

<sup>2</sup> So in original.

LETTER 1133.—<sup>1</sup> George William

Hervey, second Earl of Bristol.  
Walpole.



I don't like your prospect of famine ; for your change of ministry, pass. Our harvest, though the season has been so fine, turns out ill, the preceding rains having starved it with weeds. At least, as every incident contributes to raise prices, bread is raised, and people are very clamorous against exportation of corn. There is no living in this country under twenty thousand pounds a year ; not that that suffices, but it entitles one to ask a pension for two or three lives.

Your Prince of Anhalt is come, and I have sent him your letter, but he is on a progress. I know nothing of Mr. Skreene yet.

Of myself I can give you but a melancholy account. For these five or six weeks I have been extremely out of order, with pains in my stomach and limbs, and a lassitude that wore me out. They tell me it is the gout flying about me. If there is any difference, but I hate haggling about obscurities, I should rather think it the rheumatism. However, I am to go to ask the Bath waters what it is, and where they would please to have it settle. What afflicts me most is, that I am persuaded this place is too damp for me. I revive after being in London an hour, like a member of Parliament's wife. It will be a cruel fate, after having laid out so much money here, and building upon it as the nest of my old age, if I am driven from it by bad health ! To be forced back into the world, when I am sick of it ; to live in London, that I detest, or to send myself to Paris, that I like as little ; to find no benefit from a life of temperance, to sit by a fire instead of braving winds and weather ; in short, to grow to moralize—oh, 'tis piteous enough ! I dread owning I am ill, because everybody talks nonsense to one, and wants to quack one ; concealing it looks like an affectation of philosophy, which I despise. In physicians I believe no more than in divines—in short, I was not made



for an invalid; I mean my mind was not, and my body seems made for nothing else. I thought I could harden paper to the consistence of stone—I am disappointed, and do not like it; for, though I can laugh at myself, I shall be tired of laughing long at the same thing; in short, I might as well have conquered the world. Sententious poets would have told me, it signified little, as I had not conquered myself. I have conquered myself, and to very little purpose! Wisdom and foresight are just as foolish as anything else, when you know the bottom of them. Adieu!

P.S. I have begged you to send home my letters. Pray do: there are five years to come, and I have particular occasion for some passages. I need not desire they may be trusted to a safe hand. I must beg you too, if you can get them, to send me the other volumes of *Herculaneum*; I have never had but the first, and the catalogue, which last has no prints. They must not be bound, that I may bind them as like the first as I can. This is asking you to send me a present, but I have no scruple with you, though I am so delicate on that head, that I should be sorry some of my first friends knew, that so far from refusing presents, as I do from them, I had begged one.

1134. TO LADY MARY COKE.

Wednesday, noon.

WEAK as I am, dear Lady Mary, I cannot but write one line to thank you and tell you how I am. I have had a violent attack in my stomach, bowels, and back, of what Dr. Pringle says is the gout, accompanied with intolerable

sickness. I much doubt myself whether it was the gout, but I am too low to haggle about words. My pains are certainly removed, or much abated, but my nights are still miserable enough, and I am seldom able to lie in bed past three or four o'clock in the morning, when I rise and get a little sleep upon the bed<sup>1</sup>. This regimen is the Philosopher's Stone, for it has perfected me into complete gold-colour. Besides this I am to be Bath-git<sup>2</sup>, whither I shall go when I have recovered a little strength. If you should come to town within these three or four days, you will, I think, still find me on my couch here. I beg your pardon for giving you such a wretched assignation, but you can have no more of a cat than his skin and a few bones.

## 1135. TO LADY MARY COKE.

Wednesday evening.

I DID send your Ladyship a card to Sudbrook this morning, but hearing you are in town, and so good as to desire Dr. Pringle would send you an account of me, I do it for him. I am certainly better than I was, but I think not so well as he says. I have very bad nights and languid days. In the evening I get a little life, and as I am always willing to dedicate it to you, I advertise you that my inch of candle begins burning about seven o'clock.

## 1136. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR,

Arlington Street, Sept. 18, 1766.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your very friendly letter, and hurt at the absurdity of the newspapers that occasioned the alarm. Sure I am not of consequence enough

<sup>1</sup> So in original.

<sup>2</sup> So in original; perhaps Bath-gilt?

LETTER 1135.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. xxiii.

to be lied about ! It is true I am ill, have been extremely so, and have been ill long, but with nothing like paralytic, as they have reported me. It has been this long disorder alone that has prevented my profiting of your company at Strawberry, according to the leave you gave me of asking it. I have lived upon the road between that place and this, never settled there, and uncertain whether I should go to Bath or abroad. Yesterday se'nnight I grew exceedingly ill indeed, with what they say has been the gout in my stomach, bowels, back, and kidneys. The worst seems over, and I have been to take the air to-day for the first time, but bore it so ill that I don't know how soon I shall be able to set out for Bath, whither they want me to go immediately. As that journey makes it very uncertain when I shall be at Strawberry again, and as you must want your cups and pastils, will you tell me if I can convey them to you any way safely ?

Excuse my saying more to-day, as I am so faint and weak, but it was impossible not to acknowledge your kindness the first minute I was able. Adieu !

Dear Sir,

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1137. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 23, 1766.

I AM this moment come hither with Mr. Chute, who has showed me your most kind and friendly letter, for which I give you a thousand thanks. It did not surprise me, for you cannot alter.

I have been most extremely ill ; indeed, never well since I saw you. However, I think it is over, and that the gout is gone without leaving a codicil in my foot. Weak I am

to the greatest degree, and no wonder. Such explosions make terrible havoc in a body of paper. I shall go to the Bath in a few days, which they tell me will make my quire of paper hold out a vast while! As to that, I am neither credulous or earnest. If it can keep me from pain and preserve me the power of motion, I shall be content. Mr. Chute, who has been good beyond measure, goes with me for a few days. A thousand thanks and compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Whetenhall and Mr. John, and excuse my writing more, as I am a little fatigued with my little journey.

Yours ever,

H. W.

1138. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 25, 1766.

WHEN I told you in my last I was ill, I did not think it would prove so very serious as it has done. It turned to an attack on my stomach, bowels, and back, with continued vomitings for four days. You will ask what it was? so I did. The physician (for Lord Hertford and Mr. Conway sent for one, whether I would or not) pronounced it the gout; and because he had pronounced so, was determined it should be so, and plied me with fire, gunpowder, and all the artillery of the College, till, like a true general, he had almost reduced the place to a heap of ashes. This made me resolved to die in my own way, that is coolly. I refused to take a drop more of his prescriptions; have mended ever since; and am really now quite well, and quite convinced that it was no more the gout than the smallpox, but a violent disorder in my stomach. This was my first physician, and shall be my last. How dear one pays for health and justice; and how seldom one obtains them even for buying!

I am going to the Bath, with more opinion of the journey and change of air, than of the waters, for even



water may be too hot for me. 'Tis a sort of complaisance too ; and all these trials, when one is no longer young, I regard but as taking pains to be well against one dies. I am pretty indifferent when that may be, but not so patient under the appendixes of illness :—the advice everybody gives one,—their infallible remedies, and, what is worse, being confined, and thereby exposed to every idle body's visit, and every interested body's flattery that expects a legacy. I had a relation the other day with me, whom I very seldom see, and who begged I would excuse, as I was so ill, her not being able to help laughing violently at some very trifling thing I said. I will leave her a certain cure for that laugh ; that is, nothing.

Would you believe that such a granary as England has been in as much danger as your mountains ? not of famine, but of riots. The demands for corn have occasioned so much to be exported, that our farmers went on raising the price of wheat till the poor could not buy bread ; indeed, they will eat none but the best. Insurrections have happened in several counties, and worse were apprehended. Yesterday the King, by the unanimous advice of his Council, took upon him to lay an embargo, which was never done before in time of peace. It will make much clamour, among the interested, both in interest and politics ; but in general will be popular. The dearness of everything is enormous and intolerable, for the country is so rich that it makes everybody poor. The luxury of tradesmen passes all belief. They would forfeit their characters with their own profession if they exercised an economy that would be thought but prudent in a man of quality in any other country. Unless the mob will turn reformers and rise, or my Lord Clive sends over diamonds enough for current coin, I do not see how one shall be able soon to purchase necessaries.



Count Schoualloff, the favourite of the late Czarina—pray mind, not of this tigress—is here. I knew him at Paris, and when he was here before, and love him much, as one of the most humane, amiable beings upon earth. He is wandering about Europe till this tyranny be overpast, and talks of going to Italy. Pray be acquainted with him : your two natures were made for one another. He is very ill paired with Rasomoufski, the late Hetman of the Tartars, who was forced into the conspiracy, as they say, against the murdered Czar. The woman he served has displaced him, but given him a pension of twelve thousand pounds sterling a year. He is a noble figure, of the Tartar mould ; but I do not advise you to cultivate *him*. I have refused to be acquainted with him, though Schoualloff desired to bring him to me. He is not a Brutus to my mind. Adieu !

### 1139. TO THE COMTESSE DE FORCALQUIER.

MADAME,

Rien ne pouvait être aussi heureux pour moi que de trouver une personne à qui toujours j'ai désiré témoigner les marques les plus vraies de mon respect et de ma reconnaissance entendre l'anglais. Je suis, Madame, troublé à l'excès, et je ne sais si jamais je serai assez osé pour écrire ou pour parler un mot de français dorénavant. M. le Président Hénault a un tel zèle et attachement pour la Reine, une telle partialité pour moi qu'il a envoyé à Sa Majesté une lettre de moi dans laquelle était un compliment pour lui à l'occasion de la bonne santé dont elle jouit maintenant ; cela, Madame, m'a causé la dernière confusion, et si ce n'eût été de la plus grande méchanceté

LETTER 1139.—Not in C. ; now first printed from copy (in the handwriting of Wiart, secretary of Mme. du Deffand) in possession of Mr.

W. R. Parker-Jervis. Madame de Forcalquier was a Parisian friend of Horace Walpole.

j'aurais désiré que la Reine n'eût pas possédé le quart de toutes ses vertus, parce qu'alors je n'aurais pas été tenté de m'étendre sur ses perfections. De grâce, Madame, ayez pitié de moi, songez que je suis un inconnu, un obscur étranger, dont la misérable lettre se trouve produite dans un français barbare ; et où ? à Versailles. Eh quoi, Madame, vous me blamer de ne pas retourner à Paris ! Dieu me pardonne, je n'aurais jamais la hardiesse d'y remonter mon visage. Pourriez-vous même vous en étonner lorsque vos compatriotes me traitent ainsi ? Vous pourriez me dire que tout cela vient de la grande bonté du Président ; pour moi je sais que les extrêmes sont proches et je vous assure que j'ai souffert autant que s'il avait eu l'intention de me blesser ; et ce qui me met au désespoir c'est au lieu d'être en colère je ne sens qu'un sentiment de reconnaissance, étant bien convaincu du motif obligeant qui l'a fait agir. Dans le vrai, Madame, je ne sais comment me venger de votre nation. Si votre lettre n'était pas la plus aimable qui ait jamais été écrite je l'aurais déjà montrée à ma souveraine, mais la conséquence m'a arrêté ; elle m'aurait dit, 'Pourquoi donc ne retournez-vous pas dans un pays où vous êtes invité par une femme charmante, qui écrit aussi agréablement qu'elle regarde ?' Voulez-vous, Madame, accepter une condition ? celle de me dispenser de prononcer un mot de français — alors, tout aussitôt je m'embarque du premier instant que ma santé sera un peu rétablie, ou que les eaux de Bath me l'aurent rendue. J'ai été extrêmement incommodé depuis un mois, sans quoi je n'aurais pas tant différé de vous rendre mille grâces de la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire. Je suis mieux depuis un jour ou deux, mais il me semble qu'un invalide ne mérite pas l'avantage de vous faire sa cour, d'ailleurs je ne suis pas sûr d'être moins malade. Peut-être n'est-ce même que l'aventure de ma lettre à Versailles, qui m'a causé une

agitation que je prends pour une existence plus vivante. Cela peut s'appeler une erreur de santé. Quant à Madame du Deffand, je déclare que si elle n'apprend pas immédiatement l'anglais, je ne veux plus retourner dans le cher petit cabinet bleu. Je vous supplierais, Madame, de le lui apprendre, si je ne savais que vous êtes fort occupée par des soins tendres et affligeants auprès de Madame la Comtesse de Toulouse<sup>1</sup>. Madame du Deffand, comme si elle pensait que je n'admiraïs pas assez vos perfections, m'a donné un récit de ce que l'amitié vous faisait exercer dans cette triste circonstance, et je ne doute pas qu'une conduite comme la vôtre ne soit récompensée par un cœur qui en sent le prix. Je n'en suis pas moins obligé à Madame du Deffand ; elle a jugé par sa propre admiration de vous si je serais charmé de la partager.

Je ne me connais point en politique, Madame, et comme Milord Chatham se propose d'aller aux eaux de Bath ainsi que moi, vous ne manquerez pas d'apprendre si lui et moi méditons quelque révolution considérable. Il doit être ami de la France ou nous ne nous conviendrons pas, car puis-je, Madame, vous connaître, et ne pas faire des vœux pour un pays que vous habitez ?

J'ai l'honneur d'être, &c.

#### 1140. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Bath, Oct. 2, 1766.

I ARRIVED yesterday at noon, and bore my journey perfectly well, except that I had the headache all yesterday ; but it is gone to-day, or at least made way for a little giddiness which the water gave me this morning at first. If it does not do me good very soon, I shall leave it ; for I dislike the place exceedingly, and am disappointed in it.

<sup>1</sup> Marie Victoire Sophie de Noailles, Comtesse de Toulouse, widow of one

of the legitimated sons of Louis XIV. She died Sept. 23, 1766.

Their new buildings that are so admired, look like a collection of little hospitals; the rest is detestable; and all crammed together, and surrounded with perpendicular hills that have no beauty. The river is paltry enough to be the Seine or Tiber. Oh, how unlike my lovely Thames!

I met my Lord Chatham's coach yesterday full of such Grenville-looking children, that I shall not go to see him this day or two<sup>1</sup>; and to-day I spoke to Lady Rockingham in the street. My Lords Chancellor<sup>2</sup> and President<sup>3</sup> are here, and Lord and Lady Powis. Lady Malpas arrived yesterday. I shall visit Miss Rich<sup>4</sup> to-morrow. In the next apartment to mine lodges —. I have not seen him some years; and he is grown either mad or superannuated, and talks without cessation or coherence: you would think all the articles in a dictionary were prating together at once. The Bedfords are expected this week. There are forty thousand others that I neither know nor intend to know. In short, it is living in a fair, and I am heartily sick of it already. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

#### 1141. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Bath, Oct. 5, 1766.

YES, thank you, I am quite well again; and if I had not a mind to continue so, I would not remain here a day longer, for I am tired to death of the place. I sit down by the waters of Babylon and weep, when I think of thee, oh Strawberry! The elements certainly agree with me, but I shun the gnomes and salamanders, and have not once

LETTER 1140.—<sup>1</sup> Miss Berry here notes that 'Mr. Walpole in general disliked being in company with children, to whom he was little accustomed.'

<sup>2</sup> Lord Camden.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Northampton.

<sup>4</sup> Miss Mary Rich, sister of Lady Ailesbury's friend Lady Lyttelton.



been at the Rooms. Mr. Chute stays with me till Tuesday; when he is gone, I do not know what I shall do, for I cannot play at cribbage by myself, and the alternative is to see my Lady Vane open the ball, and glimmer at fifty-four. All my comfort is, that I lodge close to the Cross Bath, by which means I avoid the Pump Room and all its works. We go to dine and see Bristol to-morrow, which will terminate our sights, for we are afraid of your noble cousins at Badminton; and, as Mrs. Allen<sup>1</sup> is just dead, and Warburton entered upon the premises, you may swear we shall not go thither<sup>2</sup>.

Lord Chatham, the late and present Chancellors, and sundry more, are here; and their Graces of Bedford expected. I think I shall make your Mrs. Trevor<sup>3</sup> and Lady Lucy<sup>4</sup> a visit, but it is such an age since we met, that I suppose we shall not know one another by sight.

Adieu! These watering-places, that mimic a capital, and add vulgarisms and familiarities of their own, seem to me like abigails in cast gowns, and I am not young enough to take up with either.

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

## 1142. TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

MADAM,

Bath, Oct. 6, 1766.

Your Ladyship ordered me to give you an account of myself, and I can give you a very good one. The waters

LETTER 1141.—<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Holder, second wife of Ralph Allen, the benefactor of Pope and Fielding.

<sup>2</sup> Prior Park. Bishop Warburton married Allen's favourite niece, Gertrude Tucker.

<sup>3</sup> Probably Montagu's aunt or first cousin. (See Table II.)

<sup>4</sup> Lady Lucy Stanhope, daughter

of first Earl Stanhope. She apparently lived in Bath with Mrs. Trevor and her sister Lady Jane Stanhope. (See *Suffolk Correspondence*, vol. ii. pp. 246 and 247, and 249-50.)

LETTER 1142.—Collated with original in British Museum.

agree with me as well as possible, and do not heat me : all I have to complain of is, that they have bestowed such an appetite upon me, that I expect to return as fat as a hog, that is, something bigger than a lark. I hope this state of my health will content your Ladyship, and that you are not equally anxious about my pleasure, which does not go on quite so rapidly. I am tired to death of the place, and long to be at home, and grieve to lose such a delightful October. The waters agree so well with the trees in this country, that they have not a wrinkle or a yellow leaf, and the sun shines as brightly as it can possibly through such mists. I regret its beams being thrown away on such a dirty ditch as their river.

I have not yet been at ball-rooms, or Pump Room, for I steal my glass at the Cross Bath. We have all kind of folk here, Lord Chatham, the Chancellor, the Dowager Chancellor<sup>1</sup>, Lady Rockingham, Lady Scarborough, Lord and Lady Powis, Lord and Lady Spencer, judges, bishops, and Lady Vane. It is my own fault if I do not keep the best company, for the mayor of the town has invited me to his feast ; but as I cannot be inconstant to the Mayor of Lynn, I have sent an excuse, with such a deplorable account of my health, that it will require all my paleness and leanness to bear me out.

Lord Chatham has still a little gout in his arm, but takes the air. My Lord President goes to the balls, but I believe had rather go to the ale-house. Lady Vane, I hear, opens the balls, since it is too late for her now to go anywhere else. This is all I know of people I have not seen. As I shall not stay above a fortnight longer, I do not propose to learn the language. I hope to find your Ladyship in perfect health at my return ; but though the banks of the Thames are a little pleasanter than those of the Avon,

<sup>1</sup> Lord Northington, Lord President of the Council.

I beg you will not sit by the former till midnight. The Bath is sure of doing me some good, for I shall take great care of myself, for fear of being sent hither again.

I am, Madam,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient

Humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

### 1143. To JOHN CHUTE.

Bath, Oct. 10, 1766.

I AM impatient to hear that your charity to me has not ended in the gout to yourself—all my comfort is, if you have it, that you have good Lady Brown to nurse you.

My health advances faster than my amusement. However, I have been at one opera, Mr. Wesley's. They have boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns, in parts, to Scotch ballad tunes; but indeed so long, that one would think they were already in eternity, and knew how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows (yet I am not converted); but I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution: they have very neat mahogany stands for branches, and brackets of the same in taste. At the upper end is a broad *haut-pas* of four steps, advancing in the middle: at each end of the broadest part are two of *my* eagles<sup>1</sup>, with red cushions for the parson and clerk. Behind them rise three more steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle for pulpit. Scarlet armed-chairs to all three. On either hand, a balcony for elect ladies. The rest of the congregation sit on forms. Behind the pit, in

LETTER 1143.—<sup>1</sup> Eagles in the attitude of the marble one at Strawberry Hill.

a dark niche, is a plain table within rails; so you see the throne is for the apostle. Wesley is a lean elderly man, fresh-coloured, his hair smoothly combed, but with a *soupeçon* of curl at the ends. Wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast, and with so little accent, that I am sure he has often uttered it, for it was like a lesson. There were parts and eloquence in it; but towards the end he exalted his voice, and acted very ugly enthusiasm; decried learning, and told stories, like Latimer, of the fool of his college, who said, 'I *thanks* God for everything.' Except a few from curiosity, and *some honourable women*, the congregation was very mean. There was a Scotch Countess of Buchan<sup>2</sup>, who is carrying a pure rosy vulgar face to heaven, and who asked Miss Rich, if that was *the author of the poets*. I believe she meant me and the *Noble Authors*.

The Bedfords came last night. Lord Chatham was with me yesterday two hours; looks and walks well, and is in excellent political spirits.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

#### 1144. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Bath, Oct. 18, 1766.

WELL! I went last night to see Lady Lucy and Mrs. Trevor, was let in, and received with great kindness. I found them little altered; Lady Lucy was much undressed, but looks better than when I saw her last, and as well as one could expect; no shyness nor singularity, but very easy and conversable. They have a very pretty house, with two excellent rooms on a floor, and extremely well furnished.

<sup>2</sup> Agnes (d. 1778), daughter of Sir James Steuart, Baronet; m. (1789) Henry David Erskine, tenth Earl of Buchan.



You may be sure your name was much in request. If I had not been engaged, I could have stayed much longer with satisfaction ; and if I am doomed, as probably I shall be, to come hither again, they would be a great resource to me, for I find much more pleasure now in renewing old acquaintances than in forming new.

The waters do not benefit me so much as at first ; the pains in my stomach return almost every morning, but do not seem the least allied to the gout. This decrease of their virtue is not near so great a disappointment to me as you might imagine ; for I am so childish as not to think health itself a compensation for passing my time very disagreeably. I can bear the loss of youth heroically, provided I am comfortable, and can amuse myself as I like. But health does not give one the sort of spirits that make one like diversions, public places, and mixed company. Living here is being a shopkeeper, who is glad of all kinds of customers ; but does not suit me, who am leaving off trade. I shall depart on Wednesday, even on the penalty of coming again. To have lived three weeks in a fair appears to me a century ! I am not at all in love with their country, which so charms everybody. Mountains are very good frames to a prospect, but here they run against one's nose, nor can one stir out of the town without clambering. It is true one may live as retired as one pleases, and may always have a small society. The place is healthy, everything is cheap, and the provisions better than ever I tasted. Still I have taken an insuperable aversion to it, which I feel rather than can account for. I do not think you would dislike it : so you see I am just in general, though very partial as to my own particular.

You have raised my curiosity about Lord Scarsdale's<sup>1</sup>, yet I question whether I shall ever take the trouble of

LETTER 1144.—<sup>1</sup> Kedleston, in Derbyshire.

visiting it. I grow every year more averse to stirring from home, and putting myself out of my way. If I can but be tolerably well at Strawberry, my wishes are bounded. If I am to live at watering-places, and keep what is called *good hours*, life itself will be very indifferent to me. I do not talk very sensibly, but I have a contempt for that fictitious character styled philosophy; I feel what I feel, and say I feel what I do feel. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

1145. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Bath, Oct. 18, 1766.

YOU have made me laugh, and somebody else<sup>1</sup> makes me stare. How can one wonder at anything he does, when he knows so little of the world? I suppose the next step will be to propose me for Groom of the Bedchamber to the new Duke of Cumberland<sup>2</sup>. But why me? Here is that hopeful young fellow, Sir John Rushout, the oldest member of the House, and, as extremes meet, very proper to begin again; why overlook him? However, as the secret is kept from me myself, I am perfectly easy about it. I shall call to-day or to-morrow to ask his commands, but certainly shall not obey those you mention.

The waters certainly are not so beneficial to me as at first: I have almost every morning my pain in my stomach. I do not pretend this to be the cause of my leaving Bath. The truth is, I cannot bear it any longer. You laugh at my regularity; but the contrary habit is so strong in me, that I cannot continue such sobriety. The public rooms,

LETTER 1145.—<sup>1</sup> Lord Chatham, who wished Horace Walpole to move the Address in the House of Commons.

<sup>2</sup> Prince Henry Frederick, so created in Oct. 1766.

and the loo, where we play in a circle, like the hazard on Twelfth-night, are insupportable. This coming into the world again, when I am so weary of it, is as bad and ridiculous as moving an Address would be. I have no affectation; for affectation is a monster at nine-and-forty; but if I cannot live quietly, privately, and comfortably, I am perfectly indifferent about living at all. I would not kill myself, for that is a philosopher's affectation, and I will come hither again if I must; but I shall always drive very near, before I submit to do anything I do not like. In short, I must be as foolish as I please, so long as I can keep without the limits of absurdity. What has an old man to do but to preserve himself from parade on one hand, and ridicule on the other? Charming youth may indulge itself in either, may be censured, will be envied, and has time to correct. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Monday evening.

You are a delightful manager of the House of Commons, to reckon 540, instead of 565! Sandwich was more accurate in lists, and would not have miscounted 25, which are something in a division.

1146. *TO GEORGE MONTAGU.*

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 22, 1766.

THEY may say what they will, but it does one ten times more good to leave Bath than to go to it. I may sometimes drink the waters, as Mr. Bentley used to say I invited company hither that I did not care for, that I might enjoy the pleasure of their going away. My health is certainly mended, but I did not feel the satisfaction of it

till I got home. I have still a little rheumatism in one shoulder, which was not dipped in Styx, and is still mortal ; but, while I went to the Rooms, or stayed in my *chambers* in a dull court, I thought I had twenty complaints. I don't perceive one of them.

Having no companion but such as the place afforded, and which I did not except<sup>1</sup>, my excursions were very few ; besides that the city is so guarded with mountains, that I had not patience to be jolted like a pea in a drum, in my chaise alone. I did go to Bristol, the dirtiest great shop I ever saw, with so foul a river, that, had I seen the least appearance of cleanliness, I should have concluded they washed all their linen in it, as they do at Paris. Going into the town, I was struck with a large Gothic building, coal-black, and striped with white ; I took it for the Devil's cathedral. When I came nearer, I found it was an uniform castle, lately built, and serving for stables and offices to a smart false Gothic house on the other side of the road.

The real cathedral is very neat, and has pretty tombs ; besides two windows of painted glass, given by Mrs. Ellen Gwyn<sup>2</sup>. There is a new church besides of St. Nicholas, neat and truly Gothic ; besides a charming old church at the other end of the town. The cathedral or abbey at Bath is glaring and crowded with modern tablet-monuments. Among others, I found two, of my cousin Sir Erasmus Phillips<sup>3</sup>, and of Colonel Madan<sup>4</sup>. Your cousin Bishop Montagu<sup>5</sup> decked it much. I dined one day with an agree-

LETTER 1146.—<sup>1</sup> So in MS.

<sup>2</sup> The east windows of the choir aisles of Bristol Cathedral are traditionally said to have been given by Nell Gwyn, mistress of Charles II.

<sup>3</sup> Fifth Baronet, of Picton Castle, Pembrokeshire, related to Horace Walpole through the latter's mother.

<sup>4</sup> Probably Colonel Martin Madan (d. 1756), sometime M.P. for Wootton

Bassett.

<sup>5</sup> James Montagu (d. 1618), son of Sir Edward Montagu, of Boughton, Northamptonshire, and brother of first Earl of Manchester. He died Bishop of Winchester. He was previously (1608-16) Bishop of Bath and Wells, and as such interested himself in the restoration of Bath Abbey.



able family, two miles from Bath, a Captain Miller<sup>6</sup> and his wife, and her mother, Mrs. Riggs. They have a small new-built house, with a bow-window, directly opposite to which the Avon falls in a wide cascade, a church behind it in a vale, into which two mountains descend, leaving an opening into the distant country. A large village, with houses of gentry, is on one of the hills to the left. Their garden is little, but pretty, and watered with several small rivulets among the bushes. Meadows fall down to the road; and above, the garden is terminated by another view of the river, the city, and the mountains. 'Tis a very diminutive principality, with large pretensions.

I must tell you a quotation I lighted upon t'other day from Persius, the application of which has much diverted Mr. Chute. You know my Lord Milton, from nephew of the old usurer Damer<sup>7</sup> of Dublin, has endeavoured to erect himself into the representative of the ancient Barons Damory—

—*Momento turbinis exit*  
*Marcus Dama.*

Apropos, or rather not apropos, I wish you joy of the restoration of the dukedom<sup>8</sup> in your house; though I believe we both think it very hard upon my Lady Beaulieu.

<sup>6</sup> Captain John Miller (d. 1798), created a Baronet in 1778; m. (1765) Anna, daughter of Edward Riggs. She inherited a large fortune from her grandfather. The house at Bath-easton, near Bath, visited by Walpole, was built by the Millers. In 1771 they travelled in Italy. After their return Mrs. Miller published *Letters from Italy*, which reached a second edition. From 1778 until her death in 1781 Lady Miller (as she then was) presided over a literary *salon*. These assemblies, to which all visitors to Bath of taste and fashion were invited, attracted considerable notice, and are mentioned

(not always with respect) by various contemporary writers, including Horace Walpole and Madame d'Arblay.

<sup>7</sup> Joseph Damer (d. 1720), a Dublin merchant. Swift wrote two poems on his death, an *Elegy* and an *Epitaph*.

<sup>8</sup> The Earl of Cardigan was created Duke of Montagu in November 1766. He married the younger of the two daughters and co-heiresses of the last Duke of Montagu, and his son had already been created Baron Montagu of Boughton. The elder sister (Lady Beaulieu) had no issue.

I made a second visit to Lady Lucy and Mrs. Trevor, and saw the latter one night at the Rooms. She did not appear to me so little altered as in the dusk of her own chamber. Adieu.

Yours ever,  
H. W.

1147. TO LADY MARY COKE.

It is impossible for me, dear Madam, not to tell you how much I was touched at your loss. I will, however, say very little, as you know how sincerely I interest myself in whatever concerns you. I have the additional reason of having known and greatly esteemed your nephew<sup>1</sup>. May the remaining one compensate for what is gone! When I come to town again, I hope to find you recovered from the first shock.

1148. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 26, 1766.

I CAME to town yesterday from the Bath; and at night Lady Hertford told me what an anxious letter you had written to old Mr. Larpent<sup>1</sup> about me: she heard it from his son. I did not doubt, my dear Sir, your affection to me, and therefore this indirect way has not increased my persuasion of it. As there was no probability of its coming to my knowledge, such an accident might be very satisfactory to another; but I am glad to tell you, it has not added

LETTER 1147.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. xxii.

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Hew Campbell Scott, second son of Lady Mary Coke's elder sister, the Countess of Dalkeith (after-

wards Lady Greenwich). He died in Paris on Oct 20, 1766.

LETTER 1148.—<sup>1</sup> Probably John Larpent, one of the Chief Clerks in the Secretary of State's Office.

a grain to my conviction of your sincerity. Indeed, I hoped the letter I wrote to you would have reached you as soon as that idle paragraph in the newspapers, and would prevent your being alarmed. For the future, pray observe that it is not necessary to be of importance; an inconsiderable person as I am, may, you see, have a palsy in the newspapers, though they have none out of them. Very ill I was to be sure, and more likely to be quite than half dead. My recovery has gone on fast: the Bath waters were serviceable to me, though they have not removed the pain in my stomach, which comes almost every morning, but goes as soon as it has left its name. I don't believe it the gout, and am tired of inquiring what it is, which I do not perceive tends to its cure. After all the wisdom I have heard, and the advice that everybody bestows, I have only learnt that if I will do everything I don't like, and nothing I do, I may live and be very happy—indeed! So life is like virtue, charming for its own sake!—and yet, though I believe few of those who affirm this of virtue, I do believe them about life—they have a fondness for its very dregs; and would patch and darn it till it has not one thread left of the texture for which one wore it at first. What idiots we are! we squander youth, and husband old age; waste our money, and cherish the tattered bag that held it! If there was a day marked on which youth ceases and age commences, I should call that the day of one's death; the first would be the death of pleasure, the other is only the death of pain; and is that such a grievance?

I left Lord Chatham at Bath, in great health and spirits. He does not seem to dread his enemies, nor respect them. I trust he will be as much justified in the first, as he is in the last. I am sure, if the present administration does not hold, I don't know whither we are to go next! Lord Northumberland and Lord Cardigan are made Dukes. The

older earls, you may be sure, are much offended; and I think the crown has not acted very wisely in opening a new door to solicitations. It has left itself so little to bestow, that it is come now to its last fund.

I expect that it will rather be a busy than a warm winter. The consideration of our Indian affairs will be the principal object. George Grenville will be very tiresome, and as teasing as tiresomeness can make him; but I should think would not be much supported. His friends the Bedfords rather look from him; and the dismissed part of the last administration are inclined to lie still.

We have had grievous disturbances in many parts of England about corn; but they are pretty well over—but for you Tuscans and Romans, you may starve for us. The papers say that you have got the Hereditary Prince; if you love princes, we can spare you two or three more. Adieu!

P.S. Sir James Gray goes to Madrid. The embassy has been sadly hawked about; not a peer that would take it.

#### 1149. TO THE COMTESSE DE FORCALQUIER.

Londres, 27 Octobre 1766.

JE ne pouvais pas concevoir, Madame, comment les eaux de Bath pouvaient me faire du bien si subitement, mais actuellement le mystère est expliqué; vous me dites que vous avez eu la bonté de faire des vœux pour le rétablissement de ma santé. Je souhaiterais que je l'eusse connu plus tôt, cela m'aurait épargné un voyage désagréable; néanmoins, Madame, ma reconnaissance est si grande qu'au lieu de publier l'obligation que je vous ai, je la tiendrai

LETTER 1149.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy (in the handwriting of Wiart, secretary of Mme du

Deffand) in possession of Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis.



secrète, autrement les infirmes et les goutteux seraient tous les jours à votre porte pour vous demander vos bonnes prières ; et ce serait une chose indécente de voir à votre porte tant d'infirmes, au lieu de soupirants ; ce doit être en effet un estropié qui vous regarderait comme une madonna, et vous serez obligée de cacher vos attraits avant qu'on puisse rendre justice à vos vertus ; on peut dire la même chose de votre esprit ; soit que vous parliez parfaitement le français, ou moins parfaitement l'anglais — le tout sera approuvé, quoique le vrai mérite de l'un ni de l'autre ne sera connu que quand on aura le temps de prêter son attention uniquement à ce que vous dites. Vous n'approuverez pas ce que je dis parce que vous négligez votre beauté, et que vous donnez toute votre attention à cultiver votre cœur et votre esprit — mais, Madame, je dois dire la vérité, et n'ayant rien oublié de ce que j'ai vu d'admirable en France, est-il possible que tout ce que j'entends de vous efface tout ce dont je me souviens ? Il n'est pas nécessaire, Madame, de me sommer de tenir ma promesse, je l'ai fait sincèrement, et j'aurai un trop grand plaisir à m'y conformer pour ne pas tenir strictement ma parole ; rien ne m'empêchera d'être à Paris au mois de Février ; notre ministère même, la chose la plus fragile du monde, durera vraisemblablement au delà de cette période ; Milord Chatham est en très bonne santé à Bath, quoique vous n'ayez pas, Madame, prié pour lui, et il pourra probablement amener de là quelques nouveaux amis — au moins le Duc de Bedford et lui y demeurent à deux portes l'un de l'autre.

Madame la Duchesse d'Aiguillon a eu la bonté de m'écrire au sujet de ma maladie ; puis-je vous prier, Madame, de lui faire mes très humbles remerciements et l'assurer de mes respects ? J'aurai l'honneur de la remercier moi-même l'ordinaire prochain.

Le Marquis de Fitzjames est ici, il paraît aimer beaucoup

Londres et il y est très goûté. Nous vous avons envoyé une Ambassadrice très gentille, Madame Rochefort, cependant j'espère qu'elle n'effacera pas mes amies Madame de Hertford et la Duchesse de Richmond.

Madame du Deffand, suivant sa bonté ordinaire, a eu beaucoup d'égard pour M. et Madame Fitzroy qui en sont charmés et ne cessent de chanter ses louanges ; je ne penserais pas aussi bien d'eux que je fais s'ils agissaient autrement. J'ai le plus grand plaisir du monde d'entendre dire que votre amitié l'une pour l'autre continue, j'espère la trouver aussi forte que jamais.

Je me flatte que la Duchesse de la Vallière ne m'a pas tout à fait oublié, M. de Guerchy m'assure que non, et cela me cause un plaisir infini. Je souhaite ardemment de retrouver cette même compagnie à St. Joseph, et je promets de ne pas jouer une seule fois à la grande patience, quand cette agréable compagnie sera autour du feu après souper.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Madame, votre très obligé, très obéissant, très dévoué, et très humble serviteur,

HORACE WALPOLE.

#### 1150. TO THE DUCHESS OF CHOISEUL.

De Londres, ce 27 Octobre 1766.

IL y a longtemps, Madame, que j'ai dû me jeter à vos pieds en reconnaissance des choses obligeantes qui me venaient de tous côtés sur le compte de vos bontés pour moi. M. de Guerchy, Madame du Deffand, m'en parlaient continuellement, mes compatriotes ne cessaient de m'envier, mais étaient trop pénétrés de votre mérite, Madame, pour

LETTER 1150.—Not in C. ; now first printed from copy (in the handwriting of Wiart, secretary of

Mme. du Deffand) in possession of Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis.

pouvoir s'en taire, et leur amour propre fit que j'en susse une partie de la vérité. Une longue maladie, et encore plus la crainte de vous importuner, m'imposaient silence ; mais la lettre que M. l'Ambassadeur me rendit hier, autorise, ordonne même, l'effusion de ma sensibilité. La vie, Madame, à laquelle vous daignez vous intéresser me sera bien plus précieuse ; un philosophe ne tiendrait contre l'honneur de vous apporter ses hommages, et pour mourir content il aurait fallu avoir écrit quelque chose qui fût digne de transmettre votre nom à la postérité. Mais, Madame, vous avez mal pris votre temps ; les Horace d'aujourd'hui ne sont point donneurs d'immortalité, il faut vous fier à vos vertus.

Ce sera au mois de Février que je me promets l'honneur de vous marquer, Madame, en personne la sensibilité extrême dont je suis pénétré. Mais il y a encore une grâce que j'oserai vous demander, c'est de m'accorder votre protection, Madame, auprès de M. le Duc de Choiseul. C'est fâcheux que je ne saurais attribuer cette ambition uniquement à l'envie qui me possède de connaître ce qui vous est cher. Mais, Madame, il faut me le pardonner ; les talents supérieurs et le caractère si respectable de M. le Duc de Choiseul m'ont touché le cœur.

Quoique mon peu de mérite et de considération m'ont empêchés jusqu'à cette heure de l'importuner trop de mes hommages, je suis persuadé qu'un homme pour qui vous daignez avoir de la bonté, ne peut que trouver un accueil favorable auprès de M. le Duc.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Madame la Duchesse, avec le plus profond respect, votre très humble, très obéissant,

et très dévoué serviteur,

HORACE WALPOLE.

## 1151. TO THE DOWAGER DUCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 3, 1766.

ONE cannot repine, Madame, at some portion of illness, when it procures one such marks of goodness as I have experienced, especially from your Grace; indeed, it grew a little too serious, and I began to think that I should not live to pay my debts of gratitude. My Lady Hervey, with all her kindness to me, and her partiality, her just partiality, to France, is however in the wrong to attribute any part of my illness to my manner of living at Paris. I came from thence perfectly well; and, to say the truth, I ascribe much more to the damp air of England than to any course of life. Yet I will not say too much against my own country, that I may not destroy any little merit I may have in returning to Paris this winter. I neither deserve nor expect any sacrifice, but am ready to sacrifice anything both to your Grace and Madame du Deffand, who have both shown me so many marks of kindness and protection.

As I interest myself so much in whatever touches your Grace, I must condole with you, Madam, on the ill state of health of the Duchess of Fronsac. Though I had the honour of seeing her but once, I heard enough in her praise to know that she deserves to be lamented on her own account. I hope, Madam, you will still have the satisfaction of seeing her recover.

Mr. Hume has, I own, surprised me, by suffering his squabble with Rousseau to be published<sup>1</sup>. He went to Scotland determined against it. All his friends gave him the same advice; but I see some philosophers can no more keep their resolution than other philosophers can keep their temper. If he has been over-persuaded from Paris, I suspect that

LETTER 1151.—Not in C.; printed from copy in H. W.'s hand (marked 'To the Dowager Duchess d'Aiguillon') in possession of the late Sir

T. V. Lister.

<sup>1</sup> Hume's French literary friends persuaded him to publish an account of Rousseau's conduct towards him.



the advice was not so much given him for his sake, as to gratify some spleen against Rousseau, and that his counsellors had a mind to figure in the quarrel ; for men of letters delight in these silly altercations, though they affect to condemn them. It spreads their names, and they are often known by their disputes, when they cannot make themselves talked of for their talents. For my own part, I little expected to see my letter in print, as your Grace tells me it is, for I have not yet seen the book. I have neither been asked nor given any consent to my letter being published. I do not take it ill of Mr. Hume, as I left him at liberty to show it to whom he pleased ; I am, however, sorry it is printed : not that I am ashamed of any sentiment in it, especially since your Grace does me the honour of approving it ; but I think all literary controversies ridiculous, impertinent, and contemptible. The world justly despises them, especially from the arrogance which modern authors assume. I don't know who the publishers are, nor care ; I only hope that nobody will think that I have any connection with them. Nor have I, though I have played the fool in print, so much of the author, as to think myself of consequence enough to trouble the world with my letters and quarrels. Authors by profession may, at least they generally do, give themselves such airs of dignity ; but they do not become me. However, Madam, I only laugh at all this, for I am no philosopher, and therefore am not angry.

I am told it is asserted that I have owned that the letter to Rousseau was not mine ; I wish it was not, for then it would have been better. I told your Grace, I believe, what I told to many more, that some grammatical faults in it had been corrected for me, for I certainly do not pretend to write French well ; and it ought to be remarked, too, that the letter was not written in the name of a Frenchman. I must have been vain indeed if I had flattered

myself that I could write French well enough to be mistaken for a Frenchman. The book too, I hear, says that the real author ought to discover himself. I was the real author, and never denied it. But is not it amusing, Madam, to hear an anonymous author calling on somebody, he does not know whom, to name himself? And are not such authors very respectable? I shall not imitate him, nor ask to hear the publisher's name: I do not believe I should be much the wiser for knowing it.

I am told, too, that my letter to Rousseau is censured in this book. It is very mortifying to me, to be sure, that when so many persons of taste had been pleased with that letter, it should be condemned by higher authority; but it is not uncommon for men of taste and men of letters to be of a totally different opinion. Nor am I surprised that a trifle designed as a jest, and certainly never intended to be made public, should be anathematized by their holinesses the philosophers and the enemies of Rousseau. It looked like candour to blame me, when so real an injury was meditated against him as the publication of his absurd letter to Mr. Hume. Philosophy is so tender and so scrupulous!

I beg your Grace's pardon for troubling you so long. You find I am so much of an author, that I contradict myself, and think this very foolish controversy important enough to employ two pages. Indeed it is not; and if I were not alone in the country, I should not have thought it worth two lines. Such a real genius as Rousseau cannot appear, but he causes all the insignificant scribblers in Europe to overwhelm the public with their opinions of him and his writings. But he may comfort himself, his works will be admired when the compilers of dictionaries and mercuries will be as much forgotten as your Grace's

Most obedient humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

## 1152. TO LORD HAILES.

SIR,

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 5, 1766.

On my return from Bath, I found your very kind and agreeable present of the papers in King Charles's time<sup>1</sup>, for which and all your other obliging favours I give you a thousand thanks.

I was particularly pleased with your just and sensible preface against those squeamish or bigoted persons who would bury in oblivion the faults and follies of princes, and who thence contribute to their guilt; for if princes, who living are above control, should think that no censure is to attend them when dead, it would be new encouragement to them to play the fool and act the tyrant. When they are so kind as to specify their crimes under their own hands, it would be foppish delicacy indeed to suppress them. I hope you will proceed, Sir, and with the same impartiality. It was justice due to Charles to publish the extravagances of his enemies too. The comparison can never be fairly made, but when we see the evidence on both sides. I have done so in the trifles I have published, and have as much offended some by what I have said of the Presbyterians at the beginning of my third volume of the *Painters*, as I had others by condemnation of King Charles in my *Noble Authors*. In the second volume of my *Anecdotes* I praised him where he deserved praise; for truth is my sole object, and it is some proof, when one offends both sides.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged

and obedient Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER 1152.—Collated with copy of original in possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

<sup>1</sup> *Memorials and Letters relating to*

*the History of Britain in the Reign of Charles I, published from the originals.*

## 1153. TO DAVID HUME.

DEAR SIR,

Nov. 6, 1766.

You have, I own, surprised me by suffering your quarrel with Rousseau to be printed, contrary to your determination when you left London, and against the advice of all your best friends here; I may add, contrary to your own nature, which has always inclined you to despise literary squabbles, the jest and scorn of all men of sense. Indeed, I am sorry you have let yourself be over-persuaded, and so are all that I have seen who wish you well: I ought rather to use your own word *extorted*. You say your Parisian friends *extorted* your consent to this publication. I believe so. Your good sense could not approve what your good heart could not refuse. You add, that they told you *Rousseau had sent letters of defiance against you all over Europe*. Good God! my dear Sir, could you pay any regard to such fustian? All Europe laughs at being dragged every day into these idle quarrels, with which Europe only wipes its backside. Your friends talk as loftily as of a challenge between Charles the Fifth and Francis the First. What are become of all the controversies since the days of Scaliger and Scioppius, of Billingsgate memory? Why, they sleep in oblivion, till some Bayle drags them out of their dust, and takes mighty pains to ascertain the date of each author's death, which is of no more consequence to the world than the day of his birth. Many a country squire quarrels with his neighbour about game and manors; yet they never print their wrangles, though as much abuse passes between them as if they could quote all the philippics of the learned.

You have acted, as I should have expected if you *would* print, with sense, temper, and decency, and, what is still more uncommon, with your usual modesty. Even to this day that race ape the dictatorial tone of the commentators



at the restoration of learning, when the mob thought that Greek and Latin could give men the sense which they wanted in their native languages. But *Europe* is now grown a little wiser, and holds these magnificent pretensions in proper contempt.

What I have said is to explain why I am sorry my letter makes a part of this controversy. When I sent it to you, it was for your justification; and, had it been necessary, I could have added as much more, having been witness to your anxious and boundless friendship for Rousseau. I told you, you might make what use of it you pleased. Indeed, at that time I did not—could not think of its being printed, you seeming so averse to any publication on that head. However, I by no means take it ill, nor regret my part, if it tends to vindicate your honour.

I must confess that I am more concerned that you have suffered my letter to be curtailed; nor should I have consented to that if you had asked me. I guessed that your friends consulted your interest less than their own inclination to expose Rousseau; and I think their omission of what I said on that subject proves I was not mistaken in my guess. My letter hinted, too, my contempt of learned men and their miserable conduct. Since I was to appear in print, I should not have been sorry that that opinion should have appeared at the same time. In truth, there is nothing I hold so cheap as the generality of learned men; and I have often thought that young men ought to be made scholars, lest they should grow to reverence learned block-heads, and think there is any merit in having read more foolish books than other folks; which, as there are a thousand nonsensical books for one good one, must be the case of any man who has read much more than other people.

Your friend D'Alembert, who, I suppose, has read a vast

deal, is, it seems, offended with my letter to Rousseau. He is certainly as much at liberty to blame it, as I was to write it. Unfortunately, he does not convince me; nor can I think but that if Rousseau may attack all governments and all religions, I might attack him: especially on his affectation and affected misfortunes; which you and your editors have proved *are affected*. D'Alembert might be offended at Rousseau's ascribing my letter to him; and he is in the right. I am a very indifferent author; and there is nothing so vexatious to an indifferent author as to be confounded with another of the same class. I should be sorry to have his *éloges* and translations of scraps of Tacitus laid to me. However, I can forgive him anything, provided he never translates me. Adieu! my dear Sir. I am apt to laugh, you know, and therefore you will excuse me, though I do not treat your friends up to the pomp of their claims. They may treat me as freely: I shall not laugh the less, and I promise you I will never enter into a controversy with them.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1154. TO DAVID HUME.

Arlington Street, Nov. 11, 1766.

INDEED, dear Sir, it was not necessary to make me any apology. D'Alembert is certainly at liberty to say what he pleases of my letter; and undoubtedly you cannot think that it signifies a straw to me what he says. But how can you be surprised at his printing a thing that he sent you so long ago? All *my* surprise consists in your suffering him to curtail my letter to you, when you might be sure he would print his own at length. I am glad, however, that he has mangled mine: it not only shows his equity, but is

the strongest presumption that he was conscious I guessed right, when I supposed he urged you to publish, from his own private pique to Rousseau.

What you surmise of his censuring my letter because I am a friend of Madame du Deffand<sup>1</sup>, is astonishing indeed, and not to be credited, unless you had suggested it. Having never thought him anything like a *superior genius*, as you term him, I concluded his vanity was hurt by Rousseau's ascribing my letter to him; but, to carry resentment to a woman, to an old and blind woman, so far as to hate a friend of hers, *qui ne lui avoit point fait de mal*, is strangely weak and lamentable. I thought he was a philosopher, and that philosophers were virtuous, upright men, who loved wisdom, and were above the little passions and foibles of humanity. I thought they assumed that proud title as an earnest to the world, that they intended to be something more than mortal; that they engaged themselves to be patterns of excellence, and would utter no opinion, would pronounce no decision, but what they believed the quintessence of truth; that they always acted without prejudice and respect of persons. Indeed, we know that the ancient philosophers were a ridiculous composition of arrogance, disputation, and contradictions; that some of them acted against all ideas of decency; that others affected to doubt of their own senses; that some, for venting unintelligible nonsense, pretended to think themselves superior to kings; that they gave themselves airs of accounting for all that we do and do not see—and yet, that no two of them agreed in a single hypothesis; that one thought fire, another water, the origin of all things; and that some were even so

LETTER 1154.—<sup>1</sup>Madame du Deffand and D'Alembert had quarrelled. The cause of the breach was D'Alembert's preference for the society of Mlle. de l'Espinasse, a former companion

of Madame du Deffand. Mlle. de l'Espinasse was dismissed by the Marquise in 1768, and thenceforth presided over a rival *salon*.

absurd and impious, as to displace God, and enthrone matter in His place. I do not mean to disparage such wise men, for we are really obliged to them: they anticipated and helped us off with an exceeding deal of nonsense, through which we might possibly have passed, if they had not prevented us. But, when in this enlightened age, as it is called, I saw the term *philosophers* revived, I concluded the jargon would be omitted, and that we should be blessed with only the cream of sapience; and one had more reason still to expect this from any *superior genius*. But, alas! my dear Sir, what a tumble is here! Your D'Alembert is a mere mortal oracle. Who but would have laughed, if, when the buffoon Aristophanes ridiculed Socrates, Plato had condemned the former, not for making sport with a great man in distress, but because Plato hated some blind old woman with whom Aristophanes was acquainted!

D'Alembert's conduct is the more unjust, as I never heard Madame du Deffand talk of him above three times in the seven months that I passed at Paris; and never, though she does not love him, with any reflection to his prejudice. I remember, the first time I ever heard her mention his name, I said I have been told he was a good mimic, but could not think him a good writer. (Crawford remembers this, and it is a proof that I always thought of D'Alembert as I do now.) She took it up with warmth, defended his parts, and said he was extremely amusing. For her quarrel with him, I never troubled my head about it one way or other; which you will not wonder at. You know in England we read their works, but seldom or never take any notice of authors. We think them sufficiently paid if their books sell, and of course leave them to their colleges and obscurity, by which means we are not troubled with their vanity and impertinence. In France, they spoil us; but that was no business of mine. I, who am an author, must



own this conduct very sensible ; for in truth we are a most useless tribe.

That D'Alembert should have omitted passages in which you was so good as to mention me with approbation, agrees with his peevishness, not with his philosophy. However, for God's sake do not reinstate the passages. I do not love compliments, and will never give my consent to receive any. I have no doubt of your kind intentions to me, but beg they may rest there. I am much more diverted with the philosopher D'Alembert's underhand dealings, than I should have been pleased with panegyric even from you.

Allow me to make one more remark, and I have done with this trifling business for ever. Your moral friend pronounces me ill-natured for laughing at an unhappy man who had never offended me. Rousseau certainly never did offend me. I believed, from many symptoms in his writings, and from what I heard of him, that his love of singularity made him choose to invite misfortunes, and that he hung out many more than he felt. I, who affect no philosophy, nor pretend to more virtue than my neighbours, thought this ridiculous in a man who is really a *superior genius*, and joked upon it in a few lines never certainly intended to appear in print. The sage D'Alembert reprehends this—and where? In a book published to expose Rousseau, and which confirms by serious proofs what I had hinted at in jest. What! does a philosopher condemn me, and in the very same breath, only with ten times more ill-nature, act exactly as I had done? Oh, but you will say, Rousseau had offended D'Alembert by ascribing the King of Prussia's letter to him. Worse and worse: if Rousseau is unhappy, a philosopher should have pardoned. Revenge is so unbecoming the *rex regum*, the man who is *præcipuè sanus—nisi cum pituita molesta est*. If Rousseau's misfortunes are affected, what becomes of my ill-nature? In short, my

dear Sir, to conclude as D'Alembert concludes his book, I do believe in the virtue of Mr. Hume, but not much in that of philosophers. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

P.S. It occurs to me, that you may be apprehensive of my being indiscreet enough to let D'Alembert learn your suspicions of him on Madame du Deffand's account! but you may be perfectly easy on that head. Though I like such an advantage over him, and should be glad he saw this letter, and knew how little formidable I think him, I shall certainly not make an ill use of a private letter, and had much rather waive any triumph, than give a friend a moment's pain. I love to laugh at an impertinent *savant*, but respect learning when joined to such goodness as yours, and never confound ostentation and modesty.

I wrote to you last Thursday; and, by Lady Hertford's advice, directed my letter to Nine Wells<sup>2</sup>: I hope you will receive it.

### 1155. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 13, 1766.

YOU have surpassed yourself, and I really give you a million of thanks. Your attentions to the Marquis de Boufflers<sup>1</sup> have been re-echoed to me from Paris. His mother deserved it so little of me, that I am charmed to have returned it in so civil a style. You could scarce have pleased me more, if it had been my best friend.

The Parliament met the day before yesterday, and Lord

<sup>2</sup> In Berwickshire; the birthplace and occasional residence of Hume.

LETTER 1155.—<sup>1</sup> Comte, not Mar-

quis, de Boufflers-Rouvel, recommended to Mann in a previous letter.

Chatham's good genius is still constant to him. His two brothers-in-law are left in the suds. The Duke of Bedford and his court have been trafficking to come in, and though the bargain is not struck, they have deserted Grenville. The Duke himself spoke with much temper, and not one of his dependants showed themselves in the House of Commons. Should they even return to opposition, it will but double their disgrace, having so openly advertised themselves on sale. Lord Temple and Grenville were warm, though not personal, and you may be sure, not concise. They could not raise a division in either House. The elder had been as little successful the day before. He went to the Lord Mayor's feast, and dragged along with him that wise moppet, Lord Lyttelton: but they could not raise a shout for themselves, or a hiss for anybody else, but one who wishes no better to Lord Chatham than they do. The Master of the Rolls<sup>2</sup> was mistaken for Lord Mansfield, and insulted. This latter was reduced on Tuesday to make a speech *against prerogative*—yes, yes; and then was so cowed by Lord Camden, and the very sight of Lord Chatham, that he explained away half he had said. The Duke of Newcastle, Lord Rockingham, and the late ministers declare against opposition: Lord Temple goes out of town on Sunday, and though there will be long days, it will only be from George Grenville's long speeches. There will be very few even of those before Christmas. I have seldom sent you a better account.

Shall I send you an Italian story? Why, yes; one don't always know what is doing at next door. The Abbé Gius-tiniani, a noble Genoese, wrote last year a panegyric in verse on the Empress-Queen. She paid him with a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, and a patent of Theologian. Finding the trade so lucrative, he wrote another on the King of Prussia, who sent him a horn box, telling him that

<sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas Sewell.

he knew his vow of poverty would not let him touch gold ; and that, having no theologians, he had sent him a patent to be captain of horse in those very troops that he had commended so much in his verses ! I am persuaded that the saving of the gold and the brilliants was not the part which pleased his Majesty the least.

The Duke of Portland is married to Lady Dorothy Cavendish<sup>3</sup>, and Lord Mountstuart to a rich ugly Miss Windsor<sup>4</sup>. No other news, but the publication of the quarrel between Mr. Hume and Rousseau, of which few think here, though a great object at Paris, and of which I hope you have never heard. I make a figure in it, much against my will, having great contempt for literary squabbles ; but they are meat and drink to those fools the litterati. Adieu !

#### 1156. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 8, 1766.

WE have been in so strange and uncertain a situation lately that though I am always very punctual in giving you warning of any revolution, I could not till this very post say a word that would have tended to anything but to puzzle and alarm you. I now think the cloud pretty well dispersed, and am rather tranquil about what I feared the most. The internal agitations of factions are less easily described than public events, or even than parliamentary occurrences ; however, I will relate to you as briefly as I can, what has or had like to have happened.

About three weeks ago Lord Chatham suddenly removed Lord Edgcumbe from being Treasurer of the Household, to

<sup>3</sup> Only daughter of fourth Duke of Devonshire.

<sup>4</sup> Hon. Charlotte Jane Windsor (d. 1800), eldest daughter and co-heir

of first Viscount Windsor ; m. (Nov. 1, 1766) John Stuart, Lord Mountstuart, eldest son of third Earl of Bute.



make room for Mr. Shelley <sup>1</sup> (no very commendable choice), and without the knowledge of Mr. Conway, who was hurt both at the neglect of himself and the disgrace of one of his friends. The rest of the late administration, who remained, and still more they who had been set aside, were highly offended. Mr. Conway tried every method of satisfying Lord Edgecumbe, but Lord Chatham was inflexible, especially as the party had threatened to resign. While Mr. Conway was labouring a reconciliation, indeed with little prospect of accomplishing it, his friends flew out and left him, without any previous notice, on the opening of the great question on the East Indies <sup>2</sup>. This was very unkind behaviour to him, and was followed by the resignations of the Duke of Portland <sup>3</sup>, Lord Besborough <sup>4</sup>, Lord Scarborough <sup>5</sup>, Lord Monson <sup>6</sup>, Sir Charles Saunders <sup>7</sup>, and one or two more. Not content with this, Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes have never ceased endeavouring to persuade Mr. Conway to resign. Lord Chatham paid him the greatest compliments, and declared how difficult it would be for him to go on

LETTER 1156.—<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir John Shelley. *Walpole*.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Chatham had a scheme for an inquiry into the East India Company's affairs in Bengal. 'With indignation, he beheld three Indian provinces, an empire themselves, in the hands of a company of merchants who, authorized by their charter to traffic on the coast, had usurped so mighty a portion of his dominions from the Prince who permitted their commerce with his subjects. . . . Above any view of sharing the plunder himself, he saw a prey that tempted him to make it more his country's. By threats to intimidate the Company, and incline them to offer largely towards the necessities of Government, was the least part of his idea. Such a tribute would stand in the place of new taxes, or relieve the debts on the Civil List; could

he induce the Parliament to think the Company had exceeded the powers of their charter, the whole property of their territorial acquisitions might be deemed forfeited for the crown; this would be a bribe with which few ministers could purchase the smiles of their master. . . . On the 25th [of November] the plan was first intimated to the House by Lord Chatham's confidant, Alderman Beckford, who moved to take into consideration the state of the East India Company's affairs.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. ii. pp. 276, 277, 279.)

<sup>3</sup> Lord Chamberlain.

<sup>4</sup> Joint Postmaster-General.

<sup>5</sup> Cofferer of the Household.

<sup>6</sup> Chief Justice in Eyre south of Trent.

<sup>7</sup> First Lord of the Admiralty.

without him. The Duke of Grafton was alarmed to the utmost, from his affection for him, and Lord Hertford and I, seeing the factious and treacherous behaviour of his friends, and thinking it full as proper that he should govern them as they him, have done everything in our power to stop him; and I now at last flatter myself that he will not quit.

Well; still the places were vacant, and it was necessary to get recruits: a negotiation, begun at Bath, was renewed with the Duke of Bedford and his friends; and Lord Gower, the most impatient of that squadron to return to court, was dispatched by Lord Chatham to Woburn, and returned the very next day, with full compliance on the Duke's part. Mr. Grenville in the meantime was not idle, but employed others of that faction to traverse it. The Duke would listen to no remonstrances, but arrived himself in two days, very moderate in his intended proposals. To his great surprise he learned that two, if not three, of the vacant posts had been disposed of in that short interval; Sir Edward Hawke being made First Lord of the Admiralty, and Sir Piercy Brett<sup>8</sup> another commissioner. The Grenvillians blew up this disappointment, and instead of modest demands, the Duke went to Lord Chatham with a list of friends, large enough to fill half the places under the Government. This was as flatly refused; the Duke went away in wrath—and is to be brought up again this week to vote against the court. The consequence of all this is, the junction of Lord Chatham and Lord Bute, and the full support of the crown being given to the former. This has already appeared with much *éclat*, for on an ill-advised division on Friday last, Grenville and the Bedfords were but forty-eight, the court one hundred and sixty-six—a great victory in such a dubious moment, and which I hope will fix the administration. The

<sup>8</sup> Rear-Admiral Sir Piercy Brett, one of Anson's companions on his voyage round the world.

minority may be increased possibly to-morrow by twenty more on the East Indian affair, if the Cavendishes and Yorkes carry to it all their little strength.

The Duke of Ancaster is Master of the Horse, and Lord Delaware succeeds him in the same post to the Queen; Lord Hilsborough and Lord Despencer are joint Postmasters, Nugent First Lord of Trade, and Stanley Cofferer.

This is enough to give you some idea of the late hurricane. I have just received yours of November 18th, with an account of your disorder, and the arrival of Lady Holland. I wish your letter had been dated a few days later, that I might be sure you had not suffered by your rash attentions to her. You would like her much if you knew her more, as I hope you will at her return. It will be extraordinary indeed if Lord Holland recovers enough to return with her.

Our burlettas will make the fortunes of the managers. The *Buona Figliuola*<sup>9</sup>, which has more charming music than ever I heard in a single piece, is crowded every time; the King and Queen scarce ever miss it. Lovattini is incomparable, both for voice and action. But the serious opera, which is alternate, suffers for it. Guarducci's voice is universally admired, but he is lifeless, and the rest of the company not to be borne. Adieu! and let me hear you are quite well.

1157. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 12, 1766.

PRAY what are you doing?  
Or reading or feeding?  
Or drinking or thinking?  
Or praying or playing?  
Or walking or talking?  
Or riding about to your neighbours?

<sup>9</sup> *Cecchina, ossia la buona Figliuola*, an extremely popular *buffo* opera by Niccola Piccini (1728-1800).

I am sure you are not writing, for I have not had a word from you this century—nay, nor you from me. In truth, we have had a busy month, and many grumbles of a state-quake; but the session has however ended very triumphantly for the great Earl<sup>1</sup>—I mean, we are adjourned for the holidays for above a month, after two divisions of 166 to 48, and 140 to 56. The Earl chaffered for the Bedfords, and who so willing as they? However, the bargain went off, and they are forced to return to George Grenville. Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes have made a jaunt to the same quarter, but could carry only eight along with them, which swelled that little minority to 56. I trust and I hope it will not rise higher in haste. Your cousin<sup>2</sup>, I hear, has been two hours with the Earl, but to what purpose I know not. Nugent is made Lord Clare, I think to no purpose at all.

I came hither to-day for two or three days, and to empty my head. The weather is very warm and comfortable. When do you move your tents southward?

I left little like news in town, except politics. That pretty young woman, Lady Fortrose, Lady Harrington's eldest daughter, is at the point of death, killed, like Lady Coventry and others, by white lead, of which nothing could break her. Lord Beauchamp is going to marry the second Miss Windsor<sup>3</sup>. It is odd that those two ugly girls, though such great fortunes, should get the two best figures in England, him and Lord Mountstuart.

The Duke of York is erecting a theatre at his own palace, and is to play Lothario in the *Fair Penitent* himself. Apropos, have you seen that delightful paper composed out

LETTER 1157.—<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Chatham.

<sup>2</sup> The Earl of Halifax.

<sup>3</sup> Hon. Alicia Elizabeth Windsor (d. 1772), second daughter and co-

heir of first Viscount Windsor; m. Francis Seymour, Viscount Beauchamp, eldest son of first Earl of Hertford.



of scraps in the newspapers<sup>4</sup>? I laughed till I cried, and literally burst out so loud, that I thought Favre, who was waiting in the next room, would conclude I was in a fit—I mean the paper that says,

This day his Majesty will go in great state  
To fifteen notorious common Prostitutes, &c., &c.

It is the newest piece of humour, except the *Bath Guide*, that I have seen of many years. Adieu! Do let me hear from you soon. How does brother John?

Yours ever,  
H. W.

#### 1158. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, Dec. 16, 1766.

I WROTE to you last post on the very day I ought to have received yours, but being at Strawberry, did not get it in time. Thank you for your offer of a doe; you know when I dine at home here it is quite alone, and venison frightens my little meal; yet, as half of it is designed for *dimidium animae meae* Mrs. Clive (a pretty round half), I must not refuse it. Venison will make such a figure at her Christmas gambols! only let me know when and how I am to receive it, that she may prepare the rest of her banquet; I will take care to convey it to her.

I don't like your wintering so late in the country. Adieu!

Yours ever,  
H. W.

<sup>4</sup> *A new way of reading Newspapers*, by Papyrius Cursor. See *Gent. Mag.* 1766, p. 587. 'Papyrius

Cursor' was Caleb Whitefoord (d. 1810), mentioned in Goldsmith's *Retaliation*.

## 1159. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Tuesday, Jan. 13 [1767].

I AM going to eat some of your venison, and dare to say it is very good—I am sure you are; and thank you for it. Catherine<sup>1</sup>, I do not doubt, is up to the elbows in currant jelly and gratitude.

I have lost poor Louis<sup>2</sup>, who died last week at Strawberry. He had no fault but what has fallen upon himself, poor soul! drinking; his honesty and good nature were complete; and I am heartily concerned for him, which I shall seldom say so sincerely.

There has been printed a dull complimentary letter to me on the quarrel of Hume and Rousseau. In one of the Reviews they are so obliging as to say I wrote it myself—it is so dull that I should think they wrote it themselves; a kind of abuse I should dislike much more than their criticism.

Are you not frozen, perished? How do you keep yourself alive on your mountain? I scarce stir from my fireside. I have scarce been at Strawberry for a day this whole Christmas, and there is less appearance of a thaw to-day than ever. There has been dreadful havoc at Margate and Aldborough, and along the coast. At Calais the sea rose above sixty feet perpendicular, which makes people conclude there has been an earthquake somewhere or other. I shall not think of my journey to France yet; I suffered too much with the cold last year at Paris, where they have not the least idea of *comfortable*, but sup in stone halls, with all the doors open.

Adieu! I must go dress for the Drawing Room of the Princess of Wales.

Yours ever,

H. W.

LETTER 1159.—<sup>1</sup> Catherine Clive.<sup>2</sup> One of Horace Walpole's servants.

## 1160. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 21, 1767.

You will think it long, my dear Sir, since I wrote to you ; which makes me write now, though I have had, nor have, anything new to tell you. The Parliament has been adjourned for a month, and is but just reassembled. The affair of the East India Company, which promised trouble, has taken a favourable turn, and they have agreed to treat with the ministry, which will prevent the bargain from being haggled in Parliament, if the parties can come to any agreement. Lord Temple and George Grenville have laboured to their utmost to make the usurpation of three Indian provinces, or rather kingdoms, pass for private property ; and private property is always willing to profit of the most favourable construction, and to be wonderfully fond of liberty. 'Tis all the obligation a free country has to the rich. Lord Chatham is laid up with the gout at Bath ; but the opposition is so insignificant, that we can afford to wait for him.

We have a most dreadful winter, the coldest I ever remember, for you know I was with you in 1740 and 1741. Last year was bitter, but I flattered myself that the season was worse at Paris than at London. It lasted four months : I hope this, which is scarce a month old, will be of much shorter duration.

I am labouring to get you two black dogs<sup>1</sup>, but find it the most difficult thing in the world, as you require them very small. The very little ones are generally but one of a litter. Lord Dacre has a bitch now with puppy, and has promised me one. I must be sure of the parents, or they might seem pretty and turn out large and ugly.

LETTER 1160.—<sup>1</sup> Mann wished to make his court to the Grand Duchess of Tuscany by presenting her with two King Charles' spaniels.

I can say little or nothing to your riband. I meddle with nothing ; and without repeating what I have said in my former letters, I can only remind you that I have cause not to choose to have obligations. You are the single person for whom I have forced myself to ask a favour. I have peremptorily refused every soul besides, how nearly soever they were related to me. I must ask if I would obtain, for assure yourself, no favours will be thrown in my way ; and when I have passed my life in studying the service of others, and have heaped endless favours, you may believe I have too much pride to desire a return of some of them. I can say no more in a letter, but beg you to excuse me from interfering about your riband. I did obtain what was essential to you—but a mind that has any generosity cannot be claiming debts : I had rather forget what is due to me. Lord Beauchamp is going to be married to Miss Windsor, a great heiress, and sister-in-law to Lord Mount Stewart. Lord Hertford is already remarkably in favour with the King. Lord Beauchamp always mentions you, and but t'other night mentioned you with the greatest kindness. Write to him, and if he speaks of it, I will encourage him—but I have done with those things myself, and having too much experience to believe it possible to make a real friend, I should scorn to ask favours of those, for whose interests I most certainly shall never give myself a moment's trouble more. I can learn to feel no friendship, but I cannot learn to profess one where I have it not. Ostentation is contrary to my character, and repugnant to the dignity of one's own mind. 'Tis a falsehood to pretend to have interest, when one has none. I therefore tell you plainly the truth. I have all my life missed the fairest opportunities ; and am glad I have, because I should blush if I had ever owed anything to solicitation. Ambition bustles ; but I never had any. Pride, which I have, likes homage ; but is not



mean enough to canvas for it, because, whatever it likes, it cannot be really content with anything but its own approbation. I feel that to the most comfortable degree; and I am sure, my dear Sir, you will not wish to deprive me of the satisfaction I feel when I say to myself, 'I have shunned every advantage of fortune when it would have laid me under obligation to any man who did not deserve my esteem.' Adieu!

23rd.

We had plenty of comfortable rain yesterday, and the weather is much softened.

## 1161. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 18, 1767.

MR. WORSELEY's servant has brought me the parcel of letters safe, and yesterday I received yours of the 27th of last January, with an account of your distresses on the etiquette between your plaything court and our travelling boys. In truth, both sides are childish, and yet I am disposed to favour the latter, and so I think should you too. What is so insignificant as a Duke of Tuscany? And does his being a slip of Austrian pride make him a jot more important? Three years ago we were confessedly the masters of Europe; and I trust we shall not waive our pretensions without a struggle. An English member of Parliament is part of the legislature, and what is a Tuscan nobleman part of? Has not that haughty Empress-Queen been our pensioner? An English merchant may beget gentlemen, if he pleases; a poor slave with a long pedigree begets nothing but more parchment. A Montmorency's genealogy only proves how long the family has been vassals. In short, I approve of bearding all other courts, and particularly an Austrian one, for their ingratitude.

I am sure Lord Chatham's spirit will approve your showing any: we shall bow nowhere while he is minister. He is still at Bath, but everything goes on smoothly. We have two oppositions; that of the late ministry, and that of its predecessors; both very contemptible, and so they would still be were they united; however, while they keep separated, 'tis Grenville's only that is odious.

We have no news, but the deaths of some young people of rank. The house of Norfolk has lost its heir<sup>1</sup> of that line; the next branch is Howard of Greystock<sup>2</sup>, who is half mad; yet thither the title must go. It is believed in our coffee-houses that this last young man was poisoned by the Jesuits, who apprehended his turning Protestant. The young Lady Suffolk is dead too (Lord Trevor's daughter), and Lord Harrington's eldest daughter (Lady Fortrose), who has killed herself by wearing white. She is not the first instance; and yet that madness continues.

Nothing is so much in fashion as the *Buona Figliuola*. The second part was tried, but did not succeed half so well, and they have resumed the first part, which is crowded even behind the scenes. The serious operas are seldom played; for though Guarducci is so excellent, the rest of the performers are abominable, and he cannot draw a quarter of an audience alone.

I am thinking of another little journey to Paris,—not for pleasure; a little for health, as the air there and motion agree with me, and still more to see my charming blind old woman, Madame du Deffand. As I am got so much out of the world here, you will not suspect me of hunting diversions there. I am not ill, but not quite well. They tell me my

LETTER 1161. — <sup>1</sup> Edward (1744–1767), son of Philip Howard, fifth son of Lord Thomas Howard, second son of sixth Duke of Norfolk. Edward Howard was nephew of the ninth

Duke of Norfolk.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Howard of Greystock succeeded as tenth Duke of Norfolk in 1777.

disorder is only nervous ; and I believe so, unless, which is more probable, it is growing towards old. One's spirits, even mine, may diminish, without being positively ill. I take it as it comes, and am very indifferent about it. I have seen and remember so much, that my life already appears very long ; nay, the first part seems to have been a former life, so entirely are the persons worn out who were on the stage when I came into the world. You must consider, as my father was minister then, I almost came into the world at three years old. I was ten when I was presented to George I, two nights before he left England the last time. This makes me appear very old to myself, and Methuselah to young persons, if I happen to mention it before them. If I see another reign, which is but too probable, what shall I seem then ? I will tell you an odd circumstance. Near ten years ago, I had already seen six generations in one family, that of Waldegrave. I have often seen, and once been in a room with Mrs. Godfrey<sup>3</sup>, mistress of James II. It is true she doted ; then came her daughter the old Lady Waldegrave<sup>4</sup>, her son the ambassador<sup>5</sup> ; his daughter, Lady Harriot Beard<sup>6</sup> ; her daughter, the present Lady Powis<sup>7</sup> ; and she has children who may be married in five or six years ; and yet I shall not be very old if I see two generations more ! but if I do I shall be superannuated, for I think I talk already like an old nurse. Adieu !

<sup>3</sup> Arabella Churchill, sister of John, first Duke of Marlborough. *Walpole*.

<sup>4</sup> Henrietta Fitz-James, daughter of King James II. *Walpole*.

<sup>5</sup> James, first Earl of Waldegrave. *Walpole*.

<sup>6</sup> Wife to Lord Edward Herbert, second son of the Marquis of Powis. *Walpole*. — She married secondly John Beard, the singer.

<sup>7</sup> Barbara Antonia, married to her cousin the first Earl of Powis. *Walpole*.

## 1162. To JOHN HUTCHINS(?).

SIR,

Arlington Street, Feb. 17, 1767.

In the autumn I turned over Vertue's MSS. to see if I could find anything satisfactory for you relating to Sir James Thornhill, but indeed I could not. There is nothing, but some few notices relating to his works, the principal of which were the cupola of St. Paul's and his paintings at Greenwich. I believe it would be your best way to apply to his daughter, Mrs. Hogarth, widow of the famous painter. I believe she still lives at the Golden Head in Leicester Fields. To be sure she would be glad to contribute to the illustration of her father's memory. I am sorry it is not in my power, Sir, to give you better information, and am,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I shall immediately send and subscribe, Sir, to your work.

## 1163. To SIR HORACE MANN.

Monday morning, March 2nd, 1767.

You will not be much surprised, nor totally dismayed, I hope, to hear that the ministry have been beaten in the House of Commons. At least you will not be more astonished than they were who gained the victory. They could scarce believe it. They have once this winter divided but sixteen; and now, slap! were two hundred and six.

LETTER 1162.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Messrs. H. Sotheran & Co., 140 Strand, W.C. No name of addressee,

but probably written to John Hutchins (1698–1773), author of the *History and Antiquities of the County of Dorset*.



I will tell you the event, the certain consequences, and the causes. The probable consequences are very doubtful.

Last Friday George Grenville, who during his own administration had declared he thought he should be able to take off one shilling in four of the land tax in the year 1767, was at least as glad to spread that doctrine now as he could have been if minister still. It is a captivating bait to the country gentlemen, and the approach of a general election made it important for them to vote for it. They were brought to town: the late outed ministers, forgetting their actions and declarations against Grenville in their new hatred to Lord Chatham, joined in the cry. In short, when we came to a division, we were but 188; they 206. There was still a possibility of reversing this vote to-day, as it had only passed through the committee; but as the court does not doubt its own strength on other questions, it was not thought prudent to rivet the new alliance together, nor venture a second defeat on the most popular question they can have.

The certain consequences are, the loss of the tax, five hundred thousand pounds, the diminution of credit, and a year lost of lowering the debt; that is, in more essential words, a year of means lost in another war.

The causes of this event were the absence of Lord Chatham, who has lingered at Bath and Marlborough till so ill, that he could not come to town. No business was done: the other ministers were uneasy or inactive. The opposition seized the moment, and collected all their strength. Still this would not have signified; but the friends of the court were so inapprehensive of any defeat, that many of them privately and separately consulted their own popularity, and were actually engaged in the division, before they had any notion of being in the minority.

For the probable consequences, you will immediately con-

clude, as the opposition does, or pretends to do, that there must be a change of the administration. It is not common for a beaten ministry to stand its ground ; and this is almost the only instance of the crown losing a tax. Mr. Pelham indeed lost the sugar tax, but it was in his outset, and when he had not favour, but was betrayed by his competitor Lord Granville ; yet Mr. Pelham stood the blow, and so may Lord Chatham if he pleases. The King is resolved to support him : Lord Bute falls into the hands of his most detested enemy Grenville, if the latter triumphs ; and the late ministers cannot carry Grenville on their backs to St. James's, without contradicting all their actions and professions, and losing all character. Oh, but you will cry, 'They are dipped already ; they have shaken the credit of their country, to gratify their revenge.' It is very true ; but before they force St. James's, there must be some partition of the spoils agreed on. Lord Rockingham is as ambitious as Grenville himself, and has the same object in view, and is totally unfit for it ; and, in truth, that party have never shone by their abilities. Grenville could allow them nothing but what would disgrace them. Another obstacle is, that the City is much displeased with the loss of the tax ; and the City looks a little farther, and knows a little better than a parcel of Tory squires, what is necessary to government.

Still I advise you to be prepared. This country is so split into factions, and in so fluctuating a state ; we have seen so many sudden revolutions in six years, that we must not yet look on any establishment as very permanent. The court will certainly try anything but absolute force, to keep out Grenville, who has offended and wounded Lord Bute past hope of reconciliation ; and should they meet again by necessity, neither can, in the nature of things, trust the other ; for when no obligations could bind Grenville, would

his promises, when victorious, bind him? Lord Chatham lay at Reading last night, and will be here to-day; if he exerts his ancient spirit, and approaches nearer to Lord Bute, I have no doubt of his still being triumphant. He must see that, with all their propensity to servility, the House of Commons must be managed; if left to themselves they will exert their freedom, though it be only to choose a new master.

The time calls for prudence. Answer me very cautiously. If a change should happen, I shall be cautious too, though I think there is no great danger of our being saddled with Grenville yet. There are still resources before it comes to him; nor could he keep his seat without violent convulsions.

In truth, in truth, the prospect is very gloomy! So many errors have been committed of late years, so many have let the game slip out of their hands; there is so much faction, and so little character or abilities in the country, that if our old and steady ally, Fortune, does not befriend us, I don't know where we shall be.—Oh, yes, but I do!

Adieu! I have not time to say a word more; but you know on these occasions I never neglect you. You shall hear again immediately.

1164. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sunday, March 8, 1767.

I HAVE alarmed you, and now will give you a little repose. The victory of the opposition has had no consequences yet; and as they have given the court time to look about, the latter can recover its ground faster than they can gain more. I am sure we found it so four years ago. We did not indeed win a battle, but were so near it, that had we pursued our blow the scale had been turned. The present enemies are composed of two very distinct bodies, and they have

already shown how little they were connected. Treachery itself has been of use to us.

Charles Townshend, of whom, when he was taken in, I said that he could never do any hurt but to his friends, has acted as usual. The absence of Lord Chatham at Bath, and still more his having quitted the House of Commons, has given this Proteus courage. He had been hurt by the contemptuous manner in which Lord Chatham had forced him to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. Hurt, too, he was, at the preference given to Mr. Conway. His brother, Lord Townshend, of whom he is afraid, for he fears everything but shame, and who has more design and more revenge, with ten thousand times less of parts, is angry at not obtaining a marquisate, and pushed Charles upon knavery. The latter, delighted to go out of the straight path into a crooked one, instilled into Mr. Conway, or found there, scruples against the extent of Lord Chatham's plan for squeezing the East India Company. The Committee of that Company had given in their proposals<sup>1</sup>; Lord Chatham was not content with them; Conway and Townshend were. Here was a fine field for the opposition to try a new battle, and for this they reserved themselves. Last Friday was appointed. Beckford, by Lord Chatham's desire, moved to have the proposal laid before the House. Townshend inflamed the matter as much as he could. Mr. Conway reserved himself, and said little. Charles Yorke, the mysterious oracle of Lord Rockingham, trimmed so much that Grenville was angry, and that brought out his hatred to his allies. In short, the two oppositions could not agree on a single point, and so did not dare to divide—a symptom

LETTER 1164. —<sup>1</sup> 'The Directors offered to give up half their revenues and half their trade, *with the right annexed*. These last words were differently interpreted: some of the

Cabinet thinking the Directors meant to waive, others to save their right.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. ii. p. 303.)



of weakness that will probably send back to the court all its renegades. Townshend has acted in his usual wild, romancing, indiscreet manner, and has told everybody he is turned out. He is not ; and I suppose will beg pardon. We have a fortnight's repose, and if the court is active, I think the danger will be over ; but consider how many strange heads we have, and how few good ones.

The diminution of the land tax turns out an unpopular measure. Lord Temple, or Grenville, have procured themselves an address of thanks from the grand jury of Buckingham, but so larded with the exploded Stamp Act that it will only revive animosity to them. They have tried for more in other counties, and been refused. The King is firm to Lord Chatham, and peremptory against Grenville. The Rockinghams would join the latter if they dared, fluctuate between him and Conway, and I hope now will be blessed with Charles Townshend for their leader.

This is a much more comfortable letter than my last. I do not bid you be confident, for I know the land. But, at least, I think the other side does not abound in judgement more than we do.

I have received yours, with the enclosed for Lord Beauchamp, which I have delivered. He showed it to me ; I encouraged him to try to serve you on the first opportunity. You will not think the present is one. Lord Hillsborough urged your cause very strongly the other night to Lady Aylesbury ; but I can scarce believe that you will receive it from that quarter unless some considerable change arrives. You will not, I know, take my advice on this head, or I would recommend to you not to mark yourself for a victim, if you could, till the times are more stable. Adieu !

Tuesday, 10th.

Here is no bad postscript. The Grenville and Rocking-

ham factions, finding the mischief they had done themselves by disunion on Friday last, have tried to repair their error ; and yesterday, giving only a few hours' notice, got a petition presented by an East India Director against the order for printing their papers. Charles Townshend, though advertised, kept away ; but Mr. Conway proposed that on Wednesday (to-morrow) the Directors should name the dangerous papers, and did not doubt but the House would forbear printing them. This matter was fought stiffly till nine at night. Mr. Conway never spoke so well, nor Grenville so insolently ; challenging the administration to battle on any set day. He will not, I trust, be so eager for such a day now. We divided one hundred and eighty against one hundred and forty-seven. You will say this victory was not great enough ; but a court that can stand a defeat from two hundred and six, and has a majority of thirty-three on the next question, is not playing a losing game. The King is firm ; Lord Bute's friends warm ; and the calculators of chances probably now disposed to bet on the side of the ministry. I have not time to say more. Hope the best.

1165. *TO WILLIAM LANGLEY.*

SIR,

Arlington Street, March 13, 1767.

The declining state of my health, and a wish of retiring from all public business, have, for some time, made me think of not offering my service again to the town of Lynn, as one of their representatives in Parliament. I was even on the point, above eighteen months ago, of obtaining to have my seat vacated, by one of those temporary places, often bestowed for that purpose : but I thought it more respectful, and more consonant to the great and singular obligations I have to the Corporation and town of Lynn,

to wait till I had executed their commands, to the last hour of the commission they had voluntarily entrusted to me.

Till then, Sir, I did not think of making this declaration : but hearing that dissatisfaction and dissensions have arisen amongst you (of which I am so happy as to have been in no shape the cause), that a warm contest is expected ; and dreading to see, in the uncorrupted town of Lynn, what has spread too fatally in other places, and what, I fear, will end in the ruin of this constitution and country, I think it my duty, by an early declaration, to endeavour to preserve the integrity and peace of so great, so respectable, and so unblemished a borough.

My father was re-chosen by the free voice of Lynn, when imprisoned and expelled by an arbitrary court and prostitute Parliament : and from affection to his name, not from the smallest merit in me, they unanimously demanded me for their member, while I was sitting for Castle Rising. Gratitude exacts what in any other light might seem vainglorious in me to say, but it is to the lasting honour of the town of Lynn, I declare, that I have represented them in two Parliaments without offering, or being asked, for the smallest gratification by any one of my constituents. May I be permitted, Sir, to flatter myself they are persuaded their otherwise unworthy representative has not disgraced so free and unbiased a choice ?

I have sat above five-and-twenty years in Parliament ; and allow me to say, Sir, as I am, in a manner, giving up my account to my constituents, that my conduct in Parliament has been as pure as my manner of coming in thither. No man who is, or has been minister, can say that I have ever asked or received a personal favour. My votes have neither been dictated by favour nor influence ; but by the principles on which the Revolution was founded, the principles by which we enjoy the establishment of the

present royal family, the principles to which the town of Lynn has ever adhered, and by which my father commenced and closed his venerable life. The best and only honours I desire, would be to find that my conduct has been acceptable and satisfactory to my constituents.

From your kindness, Sir, I must entreat to have this notification made in the most respectful and grateful manner to the Corporation and town of Lynn. Nothing can exceed the obligations I have to them, but my sensibility to their favours; and be assured, Sir, that no terms can outgo the esteem I have for so upright and untainted a borough, or the affection I feel for all their goodness to my family and to me. My trifling services will be overpaid if they graciously accept my intention of promoting their union, and preserving their virtue; and though I may be forgotten, I never shall, or can, forget the obligations they have conferred on,

Sir, their and your

Most devoted humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1165\*. TO GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN.

DEAR SIR,

Thursday, March 18th.

In obedience to your orders, I went to your house this morning, and found both the piece of glass and the scalloped pattern, which I carried to Betts's. He had not one like the former, but has promised I shall have an exact one on Saturday or Monday at farthest. I will take care and send it away according to your directions.

I am glad to hear Lord March finds benefit from the waters; pray make my compliments to him, to Raton, and

LETTER 1165\*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Messrs. Maggs. This letter

was wrongly dated by Horace Walpole; March 18 in 1767 fell on Wednesday, not on Thursday.



Ratonissa. I wish you had told me anything of Crawford ; I am anxious to hear how he does.

You will have learnt the terrible accident that has happened to poor Lord Tavistock<sup>1</sup>. The messages one gets to-day say he has had a good night ; but it will be a fortnight at least before his family can have the least assurance of his life. Their distress is increased by being obliged to conceal the greatness of his danger from Lady Tavistock, who is six months gone with child.

I know no other news but politics. The Grenvilles and Rockinghams had conceived high hopes, which have been mightily dashed by the last majority in favour of the court. The King is so warm and Lord Bute's friends so active, that there can be little doubt but they will weather this storm.

Charles Townshend has entertained us with another interlude : took part against Lord Chatham, declared himself out of place, nobody knew whether turned out or resigning ; kept away on a great day of his own business, hatched a quarrel with Colonel Barré, returned yesterday to the House, acted as Chancellor of the Exchequer, outwent the rest of the ministers, made no mention of Barré, talked of his measures for the rest of the session, and probably dines with Lord Rockingham to-day and sups with the Duke of Grafton. What he will do next besides exposing himself, you nor I nor he can tell. Adieu !

Yours ever,

H. W.

<sup>1</sup> Only son of the fourth Duke of Bedford. 'On Tuesday the 10th instant, his Lordship being a stag-hunting, leapt his horse over a low hedge towards the end of the chase, when the horse being much fatigued and jaded with the length of the

chase, fell with him, and his Lordship, not being able to quit the reins, was trampled on, whereby several fractures were made in his head.' (*Ann. Reg.* 1767, p. 715.) Lord Tavistock lingered till March 22; he was only twenty-eight years old.

## 1166. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 19, 1767.

WELL! I think you may begin to compose yourself again. The fortune of my Lord Chatham will ride out the storm though it blows from almost all quarters. The East Indian affair is entangled in so many difficulties, that Lord knows when we shall see an end of it, if it can be ended this session. It has slipped from the House of Commons back to the General Court of Proprietors, where they are at this moment actually balloting for two different proposals of accommodation with the Government. We were to have gone upon it to-morrow, but must now put it off. The opposition clog it all they can. Grenville wishes to stop it, that he may be minister, and adjust it. So far he and the rest are successful, that they have shut almost every door of supply; but that falls *only* on the nation itself, and of course they do not care. In the meantime the court exerts strenuously in support of Lord Chatham: the delays operate for him, and chance has done more than all.

Lord Tavistock, the Duke of Bedford's only son, has killed himself by a fall and kick of his horse, as he was hunting Tuesday was se'nnight. I do not mean that he is dead yet, but he has been twice trepanned, the skull is cracked through, and there are no hopes of his life. No man was ever more regretted; the honesty, generosity, humility, and moderation of his character, endeared him to all the world. The desolation of his family is extreme. Lady Tavistock, passionately in love with him, is six months gone with child. The news came about two hours before she was to go to the Opera: they did not dare to tell her the worst so abruptly; so the Duke and Duchess were forced to go too, to conceal it from her and the Duchess





*Hon. Mrs. Lamer*  
*from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P. R. A.*



of Marlborough<sup>1</sup>, who was with child too, and has since miscarried. Two days ago the Duke of Bedford's head broke out in boils, which shows the effort he had made to suppress his agony, and which probably has saved his life; yet subject to the gout, and very nearly blind, if this loss is not fatal, it will certainly make him quit the world; and as his two grandsons<sup>2</sup> are infants of two and three years old, it must loosen the bonds of that party, which was almost all the support George Grenville could boast, for Lord Temple does but join odium to odium. Even the lingering of Lord Tavistock relaxes the activity of that faction. It is a great event, lucky for the administration, but a loss to the country for the time to come.

Charles Townshend's tergiversations appear to have been the result of private jobbing. He had dealt largely in India stock, cried up the Company's *right* to raise that stock, has sold out most advantageously, and now cries it down. What! and can a Chancellor of the Exchequer stand such an aspersion? Oh, my dear Sir, his character cannot be lowered. In truth, it is a very South Sea year—at least one-third of the House of Commons is dipped in this traffic; and stock-jobbing now makes patriots, as everything else has done. From the Alley<sup>3</sup> to the House it is like a path of ants.

Mr. Conway is in great felicity, going to marry his only daughter to Lord Milton's eldest son, Mr. Damer. The estate in Lord Milton's possession is already three-and-twenty thousand pounds a year. Seven more are just coming from the author of this wealth, an old uncle<sup>4</sup> in

LETTER 1166.—<sup>1</sup> Daughter of the Duke of Bedford. *Walpole*.

<sup>2</sup> Francis Russell (1765-1802), Lord Russell; succeeded his father as Marquis of Tavistock in 1767, and his grandfather as fifth Duke of Bedford in 1771; and Lord John

Russell (1766-1839), who succeeded his brother as sixth Duke of Bedford in 1802.

<sup>3</sup> Change Alley, Cornhill.

<sup>4</sup> John Damer (d. 1768), of Shronehill, Tipperary.

Ireland, of ninety-three. Lord Milton gives up five thousand a year in present, and settles the rest; for his two other boys are amply provided for. Miss Conway is to have a jointure of two thousand five hundred, and five hundred pin-money. Her fortune, which is ten thousand, goes in jewels, equipage, and furniture. Her person is remarkably genteel and pleasing, her face very sensible and agreeable, and wanting nothing but more colour.

A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,  
Would not have matched his daughter with a prince,  
if there had been such rich lords at home. I think you should write a compliment on the occasion. It is the more creditable, as Lord Milton sought the match. Mr. Conway gives up all the money he has in the world,—and has no East India bonds. Adieu!

P.S. When you do not hear from me, conclude all goes well.

### 1167. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, April 5, 1767.

I AM sorry for what you tell me of a successor being thought of for you, though I trust there is no danger of its taking place. Should the old drunken uncle<sup>1</sup> last, sure the worst that could happen would be, that the nephew<sup>2</sup> would be overjoyed to obtain what you would refuse, and what he dares not hope for. Without a removal, I have no notion of your being set aside, in the present situation of things. Mr Conway is so essential to the present system, that nobody would venture to disoblige him: and removing you would be disobliging him.

You now perceive, my dear Sir, the prudence of my

LETTER 1167.—<sup>1</sup> Lord Northington. *Walpole.*

<sup>2</sup> Sir James Wright. *Walpole.*

constant advice to you of not making yourself particularly noticed, or obnoxious by receiving too many favours from any one quarter. Your services are allowed: but might not a riband be thought, or at least be pleaded as a payment? Such unsettled times as these are not a season for thrusting oneself forward. God knows when they will be more stable! But pray, suffer one on the spot to be a little better judge than you can be. It is not what will figure at Florence, but what would give umbrage at London, that it is your business to consider.

No event has happened since my last: and yet the crisis does not seem past. The court, were there no radical evils, would, I think, easily baffle opposition, though great endeavours have been used of late to cement the factions of Rockingham and Grenville into one. Those attempts have not quite succeeded. The Marquis thinks it full as necessary for himself to be First Minister, as Grenville thinks he should, and neither will bend; at least, though Grenville has appeared the more pliant, his sincerity does not gain the more credit. Nobody can believe him disposed to act under a chit, but till his own purposes are served.

The House of Commons has been engaged this fortnight in examining the East India Company, and every single evidence has brought forth in stronger and stronger colours the right of the crown to the conquests made by the Company. This was thought the great problematic and ticklish question. There is now the highest probability that the Government will carry that point.

But there is a misfortune not so easily to be surmounted, the state of Lord Chatham's health, who now does not only not see the ministers, but even does not receive letters. The world, on the report of the opposition, believe his head disordered, and there is so far a kind of colour for this rumour, that he has lately taken Dr. Addington, a physician in

vogue, who originally was a mad doctor. The truth I believe is, that Addington<sup>3</sup>, who is a kind of empiric, has forbidden his doing the least business, though he lies out of town, and everybody sees him pass in his coach along the streets. His case, I should think, is a symptomatic fever, that ought to turn to gout; but Addington keeps him so low that the gout cannot make its effort. Lord Chatham's friends are much alarmed, and so they say is Addington himself; yet, what is strange, he calls in no other help.

This delays all business, which had all been too long delayed. America, from whence the accounts are unpleasing, is yet to come on the carpet, so, notwithstanding the expedience of putting an end to the session, one knows not when it will be concluded. Whatever happens, I do not think Mr. Conway can be left out of the drama, nor is it probable that Grenville will enter victoriously upon the scene: both King and people hate him; but fools in this country can often do more than wise men can effect or prevent, and Lord Rockingham and his party are silly enough to do a great deal of mischief. Even old Newcastle whets his busy blunted sting. In truth, our squabbles are contemptible, and merely personal; I wish I could think the consequences as indifferent. I wish too, that it may call for your patience to wait the event. As I told you in my last, whenever I do not write, you may be sure no revolution has happened. Be, however, prepared; such a suspense as the present cannot last much longer, but must be determined one way or other. Lord Chatham's recovery and appearance would quash the opposition. His death would occasion a new settlement, and yet not of necessity pave the way for Grenville.

I saw your sister Foote the other night, at a great concert

<sup>3</sup> Antony Addington (1718-1790), father of Henry Addington, Viscount

Sidmouth, Speaker of the House of Commons and Prime Minister.



at Lady Ailesbury's, with her two sons, who are charming young men.

The papers have told you what I bid you expect, the death of poor Lord Tavistock. The Duchess feels it heavily, but the politicians of his court have decided that the Duke shall soon act as if he had forgotten it. Adieu !

1168. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCHE.

SIR,

Strawberry Hill, April 6, 1767.

Your letter has lain here a few days while I was in London, or I should certainly have obeyed your commands sooner. I will leave word with my housekeeper, as I am not settled here yet, to admit Sir Thomas Wentworth and your friends, whenever they shall call to see my house.

I am much obliged to you, Sir, for your kind inquiry after my health. I was extremely ill the two last summers, but have had no complaint since Christmas last. I should have been very glad if you had given me as good an account of your own health, which I most sincerely desire, and am, Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1169. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Friday, April 17, 1767.

My letter will not set out till Tuesday, though it ought to have gone to-night ; but I had not time to write it in town, nor was well enough ; for I went to the House of Commons with a very bad cold, was so fatigued, and got such a head-

LETTER 1168.—Not in C. ; reprinted the Earl of Hertford and the Rev. from 4to ed. (1825) of the Letters to H. Zouch, p. 284.

ache with staying there until two in the morning, that I was obliged to defer notifying our victory to you till I could come hither for a little repose.

The examination of the East India Company turned out so little to the content of the opposition, and staggered so many of the country gentlemen, who are less hardened than even a Patriot opposition, that they were very impatient to be rid of it. Some ten days ago they gave notice, that unless Beckford, who has conducted the business for Lord Chatham, should, the very moment after closing the evidence, produce his plan and motions, they would propose to—nay, that they would break up the Committee; for they already talked as masters, and boasted of having a majority in both Houses. They were encouraged in this vaunt by success in a point that had scarce been contested with them; this was the re-election of most of the late Board of Indian Directors. The Duke of Bedford was carried to the India House to vote—his son had not been dead three weeks. They went farther; carried him to the House of Lords this day se'nnight, and made him open a motion for which Lord Temple had summoned the Lords, though without acquainting them what it was to be: they had concealed the purport from their associates, Lord Rockingham's faction, by which, and more folly, they were defeated. Everybody but themselves was shocked at the Duke's indecent spirits and insensibility. The motion was, to address the King to set aside an act of the assembly at Massachusetts Bay, in which they have irreverently taken upon themselves the powers of Parliament. Lord Halifax imprudently falling upon Mr. Conway, the Duke of Richmond took his part, and on the previous question voted with Lord Rockingham and five more, with the court. That old busy sinner, Newcastle, and most of the faction, went away; and the court had sixty-three to thirty-six. This victory was, however, alarming, as the union of

the two factions would have run the court very hard. Impatient to recover their ground, the opposition hurried on their impolitic question in our House; and their boasts alarmed the Government so seriously, or rather Lord Bute, that he put forth all his strength; and after a debate of eleven hours, we were two hundred and thirteen to one hundred and fifty-seven. Yesterday the House adjourned for the holidays. Many country gentlemen will probably not come back this session; and unless we commit new absurdities, the opposition is demolished; but consider, if we had not been wonderfully ingenious for these last three months, our majority might have been double!

When the session will end the Lord knows! We have still the East India business to finish—indeed, to begin, if Lord Chatham will not accommodate with them, but pushes it to extremities. After that, the settlement of America is to come, which is still a more thorny point, but, *Caesarem vehimus*—we carry Lord Chatham and his Fortune; who is as fond of him as ever woman was of a wayward gentleman. He locks up his doors, and will neither see her nor anybody else; yet she is as constant as ever; I believe she is like me, and abhors the idea of Grenville for minister.

The Hereditary Prince arrived on Monday night, and two days after news came of his mother's death. I believe he will stay a very little time.

You wrong me in saying that if I desire it, you will stir no more for your riband. I do not advise you to give it up, but to excuse my interfering in it, and not to push it too violently. I should be glad to have you receive it from the King as an old promise; but fluctuating as our politics are, I am afraid it might be a demerit with another ministry to have received it from this. You was still more mistaken in thinking I hinted that Mr. Conway was not your friend: very far from it; I meant he has little or no power since Lord

Chatham came in, and not having pleased him thoroughly on the East Indian affair, was not likely to have more. You must consider how difficult it is for me to explain everything by the post, and should not take everything to yourself, which you do not clearly comprehend. I say as much as I can well, and you must make allowances for the rest. Adieu!

P.S. It is not the Duchess of Brunswick that is dead, but some other old Princess of that house.

Last night we learned a great event, the total expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain; they are all coming to your next door<sup>1</sup>. It is supposed to have proceeded from their having stirred up the insurrection at Madrid last year, when King Carlos was so wofully frightened. They must be a very silly set of fellows to be still meddling, when the times are so unfavourable. I wish they would be a little absurd here, that we might drive them out too; but in England, follies hurt nobody; nor have time: new ones succeed so rapidly.

#### 1170. TO DR. DUCAREL.

April 25, 1767.

MR. WALPOLE has been out of town, or should have thanked Dr. Ducarel sooner for the obliging favour of his most curious and valuable work<sup>1</sup>, which Mr. Walpole has read with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. He will be very much obliged to Dr. Ducarel if he will favour him with a set of the prints separate; which Mr. Walpole would be glad to put into his volumes of English Heads; and shall be happy to have an opportunity of returning these obligations.

LETTER 1169.—<sup>1</sup> They intended to land at Civita Vecchia, but were prevented by the Pope, and finally disembarked in Corsica.

LETTER 1170.—<sup>1</sup> A reprint, with additions, of Ducarel's *Anglo-Norman Antiquities considered*.



## 1171. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 12, 1767.

NOTHING was ever so vexatious! I have just written you a long letter of three sides, and laid it upon the hearth to dry, while I stepped into the next room to fetch some sealing-wax; a coal has fallen on it, and I find it all in flames. I have not time to write half of it again: I will just run over the heads, if I can remember them.

My chief article was a wonderful speech<sup>1</sup> made by Charles

LETTER 1171. — <sup>1</sup> The following memorandum by Horace Walpole of Charles Townshend's speech, found among Miss Berry's papers, is here printed from the original in the possession of the late Sir T. V. Lister:—  
'May 8th, 1767.

Charles Townshend had come to the House with a black silk hanging over his wounded eye, which in the warmth of debate he turned aside, and discovered two very small slips of sticking-plaster over and below his eye, not amounting to more than scratches. In the beginning of the day he made a fine speech, in which he said he hoped his behaviour in the conduct of the transaction with the East India Company had wiped out the levities and imperfections of his former life; and he magnified his own firmness in having borne and overborne much reproach and contradiction, which he insinuated to have received from Lord Chatham, whom he had not seen during the winter. At four o'clock he left the House, though the management of the day depended on him; and taking one or two members with him, he went to dinner. His presence growing absolutely necessary, Mr. Conway sent for him. He returned about eight, as Mr. Grenville was speaking; after whom Townshend rose, half drunk, and made the most extravagantly fine speech that ever was

heard. It lasted an hour, with torrents of wit, ridicule, vanity, lies, and beautiful language. Not a word was premeditated, yet every sentence teemed with various allusions and metaphors, and every period was complete, correct, and harmonious. His variety of tones and gesticulation surpassed the best actor in comedy, yet the faltering of his pronunciation from liquor, and the buffoonery of his humour and mimicry, would not have been suffered in high comedy. Nothing had given occasion to his speech, and there was no occasion on which it would not have been as proper, or, to say truth, as improper; for if anything could exceed his parts, it was his indiscretion. He meant to please everybody and exalt himself; but lest he should not enough distinguish the latter, he took care to overturn all he had done to effect the former. The whole of his speech was diverting to every man that hated any set of men; it was impertinent and offensive to all it described or seemed to compliment; and was most painful to those who had any love for him. The purport seemed to be an intention of recommending Lord Rockingham's party for ministers, with himself at the head of them; complimenting but sneering at Grenville, and slightly noticing Conway. But lest the great families whom he

Townshend last Friday, apropos to nothing, and yet about everything—about ministries past, present, and to come; himself in particular, whom I think rather past than to come. It was all wit and folly, satire and indiscretion—he was half drunk when he made it; and yet that did but serve to raise the idea of his abilities. I am sorry I have not time to be more particular, it would have diverted you. Nothing else is talked of, or at least was not when I began my letter.

The treaty with the East India Company is at a stop. The General Court went mad, voted themselves a dividend, and dismissed prosecutions against six of their servants, against whom they had commenced suits for bribery. The

adopted should assume too much, he ridiculed the incompetence of birth and high blood, cried up the sole advantage of abilities and experience, and informed those he protected that rank was not talents, and that they must wait till ripened, and not come to government as if forced in a hot-bed. The most injurious part fell on the crown, he stating the mischiefs of the late so frequent changes, calling for restitution of the first post in administration to the House of Commons, and treating the actual ministry as no longer existent. Government, he said, must not continue to be what he himself was always called, a weathercock.

Nobody but he could have made that speech; and nobody but he would have made [it], if they could. It was at once a proof that his abilities were superior to those of all men, and his judgement below that of any man. It showed him capable of being, and unfit to be, First Minister. Yet though it was rather the tittle-tattle of a coffee-house, and the flower of table eloquence, still was it the confusion of affected and laboured oratory. Nature in him made sport with rules and meditation; and half a bottle of champagne, poured

on genuine genius, had kindled this wonderful blaze.

The House was in a roar of rapture, and some clapped their hands with ecstasy, like audience in a theatre. Nor was it the least striking circumstance of this speech, that, laying his hand on his heart, he called God to witness that he had not been made privy to the business of the day. Fourteen of the ministerial managers, who then were actually sitting round him, had concerted with him the motion at Townshend's own house that very morning, and were thunderstruck at his madness and effrontery; and when Conway, the moment he concluded, asked him how he could utter such a falsehood, he thought it the most favourable way of recommending the business to the House.

In this speech, he beat Lord Chatham in language, Burke in metaphors, Grenville in presumption, Rigby in impudence, himself in folly, and everybody in good humour; for he pleased while he provoked at random; was malicious to nobody, cheerful to all; and if his speech was received with delight, it was only remembered with pity.'

House of Commons were justly enraged, and we are hatching a bill to prevent irregular dividends for the future ; perhaps may extend a retrospect to the last. The opposition are thunderstruck ; which is no little victory ; yet were it better the agreement had taken place. The General Court has again voted to treat, but insist on their dividend. Mr. Conway moderates as much as possible, and I hope will be successful. To-morrow we shall sit day and night on America<sup>2</sup>, wherein he adheres to moderation too, but I doubt will be overpowered. Lord Chatham's friends are for warmer work on both heads. Himself is no longer seen at all ; consequently you may believe the suspicion of madness does not decrease.

Is not this very magnificent ? A senate regulating the Eastern and Western worlds at once ? The Romans were triflers to us ; and yet our factions and theirs are as like as two peas.

In France there is a great flame on the affair of the Jesuits. It is known that they were to have attempted a revolution in Spain on Holy Thursday. The famous Abbé Chauvelin<sup>3</sup>, the author of their demolition, has again denounced them to the Parliament, and demands their total expulsion on this new provocation, alleging that they were the cause of the late troubles in Bretagne, where they had again got footing. If they will make revolutions, why the devil don't they go to Petersburg ? Nobody could blame them for any mischief they might do to the Czarina.

Well ! I must conclude, or my letter will be too late : you may pity me for stewing in the House of Commons at this time of year, but, luckily, we have no spring. They say it is the same everywhere, and that the frost has killed all the vines in France and Italy. Adieu !

<sup>2</sup> On May 18 Charles Townshend proposed certain import duties to be paid by the American colonies. The bill passed almost without opposition.

<sup>3</sup> The Abbé Henri Philippe de Chauvelin (1716-1770), author of two pamphlets on the constitution and doctrine of the Jesuits.

## 1172. TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

Arlington Street, May 23, 1767.

I MUST entreat your Grace, to look upon the trouble I give you with your usual indulgence; and as my zeal to serve you has been hitherto attended with success, I will beg you to hear me with patience, when things are come to such a crisis, that my endeavours to prevent Mr. Conway's resignation are almost exhausted. Your Grace knows his honour and delicacy, and I may be bold to tell you, who are actuated by the same motives, that it is the character I hope he will always maintain. I had much rather see him give up everything and preserve his honour, than stay with discredit. But in the present case, I think him too much swayed by men who consult nothing but their own prejudices, passions, and interests, to which they would sacrifice him and the country.

I need not tell your Grace, that on the dismissal of Lord Edgcumbe<sup>1</sup>, Mr. Conway declared he would not remain long in the ministry. With infinite pains I have prevailed to keep him in place to the end of the session. He now persists in quitting, but the extravagance and unreasonableness of his old friends<sup>2</sup>, I think, ought to discharge him from all ties to them. They have abused him in print, reflected on him in Parliament; and I maintain have broken all their engagements to him. I will name nobody, but was witness in the summer, to repeated promises from them *that they would (though taking liberties with Lord Chatham) distinguish Mr. Conway, commend him, and openly in their speeches avow their abhorrence of Mr. Grenville.* The world have seen how they have adhered to these declarations. What is worse, when Mr. Conway came over to them in the American business

LETTER 1172.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Memoirs of Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton*, p. 141.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Mann of Dec. 8, 1766.

<sup>2</sup> The Rockingham party.



and professed publicly his disposition towards them, was it not notorious that they received him with the utmost coldness and indifference? They not only avoided a single expression of good will to him, but sat still, and heard him abused by Grenville and Rigby. He was thoroughly hurt at this behaviour, and I would beg your Grace to paint it strongly to him.

In many late conversations with him, they have shown the utmost extravagance: they not only aim at everything, but espouse Mr. Grenville, and though they say they do not like him for First Minister, would absolutely make him a part of their system. Mr. Conway objected strongly, and I went so far as to reproach them with this contradiction to all their declarations, and with adopting so arbitrary and unpopular a man.

Having stated these facts, I will now take the liberty of informing your Grace of my motives of writing you this letter. I told Mr. Conway, *that if his friends would not come in, I could not conceive why he was to go out*; and that I thought the question turned singly on this. When he made his declaration to them, he at the same time protested against entering into opposition. If they therefore will not come in but by force, does not their refusal put an end to his connection with them? Nothing therefore seems left but to drive them to this refusal. Accordingly, I have begged Mr. Conway to open his mind to your Grace, and I thought it right to apprise your Grace of what he will say to you, that you may not be surprised, and may be prepared with your answer. Your kindness to him, my Lord, has been invariable, and I am sure will continue so on this occasion, which I flatter myself may preserve the union of two men who have the strictest honour, and most public spirit of any men in England. The more indulgence your Grace shows to his scruples and delicacy, the more he will

feel the wildness and unreasonableness of his other connections. Pray, my Lord, forgive the extreme liberty I take of suggesting behaviour to your Grace; but knowing Mr. Conway as I do better than anybody does, I am called upon to paint to your Grace the best method of treating with him. If you should be so good as to tell him that you are willing to assist his delicacy, and to contribute to bring in his friends on reasonable terms, and that you hope he will not gratify them in any unreasonable hopes; it will open the door to a negotiation, in which I can venture to say they will be so immoderate in their demands, that it will not only shock him, but be a strong vindication to his Majesty's rejection of them, and what is most at my heart, may, I hope, conduce to retain Mr. Conway in the King's service, when his other friends have shown that they mean nothing, but to engross all power in league with the worst men, or to throw the country into the last confusion.

If I can but prevail to keep Mr. Conway united with your Grace and acting with you, it is the height of my ambition; and if your Grace is so good as at least to accept my labours favourably, I shall be overpaid, for I have most undoubtedly no views for myself but those of being approved by honest men; and as there is nobody I can esteem more than your Grace, I am not ashamed, my Lord, though you are a minister, of professing myself

Your Grace's

Most obedient and devoted humble Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1173. *TO SIR HORACE MANN.*

Strawberry Hill, May 24, 1767.

WE are worn out here with the Parliament, but happily the Parliament is almost worn out too; not so much from

not having business still before it, but the champions are fairly knocked up. The country gentlemen are all gone, and George Grenville himself, the inexhaustible haranguer Grenville, confesses he is tired. The truth is, he is beaten, has no hopes, and spits blood. Three weeks I trust will give us our quietus. Mr. Conway's moderation and patience has at last brought to bear the accommodation with the East India Company<sup>1</sup>, and it only wants the Act of Parliament to finish it. In the meantime the House of Lords has revived the drooping opposition. Last Friday they examined the rejection by the Privy Council of the act of assembly of Massachusetts Bay<sup>2</sup>. Lord Mansfield maintained that more was necessary; that it ought to have been declared null *ab initio*; and demanded that the opinions of the judges might be taken. He spoke with all his subtlety, but was very roughly handled by the Chancellor<sup>3</sup> and Lord Northington. The judges would not have given their opinions if asked. However, the motion was rejected by only sixty-two voices to fifty-six. You will be startled at so trifling a majority; but the case was, the opposition had called for papers, which naturally go to the Committee; and in a Committee proxies cannot be used; so that if the opposition had even carried the question, they would have lost it the next moment on the report to the House, by thirty proxies to ten.

A more remarkable event of the day was, that the Duke of York spoke for the first time—and against the court; but

LETTER 1173.—<sup>1</sup> The East India Company had agreed to pay to the Government four hundred thousand pounds a year for two years.

<sup>2</sup> 'The Assembly of Massachusetts had reluctantly complied with the requisition of the Secretary of State, Lord Shelburne, to award compensation to the sufferers in the recent riots, but had inserted a clause in

their bill granting a free pardon to the rioters. This clause was deemed an encroachment on the constitutional rights of the crown, and their bill was accordingly annulled by an Order of the King in Council.' (Stanhope, *History of England*, ed. 1853, vol. v. p. 181.)

<sup>3</sup> Lord Camden. *Walpole*.

did not vote. His two brothers<sup>4</sup> voted with the ministry. I am assured by everybody (for I was not present), that if the administration can stand till routed by his eloquence, they will be immortal. How he puts one in mind of his father! This is not the only walk of fame he has lately chosen. He is acting plays with Lady Stanhope<sup>5</sup> and her family, the Delavals. They have several times played *The Fair Penitent*: his Royal Highness is Lothario; the lady, I am told, an admirable Calista. They have a pretty little theatre in Westminster; but none of the royal family have been audience. I doubt, my dear Sir, that your riband will not sail to you by that channel. I have never been at this play; for though I was told I might ask for a ticket, and did not want curiosity, yet as some people have been refused, I did not choose to have such a silly matter to take ill.

Lord Chatham's state, I doubt, is, too clearly, the gout flown up into his head. He may recover, but, as yet, he is assiduously kept from all company. The opposition have named, and firmly believe, a new administration, composed of Lord Bute's friends, with the Duke of Northumberland at the head; but I believe their best reason for believing it is, from having applied in that quarter themselves, and been rejected. One event I think will happen before it is long, and which may produce changes. Mr. Conway, I think, will retire, not from disgust, or into opposition, but from delicacy towards his old friends. This was my chief reason for writing to you to-night. It is not decided yet, nor publicly known, but I chose you should be apprised, and not think there were any reasons more disagreeable for it. To me it will have nothing unpalatable. I have long wished to be off the stage; and near three months ago notified my

<sup>4</sup> The Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland. *Walpole*.

<sup>5</sup> Sister of Sir Francis Delaval, and

wife of Sir W. Stanhope, brother of Philip, the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield. *Walpole*.



intention of coming into Parliament no more. I am still young enough to enjoy my liberty, without any formal austerity of retiring, and yet shall not be hovering over the scene when it is more decent to have done with it; unless one had the ambition of being an actor, which, happily, has never been my case. I never was more than prompter. Adieu!

## 1174. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, May 30, 1767.

YOU will wonder at another letter so soon, but do not be alarmed. It is yourself you must wonder at; you have occasioned this *hors-d'œuvre*. Lady Holland is just arrived, and has brought me—oh, brought me only the finest little bust<sup>1</sup> that ever my eyes beheld. I gaze on it from morning till night; and if it were possible for me to part with it, I would send it you back, as the only return, my dear Sir, that I can ever make you worthy of such a present. It is more a portrait than any picture I ever saw. The sculptor evidently studied nothing but the countenance. The hair and ears seem neglected to heighten the expression of the eyes, which are absolutely alive, and have a wild melancholy in them that one forebodes might ripen to madness. In short, I do not know whether it is not more exquisite in its kind than my eagle. At least this little Caligula is far superior to my great Vespasian, which was allowed to be the fourth or fifth bust in Rome. I shall make a solemn dedication of it in my pantheon chapel, and inscribe the donor's name. I assure you it is not bronze, whatever you may have thought, but flesh: the muscles play as I turn it round. It is my reigning favourite; and, though I have

LETTER 1174.—<sup>1</sup> A bust of Caligula, found at the discovery of Herculaneum. *Walpole*.

some very fine things in my collection, I am fonder of none—not of the eagle, or my Cowley<sup>2</sup> in enamel.

It arrived to comfort me the very day I heard from Paris that I had no success at the sale of Mons. Julien's<sup>3</sup> cabinet, where everything sold as extravagantly as if the auction had been here. Your other present, of Montesquieu's Letters<sup>4</sup>, was very agreeable too; I could not go to bed till I had finished them at near three in the morning; and yet there is very little in them but ease and graces. I am a little scandalized at the notes, which, though very true, are too bitter, considering the persons are alive. Madame Geoffrin will be much hurt: indeed, the letters themselves that regard her are very mortifying; and I think it cruel to publish private letters while the persons concerned in them are living. Nobody has a right to publish what the author certainly did not mean such persons should ever see. It is making him inflict a wound against his intention; and such publications must frighten people from writing their private sentiments of others to their most intimate friends. The case happened but last summer to my friend Lady Suffolk, who found herself in some disagreeable letters of Swift. After this, will you tell me where these Letters were printed, and whose the notes<sup>5</sup> are? You may safely; Madame Geoffrin and the Duchess d'Aiguillon were very obliging to me at Paris, and I am sorry they will be vexed; but I have no particular friendship with them, and you may be sure I shall never mention it. I have not even lent the book to anybody (though it amused me enough to read it twice), lest my Lady Hervey should hear of it, who loves

<sup>2</sup> A miniature of Cowley the poet, by Zincke, after the portrait by Lely.

<sup>3</sup> The Chevalier de Julienne (d. 1766), director of the Gobelins tapestry works in Paris, and a collector of pictures.

<sup>4</sup> *Lettres familières*, published in 1767.

<sup>5</sup> The Abbé Galliani, *Walpole*.—Ferdinand Galliani (1728-1787), a Neapolitan; a *littérateur* and secretary to the Neapolitan Embassy in Paris.

them both. I own I am much obliged to you for it, and you see you may trust my discretion.

Lady Holland has charged me to say a thousand civil things to you for her and my Lord, who is not yet come to town. She is as much enchanted with you as I am with Caligula. The town will insist that my Lord Holland was sent for to give advice for forming a new ministry. I wish he was, for your sake. Your other protector<sup>6</sup>, whom I mentioned in my last, is in great disgrace; has been thoroughly chid, was not spoken to at a great review on Monday in the face of all England, and, they say, is to go on a pilgrimage with his sister to Spa.

Nothing has happened since my last; but the crisis approaches—I was going to say, fast; but there are so many difficulties on all sides that I think nothing can be settled quickly. I don't like the hue so well as I did. I don't know whether it was not the very night I wrote to you that there was a majority but of three in the House of Lords. I should not mind that, if it frightened nobody more than it does me. The times are very interesting now, while things are yet in agitation; and yet they will appear most inconsiderable hereafter. Neither the actors nor the actions are great,—and yet I could foresee great consequences, according as the scenes shall be shifted; but I think the whole more likely to subside into trifling and instability. We are nothing but factions, and those factions have very limited views. There is not a man but George Grenville who has any deep views. He is capable of any extremities; but he had rather be very bad *for* the court than *against* it. Adieu!

<sup>6</sup> The Duke of York. Walpole.

## 1175. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 30, 1767.

WELL! at last, this long session is finished, and the Parliament rises to-morrow. I have been so uncertain what to write, that I have not written to you for a month. I can now tell you but one point affirmatively: Mr. Conway does quit. It is unlucky; bad for the public, disadvantageous for himself, distressing to the King; but he had promised his late friends. I call them *late*, for they have by no means shown themselves so this winter, nor are half grateful enough for such a sacrifice. He might be minister: he retires with nothing.

They have bowed to idols, have been led by that old heathen, the Duke of Newcastle, towards the Bedfords, and have almost sacrificed even to Grenville. Well! what is to follow? I am sure I don't know. There has been a dabbling with the Bedfords, to detach them from Grenville,—they refused; and yet I believe are still hankering. The pretensions of the last ministers are as high as if they had any pretensions; and yet they make a show of stickling for the other opposition too. This cannot on either part be granted. The court, too, is so strong, that it cannot be taken by storm; and even this last week, though the Government is in a manner known to be dissolved, the majority has been very triumphant. The House of Lords has sat day after day, and night after night, on the Dividend Bill<sup>1</sup>, and yet all Lord Mansfield's abilities have been baffled. I should rather think some administration would be patched up from promiscuous quarters which may weather the next session, and when a new Parliament is chosen, the King

LETTER 1175.—<sup>1</sup> A bill to regulate the dividend to be paid by the East India Company.



may have what ministers he pleases. In a week, perhaps, I may be able to be more informing; at present all is in suspense.

I do not wonder your Great Duchess wonders that her dogs are not arrived, and you must wonder too; yet I am not to blame. I cannot get such a thing of the smallness and beauty you require. Lord Dacre's bitch disappointed me by a miscarriage. I have been at the repositories where they are sold, yet could find but one, and that was tanned, and too large. When Madame de Mirepoix was here, I teased all my acquaintance for two. After six months I got them, and she sent them back the next morning, saying they were too large. I am called away and must finish: you shall hear the moment anything is settled. Adieu!

1176. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, July 20, 1767.

You have heard enough, even in the late reign, of our *interministeriums*, not to be surprised that the present lasts so long. I am not writing now to tell you it is at an end; but I thought you might grow impatient.

The Parliament was scarce separated when a negotiation was begun with the Bedfords, through Lord Gower; with a view to strengthen the remains of administration by that faction, but with no intention of including George Grenville, who is more hated at court than he even is in other places. After some treaty, Lord Gower, much against his will, I believe, was forced to bring word, that there was no objection made by his friends to the Treasury remaining in the Duke of Grafton; that Grenville would support without a place; but Lord Temple (who the deuce thought of Lord Temple?) insisted on equal power, as he had demanded with Lord Chatham. There was an end of that treaty!

Another was then begun with Lord Rockingham. He pleaded want of strength in his party,—and he might have pleaded almost every other want—and asked if he might talk to the Bedfords. Yes! he might talk to whom he pleased, but the King insisted on keeping the Chancellor,—‘And me,’ said the Duke of Grafton; but added, that for himself, he was very willing to cede the Treasury to his Lordship. Away goes the Marquis to Woburn; and, to charm the King more, negotiates with both Grenvilles too. These last, who had demanded everything of the crown, were all submission to the Marquis, and yet could not dupe him so fast as he tried to be duped. Oh, all, all were ready to stay out, or turn their friends in, or what he pleased. He took this for his own talents in negotiation, came back highly pleased, and notified his success. The Duke of Grafton wrote to him that the King meant they should come in, *to extend and strengthen his administration*. Too elated with his imaginary power, the Marquis returned an answer, insolently civil to the Duke, and not commonly decent for the place it was to be carried to. It said that his Lordship had laid it down for a principle of the treaty, that the present administration was at an end. That supposed, *he* was ready to *form* a comprehensive ministry, but first must talk to the King.

Instead of such an answer as such a *remonstrance* deserved, a very prudent reply was made. The King approved the idea of a comprehensive administration: he desired to unite the hearts of *all* his subjects: he meant to exclude men of no denomination attached to his person and government; it was such a ministry that *he* intended to *appoint*. When his Lordship should have *formed a plan* on such views, his Majesty would be ready to receive it from him. The great statesman was wofully puzzled on receiving this message. However, he has summoned his new allies to assist in com-

posing a scheme or list. When they will bring it, how they will bring it formed, or whether they will ever bring it, the Lord knows. There the matter rests at present. If the Marquis does not alter his tone, he sinks for ever, and from being the head of a separate band, he must fall into the train of Grenville, the man whom he and his friends opposed on all the arbitrary acts of that ministry, and whom they have irremissibly offended by repealing his darling Stamp Act. Apropos, America is pacified, and the two factions cannot join to fish in troubled waters, there, at least.

Lord Clive is arrived, has brought a million for himself, two diamond drops worth twelve thousand pounds for the Queen, a scimitar, dagger, and other matters, covered with brilliants, for the King, and worth twenty-four thousand more. These *baubles* are presents from the deposed and imprisoned Mogul, whose poverty can still afford to give such bribes. Lord Clive refused some overplus<sup>1</sup>, and gave it to some widows of officers: it amounted to ninety thousand pounds. He has *reduced* the appointments of the Governor of Bengal to thirty-two thousand pounds a year; and, what is better, has left such a chain of forts and distribution of troops as will entirely secure possession of the country—till we lose it. Thus having composed the Eastern and Western worlds, we are at leisure to kick and cuff for our own little island, which is great satisfaction; and I don't doubt but my Lord Temple hopes that we shall be so far engaged before France and Spain are ripe to meddle with us, that when they do come, they will not be able to reunite us.

Don't let me forget to tell you, that of all the friends you

LETTER 1176.—<sup>1</sup>A legacy of seventy thousand pounds, left to Clive by Mir Jaffer, was devoted by him to

the establishment of a fund for disabled officers of the East India Company and their families

have shot flying, there is no one whose friendship for you is so little dead as Lord Hillsborough's. He spoke to me earnestly about your riband the other day, and said he had pressed to have it given to you. Write and thank him. You have missed one by Lord Clive's returning alive, unless he should give a hamper of diamonds for the Garter.

I told you how kindly Lady Holland spoke of you: but she forgot what you tell me of the indulgence you obtained of the Great Duke for my Lord. He is better since his return, but grown a little peevish.

Well! I have remembered every point but one—and see how he is forgotten! Lord Chatham! He was pressed to come forth and set the administration on its legs again. He pleaded total incapacity; grew worse and grows better. Oh, how he ought to dread recovering!

Mr. Conway resigns the day after to-morrow. I hope in a week to tell you something more positive than the uncertainties in this letter. Good night.

1177. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD,

Strawberry Hill, July 29, 1767.

I am very sorry that I must speak of a loss that will give you and Lady Strafford concern; an essential loss to me, who am deprived of a most agreeable friend, with whom I passed here many hours. I need not say I mean poor Lady Suffolk<sup>1</sup>. I was with her two hours on Saturday night; and, indeed, found her much changed, though I did not apprehend her in danger. I was going to say she complained—but you know she never did complain—of the gout and rheumatism all over her, particularly in her face. It was a cold night, and she sat below stairs when she

LETTER 1177.—<sup>1</sup> Henrietta Hobart, Countess of Suffolk.



should have been in bed ; and I doubt this want of care was prejudicial. I sent next morning. She had a bad night ; but grew much better in the evening. Lady Dalkeith came to her ; and, when she was gone, Lady Suffolk said to Lord Chetwynd she would eat her supper in her bed-chamber. He went up with her, and thought the appearances promised a good night : but she was scarce sat down in her chair, before she pressed her hand to her side, and died in half an hour.

I believe both your Lordship and Lady Strafford will be surprised to hear that she was by no means in the situation that most people thought. Lord Chetwynd and myself were the only persons at all acquainted with her affairs, and they were far from being even easy to her. It is due to her memory to say that I never saw more strict honour and justice. She bore *knowingly* the imputation of being covetous, at a time that the strictest economy could by no means prevent her exceeding her income considerably. The anguish of the last years of her life, though concealed, flowed from the apprehension of not satisfying her few wishes, which were, not to be in debt, and to make a provision for Miss Hotham<sup>2</sup>. I can give your Lordship strong instances of the sacrifices she tried to make to her principles. I have not yet heard if her will is opened ; but it will surprise those who thought her rich. Lord Chetwynd's friendship to her has been unalterably kind and zealous, and is not ceased. He stays in the house with Miss Hotham till some of her family come to take her away. I have perhaps dwelt too long on this subject ; but, as it was not permitted me to do her justice when alive, I own I cannot help wishing that those who had a regard for her, may now at least know how much more she deserved it than even they suspected. In truth, I never knew a woman more

<sup>2</sup> Her great-niece. Walpole.

respectable for her honour and principles, and have lost few persons in my life whom I shall miss so much. I am,

My dear Lord,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

# 1178. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, July 31, 1767.

I FIND one must cast you into debt, if one has a mind to hear of you. You would drop one with all your heart, if one would let you alone. Did not you talk of passing by Strawberry in June, on a visit to the Bishop<sup>1</sup>? I did not summon you, because I have not been sure of my own motions for two days together for these three months. At last all is subsided; the administration will go on pretty much as it was, with Mr. Conway for part of it. The fools and the rogues, or, if you like proper names, the Rockinghams and the Grenvilles, have bungled their own game, quarrelled, and thrown it away.

Where are you? What are you doing? Where are you going or staying? I shall trip to Paris in about a fortnight, for a month or six weeks. Indeed, I have had such a loss in poor Lady Suffolk, that my autumns at Strawberry will suffer exceedingly—and will not be repaired by my Lord of Buckingham<sup>2</sup>. I have been in pain, too, and am not yet quite easy about my brother, who is in a bad state of health.

Have you waded through or into Lord Lyttelton<sup>3</sup>? How dull one may be, if one will but take pains for six or seven-and-twenty years together!

Except one day's gout, which I cured with the bootikins,

LETTER 1178.—<sup>1</sup> Richard Trevor, Bishop of Durham. Montagu announced this intention in one of his letters to Horace Walpole.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Suffolk's nephew, who inherited Marble Hill.

<sup>3</sup> His recently published *History of the Life of Henry II.*

I have been quite well since I saw you: nay, with a microscope you would perceive I am fatter. Mr. Hawkins saw it with his naked eye; and told me it was common for lean people to grow fat when they grow old. I am afraid the latter is more certain than the former, and I submit to it with a good grace. There is no keeping off age by sticking roses and sweet peas in one's hair, as Miss Chudleigh does still!

If you are not totally abandoned, you will send me a line before I go. The Clive has been desperately nervous, but I have convinced her it did not become her, and she has recovered her rubicundity. Adieu!

Yours ever,  
H. W.

1179. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 31, 1767.

THE clouds disperse; but there have been dark moments. The very day on which I wrote to you last was critical. A meeting of the two factions was held at Newcastle House, where the Duke of Bedford was agent for the Grenvilles; and the old wretch himself laboured tooth and nail, that is, with the one of each sort that he has left, to cement, or rather, to make over his friends to the same influence. But to no purpose; passion reigned, and a quarrel soon ensued. Grenville had commissioned his proxy to demand declarations against America, whence, though everything is pacified, his pride required a hecatomb of victims. This was not yielded; nor all the places under the Government, to glut the rapaciousness of the Bedford crew. The latter, too, formally protested against Mr. Conway's leading the House of Commons, which Lord Rockingham's interest and necessity called for, and which could not be waived, as Mr. Conway's resignation was a sacrifice to that party. The meeting broke

up in very bad terms: yet the Duke of Bedford, as if sensible of his folly, begged another the next night; and as if insensible of his folly, repeated it, and clinched the quarrel. Hallelujah! What had Grenville to do but to let the present administration be dissolved? He could never have wanted occasion to break with Lord Rockingham again.

On the Wednesday Lord Rockingham asked an audience—as everybody did, and must think to offer his services. But common sense is a fool when it expects fools to act with common sense. The Marquis behaved sillily and impertinently, and *then* wondered he was not pressed to accept. Great offence was taken at his behaviour; and yet there was coolness and prudence enough left to permit another offer to be made. This condescension did the business. The weak man took it for weakness, and thinking that he should force more and more, lost all. In short, he refused—and then Mr. Conway found himself at liberty. He and the Duke of Grafton have jointly undertaken the administration, which was strong enough before, and now will be fortified by the contempt the world must have for both factions, who did not know how to make use of a moment which so many strange events had put into their hands.

The system, or rather arrangement, is not yet quite settled; but when one knows what is trumps, it is not difficult to play the game. I have not liked an hour so well as the present since Lord Chatham fell ill. He remains as he was in place, no minister, and with little hopes of recovering.

I have been very unfortunate in the death of my Lady Suffolk<sup>1</sup>, who was the only sensible friend I had at Straw-

LETTER 1179.—<sup>1</sup> Henrietta, daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, first married to—Howard, Earl of Suffolk, and afterwards to George Berkeley,

brother of the Earl of Berkeley. During the life of her first husband she was mistress of King George II, Woman of the Bedchamber, and



berry. Though she was seventy-nine, her senses were in the highest perfection, and her memory wonderful, as it was as accurate on recent events as on the most distant. Her hearing has been impaired above forty years, and was the only defect that prevented her conversation from not being as agreeable as possible. She had seen, known, and remembered so much, that I was very seldom not eager to hear. She was a sincere and unalterable friend, very calm, judicious, and zealous. Her integrity and goodness had secured the continuation of respect, and no fallen favourite had ever experienced neglect less. Her fortune, which had never been near so great as it was believed, of late years was so diminished, as to have brought her into great difficulties. Yet they were not even suspected, for she had a patience and command of herself that prevented her ever complaining of either fortune or illness. No mortal but Lord Chetwynd<sup>2</sup> and I were acquainted with her real situation. I sat with her two hours on Saturday night, and though I knew she was ill, and found her much changed, did not suspect her danger so great. The next evening she was better; and retiring to her chamber to supper with Lord Chetwynd, she pressed her hand suddenly to her side, and expired in half an hour. I believe she left Marble Hill to Lord Buckingham, and what else she had to Miss Hotham<sup>3</sup>: at least I guess so from what I have heard her say, for I have not yet been told her will. I think now of going for a few weeks to Paris: my autumns will not be near so pleasant, from the loss I have mentioned. Adieu!

afterwards Mistress of the Robes to Queen Caroline. She is often mentioned by Pope and Swift. *Walpole*. Lady Suffolk's first husband was Charles Howard, ninth Earl of Suffolk.

<sup>2</sup> William, Viscount Chetwynd, a

great friend of Lord Bolingbroke. *Walpole*.

<sup>3</sup> Henrietta, only child of Sir Charles Hotham Thompson, by Dorothy, only daughter of Sir John Hobart, first Earl of Buckingham, brother of Lady Suffolk. *Walpole*.

## 1180. To THOMAS ASTLE

DEAR SIR,

Arlington Street, Aug. 3, 1767.

I have been so long confined by my brother's illness, that I have not been able to give myself the pleasure of asking you to bestow a day on me. I am now at liberty, and if you have nothing else to do next Sunday, I shall be very happy if you will dine with me at Strawberry Hill, where a bed will be at your service. I want to show you what use I have made of the papers and books with which you was so kind as to furnish me. It will take up some time to read it<sup>1</sup> to you.

I am, Sir,

Your much obliged

and most obedient Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

## 1181. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Friday, Aug. 7, 1767.

As I am turned knight-errant, and going again in search of my old fairy<sup>1</sup>, I will certainly transport your enchanted casket<sup>2</sup>; and will endeavour to procure some talisman, that may secrete it from the eyes of those unheroic harpies, the officers of the Custom House. You must take [care] to let me have it before to-morrow se'nnight.

The house at Twickenham, with which you fell in love, is still unmarried; but they ask 130*l.* a year for it. If they asked 130,000*l.* for it, perhaps my Lord Clive might snap it

LETTER 1180.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mr. Frederick Barker.

<sup>1</sup> Probably the *Historic Doubts on Richard III.*, finished by Horace Walpole at this time.

LETTER 1181. — <sup>1</sup> Mme. du Defand.

<sup>2</sup> A silver casket sent by Montagu to his friend Mme. Roland, of Rheims.

up; but that not being the case, I don't doubt but it will fall, and I flatter myself that you and it may meet at last upon reasonable terms.

That of General Trapaud is to be had at 50*l.* a year, but with a fine on entrance of 500*l.* As I propose to return by the beginning of October, perhaps I may see you, and then you may review both. Since the loss of poor Lady Suffolk, I am more desirous than ever of having you in my neighbourhood, as I have not a rational acquaintance there left. Adieu!

Yours ever,  
H. W.

# 1182. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 18, 1767.

It is odd to take leave because we are coming nearer to one another, but I remember the last time I was at Paris how difficult it was for you to get my letters thence; and therefore as I shall not stay above a month or six weeks at most, I do not know whether I shall attempt to write to you. I can have little or nothing material to tell you. Your best way, if you have anything to say, will be to direct your letters to England, whence I shall receive them safely in four days.

Everything is settled here; Lord Bristol has given up Ireland, content with fourteen or fifteen thousand pounds, with having made his brother<sup>1</sup> a bishop, and his brother-in-law, Phipps<sup>2</sup>, an Irish baron, and not willing to expose himself to the torrents of abuse that were prepared for him.

LETTER 1182.—<sup>1</sup> Frederick, afterwards Earl of Bristol. *Walpole*.—Third son of John Hervey, Baron Hervey of Ickworth; succeeded his brother as fourth Earl of Bristol, 1779; Bishop of Cloyne, 1767–68;

Bishop of Derry, 1768–1808; d. 1808.

<sup>2</sup> Created Lord Mulgrave; he married Lepelle, eldest daughter of John, Lord Hervey. *Walpole*.

I should not say content, for he already seems to sigh after his robes and guards. Lord Townshend<sup>3</sup> is overjoyed to succeed him, and has ceded the Lieutenancy of the Ordnance to Mr. Conway, and takes Lady Ailesbury's brother, Lord Frederick Campbell, for his secretary. I do not know how the Irish will relish a Scot. Lord Townshend will impose upon them at first, as he has on the world; will please them by a joviality, and then grow sullen and quarrel with them. His brother Charles remains Chancellor of the Exchequer, will impose on nobody, though he will try to impose on everybody; will please, offend, lower his character, if possible, but will neither be out of humour himself nor let anybody else be so. Lord Rockingham will declare against opposition, and will oppose; and the Duke of Newcastle, and their disgusts, will reconcile Lord Rockingham and the Bedfords. The latter will be violent, and George Grenville damp their fire by talking them to death, in order to blow it up. Lord Temple will call himself head of the opposition, and will only do all the dirty work of it.

The Duke of York, we are told, has succeeded very well at Paris. I shall know more certainly in a few days. It is undoubted that that court has taken great pains to honour and please him.

It is not from any hurry that I finish my letter so soon; but politics are subsided, and the town is a desert. I am here preparing for my journey, and have come home these two nights at ten o'clock, from having nowhere to go. It will be different at Paris, where one does not begin to go till nine. You will think me a strange man to leave England when I had just fixed everything here to my mind; but I hate politics, and am glad to pass a month without hearing of them. Nature, that gave me a statesman's head, forgot to give me ambition or interestedness; and, if I had

<sup>3</sup> George, Viscount Townshend. *Walpole*.



never been contradicted, I should have been as trifling as a king. Adieu!

1183. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Paris, Wednesday, Sept. 9, 1767.

I RECEIVED your long, kind, and melancholy letter a few hours after the post was gone out, or I had told you sooner how infinitely I pity you and the Duke of Grafton; I know what both must feel; though abstractedly from good nature, you are not more concerned in the unfortunate accident, than in one that happens in any part of the globe<sup>1</sup>. You could not prevent what you neither knew nor could foresee. One is not to blame for building a house, that may be neglected, fall, and crush a family an hundred years hence.

Last night, by Lord Rochford's<sup>2</sup> courier, we heard of Charles Townshend's death<sup>3</sup>; for which, indeed, your letter had prepared me. As a man of incomparable parts, and most entertaining to a spectator, I regret his death. His good humour prevented one from hating him, and his levity from loving him; but, in a political light, I own I cannot look upon it as a misfortune. His treachery alarmed me, and I apprehended everything from it. It was not advisable to throw him into the arms of the opposition. His death avoids both kinds of mischief. I take for granted you will have Lord North for Chancellor of the Exchequer<sup>4</sup>. He is

LETTER 1183.—Incomplete in C.; now printed from original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

<sup>1</sup> 'Tuesday, Sept. 1. As the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Secretary Conway were returning from Camden Place in Kent, a man of seventy, much intoxicated with liquor, rolled against the wheel of their curricie, which threw him down and very much hurt his leg. His Grace ordered all

possible care to be immediately taken of the man, and when he arrived in town sent Mr. Adair, Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. Gataker to his assistance; but the wound soon turned to a mortification, and the man is since dead.' (*Gent. Mag.* 1767, p. 474.)

<sup>2</sup> Ambassador at Paris.

<sup>3</sup> He died on Sept. 4, 1767.

<sup>4</sup> Lord North succeeded Townshend in that office.

very inferior to Charles in parts; but what he wants in those will be supplied by firmness and spirit.

With regard to my brother, I should apprehend nothing, were he like other men; but I shall not be astonished, if he throws his life away; and I have seen so much of the precariousness of it lately, that I am prepared for the event, if it shall happen.

I will say nothing about Mr. Harris<sup>5</sup>; he is an old man, and his death will be natural. For Lord Chatham, he is really or intentionally mad<sup>6</sup>,—but I still doubt which of the two. T. Walpole has writ to his brother here, that the day before Lord Chatham set out for Pynsent, he executed a letter of attorney, with full powers to his wife, and the moment it was signed he began singing. This comes from Nuthall<sup>7</sup>.

You may depend upon it I shall only stay here to the end of the month; but if you should want me sooner, I will set out at a moment's warning, on your sending me a line by Lord Rochford's courier. This goes by Lady Mary Coke<sup>8</sup>, who sets out to-morrow morning early, on the notice of Mr. Townshend's death, or she would have stayed ten days longer. I sent you a letter by a Mr. Fletcher, but I fear he did not go away till the day before yesterday.

I am just come from dining *en famille* with the Duc de Choiseul: he was very civil—but much more civil to Mr. Wood<sup>9</sup>, who dined there too. I forgive this gratitude to the *peacemakers*.

<sup>5</sup> General Conway's brother-in-law. He died on Oct. 7, 1767.

<sup>6</sup> From May 1767, till October 1768, Chatham's mind was deranged. He was relieved by a severe attack of gout.

<sup>7</sup> Thomas Nuthall, Solicitor to the Treasury, the intimate friend and legal adviser of Lord Chatham. He died in 1775, a few hours after

having been shot by a highwayman on Hounslow Heath.

<sup>8</sup> Lady Mary Coke was related to Charles Townshend through his marriage to her eldest sister, recently created Baroness Greenwich.

<sup>9</sup> Robert Wood, Under Secretary of State at the time of the signature of the Peace of Paris.

I must finish ; for I am going to Lady Mary, and then return to sup with the Duchess de Choiseul, who is not civiller to anybody than to me. Adieu ! Yours ever.

## 1184. TO LADY MARY COKE.

Paris, Sept. 20th, 1767.

I AM excessively thankful, dear Madam, for your most obliging compliance with my request when you was in so melancholy a situation. I could only wish the letter had been dated a few days later, that I might be sure you have not suffered by your hurry, fatigue, and distress. I heartily grieve for all Mr. Townshend's family, especially your sister and his mother, the last of whom I think the least likely to get over so terrible a blow, considering her state of health. I beg, when it is proper, you will say something for me to Lady Dalkeith, and a great deal to poor Lady Townshend, if you see her. I think it too early to write ; but I will wait on her as soon as I return, which will be in a fortnight at latest. I am very glad your Ladyship's passage was more favourable than Lady Mary Chabot's, who was twenty-three hours at sea, and in the utmost danger. A Dutch vessel was lost very near them.

Poor Mons. de Guerchy expired on Thursday last. There is a house of as great calamity as the one you attend ! Nothing else has happened here since you left us, nor indeed, I think, ever does, except deaths, marriages, and promotions. To my great joy, the Prince of Conti is gone to L'Isle Adam with all his *strolling* court, and I have not once seen him. I dined with Lady Rochford at the Duchesse d'Aiguillon's on Wednesday last. The views are fine, excepting the want of verdure, and the garden, like all their gardens, seems to be in no keeping. On Friday we dined at Mr. Wood's at Meudon, where the prospect is

much finer, but his house is a perfect ruin, like an old banqueting house at the end of an old-fashioned garden.

The Duke of York has had a violent fever<sup>1</sup> at Monaco, but I think is reckoned out of danger. The Prince has paid him great attention ; so great, that he has put off a journey to the Duc de Choiseul's at Chanteloup<sup>2</sup>. What can a Frenchman do more ?

Lord March and George Selwyn arrived this morning, and I expect them here every minute. Lord Algernon Percy is here too.

As I may set out sooner than I have mentioned, I do not know, Madam, whether you will trust me with any commissions. But my acquaintance here is so established, both with friends and shops, that I can easily get anything executed after my return to England.

Forgive me, dear Lady Mary, if I conclude this letter of scraps. I can tell you nothing from hence worth writing. Suppers are all the events, and as you know, seldom lively.

Your most faithful

and devoted humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

### 1185. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Paris, Sept. 27, 1767.

SINCE you insist upon my writing from hence, I will ; I intended to defer it a few days longer, as I shall set out on my return this day se'nnight.

Within the five weeks of my being here, there have happened three deaths, which certainly nobody expected

LETTER 1184.—Not in C. ; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. pp. xxii-xxiii.

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of York died at Monaco

on Sept. 17, 1767.

<sup>2</sup> The country seat of the Duc de Choiseul, near Poissy.



six weeks ago. Yet, though the persons were all considerable, their loss will make little impression on the state of any affairs.

Monsieur de Guerchy returned from his embassy with us about a month before my arrival. He had been out of order some time, and had taken waters, yet seeing him so often I had perceived no change, till I was made to remark it, and then I did not think it considerable. On my arrival, I was shocked at the precipitate alteration. He was emaciated, yellow, and scarcely able to support himself. A fever came on in ten days, mortification ensued, and carried him off. It is said that he had concealed and tampered indiscreetly with an old complaint, acquired before his marriage. This was his radical death; I doubt, vexation and disappointment fermented the wound. Instead of the duchy he hoped, his reception was freezing. He was a frank, gallant gentleman; universally beloved with us; hated I believe by nobody, and by no means inferior in understanding to many that affected to despise his abilities.

But our comet is set too! Charles Townshend is dead. All those parts and fire are extinguished; those volatile salts are evaporated; that first eloquence of the world is dumb! that duplicity is fixed, that cowardice terminated heroically. He joked on death as naturally as he used to do on the living, and not with the affectation of philosophers, who wind up their works with sayings which they hope to have remembered. With a robust person he had always a menacing constitution. He had had a fever the whole summer, recovered as it was thought, relapsed, was neglected, and it turned to an incurable putrid fever.

The opposition expected that the loss of this essential pin would loosen the whole frame; but it had been hard, if both his life and death were to be pernicious to the administration. He had engaged to betray the latter to the

former, as I knew early, and as Lord Mansfield has since declared. I therefore could not think the loss of him a misfortune. His seals were immediately offered to Lord North, who declined them. The opposition rejoiced; but they ought to have been better acquainted with one educated in their own school. Lord North has since accepted the seals—and the reversion of his father's pension.

While that eccentric genius, Charles Townshend, whom no system could contain, is whirled out of existence, our more artificial meteor, Lord Chatham, seems to be wheeling back to the sphere of business—at least his health is declared to be re-established; but he has lost his adorers, the mob, and I doubt the wise men will not travel after his light.

You, my dear Sir, will be most concerned for the poor Duke of York, who has ended his silly, good-humoured, troublesome career, in a piteous manner. He had come to the camp at Compiègne, without his brother's approbation, but had been received here not only with every proper mark of distinction, but with the utmost kindness. He had succeeded, too, was attentive, civil, obliging, lively, pleased, and very happy in his replies. Charmed with a court so lively in comparison of the monastic scene at home, he had promised to return for Fontainebleau, and then scampered away as fast as he could ride or drive all round the south of France, intending to visit a lady at Genoa, that he was in love with, whenever he had a minute's time. The Duc de Villars<sup>1</sup> gave him a ball at his country-house, between Aix and Marseilles; the Duke of York danced at it all night as hard as if it made part of his road, and then in a violent sweat, and without changing his linen, got into his postchaise. At Marseilles the scene changed. He arrived in a fever, and found among his letters, which

LETTER 1185.—<sup>1</sup> Honoré Armand (1702–1770), Duc de Villars, Governor of Provence.

he had ordered to meet him there, one from the King his brother, forbidding him to go to Compiègne, by the advice of the Hereditary Prince. He was struck with this letter, which he had ignorantly disobeyed, and by the same ignorance had not answered. He proceeded, however, on his journey, but grew so ill that his gentlemen carried him to Monaco, where he arrived the third, and languished with great suffering until the seventeenth. He behaved with the most perfect tranquillity and courage, made a short will, and the day before he died dictated to Colonel St. John<sup>2</sup> a letter to the King, in which he begged his forgiveness for every instance in which he had offended him, and entreated his favour to his servants. He would have particularly recommended St. John, but the young man said handsomely, 'Sir, if the letter was written by your Royal Highness yourself, it would be most kind to me; but I cannot name myself.' The Prince of Monaco, who happened to be on the spot, was unbounded in his attentions to him, both of care and honours; and visited him every hour till the Duke grew too weak to see him. Two days before he died the Duke sent for the Prince, and thanked him. The Prince burst into tears and could not speak, and retiring, begged the Duke's officers to prevent his being sent for again, for the shock was too great. They made as magnificent a coffin and pall for him as the time and place would admit, and in the evening of the 17th the body was embarked on board an English ship, which received the corpse with military honours, the cannon of the town saluting it with the same discharge as is paid to a marshal of France. St. John and Morrison embarked with the body, and Colonel Wrottesley<sup>3</sup> passed through

<sup>2</sup> Henry, brother of Frederick, Viscount Bolingbroke, and Groom of the Bedchamber to Edward, Duke of York. *Walpole*.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards Sir John Wrottesley, another of the Duke of York's Grooms of the Bedchamber. *Walpole*.

here with the news. The poor lad was in tears the whole time he stayed.

I shall beg Madame de Barbantane to trouble herself with this letter ; I must ask this favour by a note, for I do not visit her ; during my last journey I once or twice supped in company with her, but without much acquaintance. She is now in a convent with Mademoiselle <sup>4</sup>, the Duke of Orléans' daughter ; and Madame de Boufflers is at L'Isle Adam, and will not return to Paris before I am set out.

Lord Holland is expected here at the beginning of October. I have no doubt of his obtaining his earldom, but it will not be given before the end of next session. It is true I believe that Lord Carlisle<sup>5</sup>, who is now here, will receive the green riband from the hands of the King of Sardinia. If Lord Cowper goes to England, he may undoubtedly secure the promise of the next ; and Lord Warwick is in a bad state of health ; but they never give green ribands to more than two English at a time. I am sorry that being at Florence should be made a reason against bestowing ribands—I trust it will not remain so.

You tell me of the French playing at whisk ; why, I found it established when I was last here. I told them they were very good to imitate us in anything, but that they had adopted the two dullest things we have, whisk and Richardson's novels.

So you and the Pope are going to have the Emperor<sup>6</sup> ! Times are a little altered ; no Guelphs and Ghibellines now. I do not think the Cæsar of the day will hold his Holiness's stirrup while he mounts his palfrey. Adieu !

<sup>4</sup> Louise Marie Thérèse Bathilde, Mdle. d'Orléans (d. 1822) ; m. (1770) Jean Joseph Henri, Duc de Bourbon-Condé.

<sup>5</sup> Frederick Howard (1748-1825), fifth Earl of Carlisle ; Treasurer of the Household, 1777-79 ; Commis-

sioner to treat with America, 1778 ; President of the Board of Trade, 1779 ; Viceroy of Ireland, 1780-82 ; Lord Steward of the Household, 1782-83 ; Privy Seal, April-Dec. 1783.

<sup>6</sup> Joseph II visited Italy in 1769.



## 1186. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, Oct. 13, 1767.

I ARRIVED last night at eleven o'clock, and found a letter from you, which gave me so much pleasure, that I must write you a line, though I am hurried to death. You cannot imagine how rejoiced I am that Lord North drags you to light again<sup>1</sup>; it is a satisfaction I little expected. When do you come? I am impatient. I long to know your projects.

I had a dreadful passage of eight hours, was drowned, though not shipwrecked, and was sick to death. I have been six times at sea before, and never suffered the least, which makes the mortification the greater: but as Hercules was not more robust than I, though with an air so little herculean, I have not so much as caught cold, though I was wet to the skin with the rain, had my lap full of waves, was washed from head to foot in the boat at ten o'clock at night, and stepped into the sea up to my knees. *Qu'avois-je à faire dans cette galère?* In truth, it is a little late to be seeking adventures! Adieu! I must finish, but I am excessively happy with what you have told me.

Yours ever,

H. W.

## 1187. To GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 16, 1767.

THANK you; I am as well as anybody can be that has been drowned from above and below, that was sick to

LETTER 1186.—<sup>1</sup> Lord North, Chancellor of the Exchequer, had appointed Montagu his secretary.

death for eight hours, with the additional mortification of finding myself not invulnerable. In short, I had every affliction from my passage, except in not catching cold ; so that on that side I am still first cousin to Hercules.

I find London as empty as possible, and politics quite asleep,—I mean, in town. In the counties they are all mad about elections. The Duke of Portland, they say, carried thirty thousand pounds to Carlisle, and it is all gone already. Lord Clive is going before his money, and not likely to live three months.

Lady Bolingbroke has declared she will come into waiting on Sunday se'nnight ; but, as the Queen is likely to be brought to bed before that time, this may be only a bravado. The report is, that she intends to acknowledge all my Lord can desire<sup>1</sup>.

I found Lord Holland most remarkably mended in his health. Lady Holland has set out to-day, and he follows her to-morrow. I beg you will tell the Marquise de Broglie (whom you will see at the Président's) that Lord Holland carries her a box of pimperl seed, and will leave it at Mons. Panchaud's, whither she must send for it. I hope you will be so good as not forget this ; nor another little commission, which is, to ask Madame Geoffrin where Mons. Guibert, the King's carver, lives, and then to send him a guinea, for a drawing he made for me, which I will deduct from the lottery tickets which I have bought for you, at twelve pounds seventeen and sixpence apiece. The numbers are 17574, on which I have written your name and Madame de Bentheim's, and 26442, on which I have written Wiart's.

I have twice called on my Lady Townshend, but missed her ; I am now going to her by appointment.

Pray tell Lord Carlisle that I delivered his letters and

LETTER 1187.—<sup>1</sup> Lord Bolingbroke was divorced from his wife on March

10, 1769. She married Topham Beauclerk two days later.

parcels. Say a great deal for me to Madame du Deffand and Lord March, who I need not say are what I left best at Paris. Do not stay for more hurricanes and bad weather, but come away the first fine day. Adieu !

Yours ever,

H. W.

À Monsieur, Monsieur Selwyn,  
à l'Hôtel de Duc de York,  
Rue Jacob, Fauxbourg St. Germain, à Paris.

# 1188. TO THE DUCHESSE DE CHOISEUL.

Ce 16 Octobre 1767.

VOICI, chère Grand'maman<sup>1</sup>, le numéro de votre billet de loterie, c'est 17138. J'y ai écrit votre nom et je vous en dois six francs de reste. Ah que je souhaite que cela soit le gros lot ! Non pas pour vous, chère Grand'maman, car vous n'aimez pas l'argent, mais pour tous ceux que vous rendrez heureux. Ne voulez-vous pas me mander comment va votre santé ? Montez-vous à cheval ? Dormez-vous ? Vous ménagez-vous ? Ou bien allez-vous vous tuer ? Préférez-vous toujours les devoirs et même la politesse à la vie ? Eh, mon Dieu ! pour qui vous assujettissez-vous à cette contrainte ? Pour des courtisans, pour des femmes qui ne vous ressemblent point, et oubliez que vous avez des amis qui s'intéressent à votre santé, que vous êtes la grand'maman de tous les pauvres, et que le Roi a des sujets qui sont honnêtes gens et à qui vous devez l'exemple et la protection. Je ne veux pas demander de vos nouvelles à ma pauvre femme<sup>2</sup>, car véritablement la tête lui tourne. Elle a si

LETTER 1188.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy (in the handwriting of Wiart, secretary of Mme. du Deffand) in possession of Mr. W. B. Parker-Jervis.

<sup>1</sup> Walpole called Mme. de Choiseul

'grand'maman' in imitation of Mme. du Deffand. The actual grand-mother of Mme. du Deffand was a Duchesse de Choiseul.

<sup>2</sup> Madame du Deffand.

horriblement peur que vous ne devinssiez sérieusement malade, qu'elle ne fera que me communiquer ses agitations. C'est au bon Abbé<sup>3</sup> à qui je m'adresse, et qui je supplie de me dire la vérité.

Ma Grand'maman, vous m'avez si bien persuadé que vous avez la bonté de vous intéresser à moi que je ne crois vous importuner en vous parlant de ce qui me regarde. J'ai eu un bien mauvais passage, mais je me porte bien, et on veut même que je sois engraisé, mais je crois que ces gens-là me regardent à travers leurs lunettes comme l'Ambassadeur de Naples quand il croyait ses jambes si prodigieusement enflées.

Voilà, chère Grand'maman, comme j'ai perdu la timidité. Mais le véritable respect, la plus parfaite reconnaissance, voici ce que je ne perdrais jamais. Conservez-nous vos bontés, à moi et à ma petite femme, et donnez-nous des oncles et des tantes. Je vous jure que nous n'en serons jamais jaloux, encore ne vous seront-ils pas plus attachés que votre très affectionné petit-fils,

HORACE WALPOLE.

1189. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR,

Arlington Street, Oct. 24, 1767.

It is an age since we have had any correspondence. My long and dangerous illness last year, with my journey to Bath : my long attendance in Parliament all winter, spring, and to the beginning of summer ; and my journey to France since, from whence I returned but last week, prevented my asking the pleasure of seeing you at Strawberry Hill.

I wish to hear that you have enjoyed your health, and shall be glad of any news of you. The season is too late,

<sup>3</sup> The Abbé Barthélemy, who lived with the Duc and Duchesse de Choiseul.



and the Parliament too near opening, for me to propose a winter journey to you. If you should happen to think at all of London, I trust you would do me the favour to call on me. In short, this is only a letter of inquiry after you, and to show you that I am always most truly yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1190. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 29, 1767.

I HAVE been returned from Paris above a fortnight, but I found everything here so profoundly quiet that all the news of England would not furnish a paragraph. The ministers are firmly seated, and opposition scarce barks ; at least, keeps its throat for the opening of Parliament. Lord Chatham is given out to be much better, and will, we are told, reappear upon the stage. The rage of elections is so great, and so enormously expensive, that I should not think the session would be much attended. There is no popular cry in the counties, or, if any, it is against general warrants, and the authors of them.

Mr. Conway has acted nobly, and refused the emoluments of Secretary of State, which amount to above five thousand pounds a year, contenting himself with the profits of Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, which do not exceed eleven hundred, and waiting for a regiment. This moderation is ill matter for an opposition.

Did you receive my letter from Paris, in which I talked to you of the Duke of York's death ? I should be sorry it miscarried ; the body is not yet arrived.

I found your brother Ned just recovered out of a very dangerous pleurisy. Mr. Foote is not quite re-established, and is forced to tread with great caution.

General Pulteney is dead, having owned himself worth

a million, the fruits of his brother's virtues<sup>1</sup>! He has left an hundred and fifty thousand pounds to Lord Darlington<sup>2</sup>, and three hundred a year to each of his two brothers<sup>3</sup>; four hundred a year only to Colman, Lady Bath's nephew, whom Lord Bath had recommended to him for the Bradford estate, but the old General was angry with Colman, for having entered into the management of the theatre in Covent Garden; and had told him he would not leave his estate to an actor. All the vast rest, except a few very trifling legacies, he leaves to his cousin Mrs. Pulteney<sup>4</sup>, a very worthy woman, who had risked all by marrying one Johnstone, the third son of a poor Scot, but who is an orator at the India House, and likely to make a figure now in what *house* he pleases. She has one daughter<sup>5</sup>, and is with child, but is fat, and not young. If she dies without children, the whole goes to Lord Darlington; but I think Mr. Johnstone Pulteney will try every method to be a Nabob before that happens. The real Nabob, Lord Clive, is reckoned in a very precarious state of health. Lord Holland is set out for Nice, much recovered before he went. Well! I have exhausted the mines of both Indies, and have nothing more to tell you, nor shall have probably before the Parliament meets. Adieu!

P.S. Oh, your poor young Queen of Naples<sup>6</sup>, who has

LETTER 1190.—<sup>1</sup> William Pulteney, Earl of Bath. *Walpole*.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Vane, second Earl of Darlington, whose grandmother, the Duchess of Cleveland, was a Pulteney, and aunt of Lord Bath. *Walpole*.

<sup>3</sup> Hon. Frederick and Hon. Raby Vane.

<sup>4</sup> Frances, daughter of Daniel Pulteney, and wife of William Johnstone, who took the name of Pulteney in addition to that of Johnstone, and

who afterwards succeeded his brother as fifth Baronet, of Westerhall.

<sup>5</sup> Henrietta Laura Pulteney, cr. Baroness Bath in 1792, and Countess of Bath in 1803; m. (1794) Sir James Murray, Baronet, who assumed the name of Pulteney; d. 1808.

<sup>6</sup> Maria Josepha, Archduchess of Austria, daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa. She was married to the King of Naples by proxy in August 1767, but died on the day appointed for her journey to Italy.

got the small-pox, and will lose her beauty, if not her life! How much stronger superstition and prejudice are than maternal love, when all these deaths cannot open the Empress Queen's eyes in favour of inoculation! But she has escaped herself, and that will close them faster than ever.

November 1st.

I receive your letter of October 17. Do you mean that your second letter to Paris was to me? Or to *Mr. Hoare* or to *Mr. Hume*, for I cannot read the name distinctly.

I must contradict much of what I have been writing: the Duke of York's body is arrived, and your young Queen is dead. You gave the former very good advice. He would not have taken it, for I believe one seldom acts in health as one wishes or intends to do when one is at the point of death. The letter was not, as I told you, addressed to the King, but to the Duke of Gloucester, to be shown to him. As I am making all sorts of *amendes honorables*, I must do justice to Lord North, who has no pension, as I heard at Paris.

Thank you for the bill of lading and what it imports; I had not received the former.

I wonder all the Princes of Europe are not frightened *into* their wits—why, they die every day! and might avoid it, most of them, by being inoculated. Mr. Sutton would insure them at twelve-pence a head. He inoculates whole counties, and it does not cause the least interruption to their business. They work in the fields, or go up to their middles in water, as usual. It is silly to die of such an old-fashioned distemper!

Monday, 3rd.

I have this moment received yours from Madame de Barbantane; but I have no time to answer it, only to tell you that I did receive your letter for Lord Hilsborough,

and probably the bill of lading, but forgot it in my hurry going to Paris.

The Queen was brought to bed yesterday, of a fourth Prince<sup>7</sup>! Good night! I have scarce time to save the post.

1191. TO THE REV. THOMAS WARTON.

SIR,

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 30, 1767.

I shall be very thankful for a transcript of the most material passages in Mr. Beale's<sup>1</sup> pocket-book, and of Hollar's letters, if you will be so good as to employ any person to transcribe them, and let me know the expense when done. It is unlucky with regard to the former, that Mrs. Beale's article is printed off, and several other subsequent sheets, for the second edition. And I must not expect that so trifling a work should go any farther. The sight of the pocket-book will, however, gratify my own curiosity, though I am much ashamed to give you so much trouble, Sir. You will permit me, I hope, in return, though a small one for so many favours, to send you a most singular book, of which I have lately been permitted to print two hundred copies (half only indeed for myself). It is the *Life* of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, written by himself. You will not find him unworthy of keeping company with those paladins, of whom you have made such charming use in your notes on Spenser. Pray let me know how I shall convey it to you.

I am, &c.

<sup>7</sup> Prince Edward (1767-1820), cr. Duke of Kent in 1799; the father of Queen Victoria.

LETTER 1191.—<sup>1</sup>Charles Beale, of Walton, in Buckinghamshire. He held a post under the Board of Green Cloth, and was interested in chemistry and in the manufacture of artists' colours. The pocket-book mentioned by Walpole is probably one of a

series in which Beale kept notes of his own affairs and those of his wife Mary (1632-1697), daughter of Rev. J. Cradock, Vicar of Walton-on-Thames, and one of the best-known female portrait painters of her day. An account of Mrs. Beale and some transcripts from her husband's pocket-books are given in the *Anecdotes of Painting*.



## 1192. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday, Nov. 1, 1767.

THE house is taken that you wot of, but I believe you may have General Trapaud's for fifty pounds a year, and a fine of two hundred and fifty, which is less by half, look you, than you was told at first. A jury of matrons, composed of Lady Frances<sup>1</sup>, my Dame Bramston, Lady Pembroke, and Lady Carberry<sup>2</sup>, and the merry Catholic Lady Brown, have sat upon it, and decide that you should take it. But you must come and treat in person, and may hold the congress here. I hear Lord Guilford is much better, so that the Exchequer will still find you in funds.

You will not dislike to hear, shall you? that Mr. Conway does not take the appointments of Secretary of State. If it grows the fashion to give up above five thousand pounds a year, this ministry will last for ever, for I do not think the opposition will struggle for places without salaries. If my Lord Ligonier does not go to heaven, or Sir Robert Rich to the devil, soon, our General will run considerably in debt—but he had better be too poor than too rich. I would not have him die like old Pultney, loaded with the spoils of other families and the crimes of his own. Adieu! I will not write to you any more, so you may as well come.

Yours ever,

H. W.

## 1193. TO THE HON. THOMAS WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1767.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the sight of such curious papers. I heard the transaction last night from

LETTER 1192. — <sup>1</sup> Lady Frances Elliot. See letter to Montagu of March 21, 1766.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Frances Fitzwilliam, daugh-

ter of fifth Viscount Fitzwilliam, and widow of George Evans, second Baron Carbery.

LETTER 1193.—Not in C.; reprinted

Mr. C.<sup>1</sup>, to whom Lord C.<sup>2</sup> had told it with great concern for you, and from the part he had been forced to take in it. What can I say of a man who was born to astonish the world from the greatest things to the least? What sort of madness is it? real? or affected? No matter<sup>3</sup>. I heartily pity you, yet do not see how so good-natured a man could act otherwise, for you are not a Grenville.

Well, Sir, but we shall want this strange man, and may his singularity be as useful as it has been. You judge very right about Portugal. Oh! no, it is not over—there are more storms too, I think, than one gathering abroad.

Mr. Conway has at last obtained the King's and the Duke of Grafton's consent to his not taking any part of the profits of Secretary of State. He is in debt, and may ruin himself: and yet I own I could not bring myself to dissuade him from this step.

Lord Orford, I hear, has compromised Ashburton. Palk<sup>4</sup> is to come in for this session: and Sullivan and Charles Boone next Parliament. The latter is well off. I do not know what he means to do with Castle Rising. By what I hear of his circumstances, the best thing he can do will be to sell it: but he seldom does the best thing, even for himself, which is the only excuse I know for the rest of his behaviour. The lawyers think he gets ten thousand pounds for himself by Harris's<sup>5</sup> death, and he demands it in ready money directly—but I do not believe he gets it, except for his life.

from *Some Unpublished Letters of Horace Walpole*, edited by Sir Spencer Walpole, pp. 10–12.

<sup>1</sup> General Conway.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Camden.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Chatham, who was at this time in a strange state of health, fancied that he might receive benefit from the air at his former country place, Hayes. Hayes had been sold to Thomas Walpole, who laid out considerable sums of money there.

He was extremely unwilling to part with it, but at last did so as a favour to Lord and Lady Chatham. (See *Journal of the Reign of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. iii. pp. 81–83.)

<sup>4</sup> Robert Palk, of Haldon, near Exeter, sometime Governor of Madras; created a Baronet in 1782.

<sup>5</sup> John Harris, who was the second husband of Lord Orford's grandmother, Mrs. Rolle.

I heartily wish Lord Walpole may open his eyes on the behaviour of his false friends. I do not think the parts of the opposition at all united. I will take great care of the paper for you, and am,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1194. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 2, 1767.

*Ce qui est différé, n'est point perdu.* Though the Parliament has been met a week, and I have not opened my pen's lips, you will have amends made you for your impatience. We are triumphant beyond the paltry wisdom of calculation. We do not stoop to the detail of divisions to judge of our strength. Two oppositions, that tread hard upon the heels of a majority, are the best secret in the world for composing a ridiculous minority. In short, Lord Rockingham's and the Duke of Bedford's parties, who could not have failed to quarrel if they had come into place together, are determined at least to have their quarrel, if they cannot have their places. On the first day, the centurions of the former were very warm, but having nothing to complain of but the bad weather and the price of corn, the ministers had very little trouble. George Grenville, to show he would not support the Rockinghams, did not speak till the question was passed; and then was wonderfully placid. Next day, he and Dowdswell squabbled for two hours, on their different creeds for America: the House laughed at both, and the ministers kept their countenance: but the Bedfords were angry, or glad to be angry with Grenville. Two days afterwards, the Duke of Newcastle, who had rather make peace than not make mischief, scuttled to Bedford House, and tried to

unite the two factions, but could scarce obtain to be heard; and is gone to whisper anybody that will be whispered at Bath. However, if he has but three dependents left upon earth, and can make two of them wait in his antechamber while he affects to be locked up with the third, he will be satisfied. Lord Temple and Lord Lyttelton are driving about the town with long speeches, which nobody cares to hear. The latter is a very beacon, to warn folks not to come near the party he belongs to, which is always the wrong. The Rockinghams, who have no reason to be angry with anybody but themselves, which nobody likes to be, do not know with whom to be most angry. George Grenville is distracted that the ministers will not make America rebel, that he may be minister and cut America's throat, or have his own throat cut; and everybody else, I suppose, will get places as soon as they can. My Lord Chatham is still at Bath. If all had been quite confusion, perhaps he might have come forth again—faith! as all will be quite peace, I do not know whether he may not still come. This is the state of our Vesuvius: though the lava has done running, the grumblings have not entirely ceased.

The Duke of Bedford is to be couched on Saturday for cataracts in both eyes. This is all our public and private news, except the divorce of Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, which is determined; and by consent of her family, she is to marry Mr. Beauclerk, the hero of the piece—an affair in which I suppose you interest yourself no more than I do!

Should anything happen before Friday, I shall have two days to write it; if not, as Brutus and Cassius, or some such persons as you and I, say,

This parting was well made.

Friday, 4th.

Brother Brutus, I do not know a word more. Everything remains quiet in the senate. Adieu!



## 1195. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 14, 1767.

I HAVE received your letter of the 21st of November, just as I was going to write to you. The volumes of *Herculaneum* came to me safe three days ago, for which I give you many thanks.

Your brother's letter gives me much concern. I had heard accounts of the extravagance of your nephew<sup>1</sup>, who is allowed to be very good-natured, but I doubt has not a strong understanding. When I returned from Paris this last time, I asked your brother how his nephew went on? He said he was a little expensive, but seemed desirous of softening the matter, instead of being angry, as I should have expected. I was glad to find him in that humour—but I see it was so far from being sincere, that he seems to have seized it as an excuse for giving you a very disagreeable notice. Poor Gal was always afraid that the love of his natural children would preponderate, and that makes me conclude that Gal knew your brother has power over Linton. I should be exceedingly vexed on your account, if I did not think your brother's life as good as almost anybody's of his age. He looks young and healthy, and as he is very careful of himself, the gout is but a preservative. For your nephew, my dear Sir, I know what nephews are! Sad things on which to build the hopes of a family! Hope is pleasant—but building distant hopes—oh, what folly!—to build on others—excess of folly! 'Tis the comfort of growing old, that one sees all this *is* folly; so far am I from calling it disappointment.

I must now prepare you for a new public scene. The obstinacy of George Grenville, who, on the first day of the

session, would not act with the Rockingham faction, and who openly quarrelled with the second, disgusted his own friends, or gave them a handle for being disgusted. The Duke of Bedford sent for him, and told him he himself was weary of opposition, and his friends more so; and therefore desired that each squadron might be at liberty to *provide* for themselves. Would not one think they were starving? After this *decent* declaration, his Grace sent to lay himself and *his friends* at the Duke of Grafton's feet, begging, as alms, that they might have some of the first and best places under the Government. What heart is hard enough to resist so moving a petition? Well! I believe it will be granted: it breaks opposition to pieces; and surely these good folks will not be formidable, from their characters at least. This, I think, will be the arrangement: Lord Gower<sup>2</sup>, President of the Council—(it is a drunken place by prescription; Lord Granville had it, and Lord Northington has). Lord Weymouth<sup>3</sup>, Secretary of State. I do not know yet, but probably shall before the post goes out, whether Lord Shelburne<sup>4</sup> will keep America, or go out angrily, as he certainly is not over-well treated. If he resigns, Lord Hillsborough will be Secretary for America, and Lord Sandwich<sup>5</sup>, Postmaster. Mr. Rigby will take anything he can get, and better it as soon as he can. The rest are too insignificant, whether they are taken or wait.

The flower of this whole negotiation is, that it is not six months since the Duke of Bedford objected to Mr. Conway, as improper for Leader of the House of Commons, and now stoops to place his people under him; nay, they have owned there is nobody so proper. This is triumph enough, and

<sup>2</sup> Lord Gower became President of the Council, and held that office until 1779.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Weymouth became Secretary of State for the Southern

Province in January 1768.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Shelburne did not resign until the following year.

<sup>5</sup> Lord Sandwich became Joint Postmaster-General in Jan. 1768.

all I care about the matter ; nay, and all I shall say about it, and more than you must say ; for by the end of the week I suppose Lord Weymouth will be your master, and there is none of the set but must think opening a letter is innocence, compared with anything else they have done. You will not wonder, therefore, if I become more reserved for the future—at least for some time ; for though the court will take them, I shrewdly suspect that they do not intend to keep them long. For my part, I am perfectly indifferent whether they do or not, as my resolution was taken, when I declined coming into Parliament again, to have nothing more to do with politics for the rest of my life ; and I am not apt to break my resolutions. I cannot, like the Duke of Newcastle, sail through life with generation after generation ; and I am sick of the present. I have seen them in all shapes, and know them thoroughly ; and unless I receive new provocations from any set, I prefer none to the other. In truth, I do not know whether the Bedfords are not the best, as they have not shame enough to be hypocrites.

So your King of Naples<sup>6</sup> is a madman, or an idiot ! and they set aside his eldest brother on the same pretence, to make room for him ! Poor North, and poor South ! The devil at Petersburg, and a lunatic at Naples ! Give me the Bedlamite : one cannot be angry with Vesuvius for boiling over one, but one hates to be strangled by Lucifer, and then hear him lay it on God<sup>7</sup> himself ! Yet, Voltaire and the French philosophers can find charms in such a character ! 'Tis a precious world, and one must be mad too, to do anything but laugh at it. Adieu !

<sup>6</sup> Ferdinand IV, King of Naples ; on the death of her husband. *Wal-*  
d. 1825. *pole.*

<sup>7</sup> See the manifesto of the Czarina,

## 1196. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 19, 1767.

You are now, I reckon, settled in your new habitation<sup>1</sup>: I would not interrupt you in your journeyings, dear Sir, but am not at all pleased that you are seated so little to your mind—and yet I think you will stay there; Cambridge and Ely are neighbourhoods to your taste; and if you do not again shift your quarters, I shall make them and you a visit: Ely I have never seen. I could have wished that you had preferred this part of the world, and yet I trust I shall see you here oftener than I have done of late. This, to my great satisfaction, is my last session of Parliament, to which, and to politics, I shall for ever bid adieu!

I did not go to Paris for my health, though I found the journey and the sea-sickness, which I had never experienced before, contributed to it greatly. I have not been so well for some years as I am at present; and if I continue to plump up as I do at present, I do not know but by the time we may meet, whether you may not discover—with a microscope—that I am really fatter. I went to make a visit to my dear old blind woman, and to see some things I could not see in winter.

For the Catholic religion, I think it very consumptive—with a little patience, if Whitfield, Wesley, my Lady Huntingdon, and that rogue Madan<sup>2</sup> live, I do not doubt but we shall have something very like it here. And yet I had rather live at the end of a tawdry religion, than at the beginning, which is always more stern and hypocritic.

LETTER 1196.—<sup>1</sup> At Waterbeach, near Cambridge.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Martin Madan (1726–1790), a Methodist. He had been severely blamed for advising a friend named Haweis not to resign a living when

required to do so by the patron, in spite of the declaration of the latter that the living was given on that condition. Madan attracted great attention in 1780 by his *Thelypthora*, in which he advocated polygamy.



I shall be very glad to see your laborious work of the maps: you are indefatigable, I know; I think mapping would try my patience more than anything.

My *Richard the Third*<sup>s</sup> will go to the press this week, and you shall have one of the first copies, which I think will be in about a month, if you will tell me how to convey it: direct to Arlington Street.

Mr. Gray went to Cambridge yesterday se'nnight; I wait for some papers from him for my purpose.

I grieve for your sufferings by the inundation, but you are not only a hermit, but, what is better, a real philosopher. Let me hear from you soon.

Yours ever,  
H. W.

1197. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 25, 1767.

I SEND you these few lines only as a sequel, or confirmation of my last. The treaty is concluded, and Lord Gower has actually kissed hands as Lord President, in the room of Lord Northington, who retires on a pension. Lord Shelburne keeps the Southern department, but Lord Hillsborough is Secretary of State for America, and Lord Sandwich is to be Postmaster. The most material alteration is, that Mr. Conway will, at the end of next month, quit the Seals, which he has long wished to do, but will remain Cabinet Counsellor, and acting minister in the House of Commons: this the King and the Duke of Grafton both insist on. Lord Weymouth is to wait till then. Mr. Conway was desirous of quitting the minute he could, but it was thought right, that as the Duke of Bedford had objected to him in the summer, they should be forced to swallow this sub-

<sup>s</sup> *Historic Doubts on Richard the Third*, by Horace Walpole, published in February 1768.

mission of coming in under him—and they have swallowed it—and nobody doubted but they would. They have swallowed Lord Shelburne too, to whom they objected next, when they could not help stooping to Mr. Conway, but this was likewise denied; and they have again submitted. The Duke of Marlborough was to have the Garter, but to defer it as long as possible, the vacant one was immediately given to the Duke of Cumberland; and two more must drop before the Duke of Marlborough can obtain one; for this is only the second instance<sup>1</sup> in my memory, where a single one was given alone. The Bedfords are to have some other trifles.

In the moment of projection, we thought this whole arrangement would blow up. Lord Chatham arrived at Reading; but he has stopped at Mrs. George Pitt's<sup>2</sup> at Wandsworth Hill, and we hear no more of him.

Well! I once more breathe at liberty! I have done with politics, and in three months shall have done with Parliaments. I do not talk of retiring, for that would be a tie, and I should want to break it; but if I know myself at all, I shall take care how I embark again. It will not be for want of opportunity, for I think this arrangement will not hold to July: but I neither guess nor prophesy, especially not, when there will be any system that will last. How strange and precipitate our changes are! Two months ago I doubted whether the numbers and activity of the opposition might not shake the administration. By the splitting of the opposition into pieces, and by the treachery of one of those fragments, the administration is more shattered than it could have been but by a decisive defeat.

LETTER 1197. — <sup>1</sup> James, second Earl of Waldegrave, received a Garter alone, from George II, who gave it him to disappoint a cabal, in a moment not unlike that in the

letter above. *Walpole.*

<sup>2</sup> Penelope Atkins, wife of George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers; a very distant relation of Lord Chatham. *Walpole.*

Truly we politicians see a great way! Well! I shall only laugh at the trade now. I was born in it, and have lived in it half a century; I do not admire it, I am overjoyed to quit it, and shall be very indifferent what happens to the business. Adieu!

## 1198. TO THOMAS ASTLE.

Jan. 16, 1768.

MR. HUME has told me to-day that you have been so very kind as to say that Mr. Duane<sup>1</sup> is possessed of my father's papers, which we have reckoned so miserable a loss to our family, and that you thought he would not be averse to let me have them. I do not know the thing that could make me so happy as the recovery of them nor which would be so great an obligation to me. If you would obtain them for me it would be the highest favour; I venture to ask this great favour of you, who may judge what a treasure it must be to a son who adores his father's memory.

## 1199. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 17, 1768.

THIS, I should think, my dear Sir, would be but a short letter, since I have little or no news to tell you; for I hope my good will is no news to you. The moment I saw in the papers that Sir William Rowley was dead, I desired Mr. Conway to make every necessary representation of your claim to a red riband. He spoke to the Duke of Grafton, who met him halfway, acknowledged your title, and said that there was nobody he wished more to serve; and yet

LETTER 1198.—Not in C., presumably incomplete; reprinted from Messrs. Sotheby's sale catalogue of Dec. 23, 1896.

<sup>1</sup> Matthew Duane (1707-1785), a lawyer and collector of coins and antiquities.

there are circumstances I do not like. The King has lately given the late Duke of Cumberland's riband to his second son ; and I know has said, 'It had already had the effect he intended it; it was prodigious the number of considerable applications he had had since he had thus stamped the order with dignity.' I do not know whence these applications are ; but we change hands so often, that I shall not wonder if red ribands go in part of payment. I am very sorry for it, but you see I am ready to do more than I promised, and do not want to be put in mind. I could wish to have got this for you : I shall now be of little use to you. I have totally done with politics for ever, and favours are seldom obtained by people who neither do hurt nor good. Mr. Conway will resign this week, and Lord Weymouth will have the Seals. The latter is very good-natured, and, I think, will not be your enemy. Lord Chatham is said to have the gout in both feet.

Pho ! I see I have begun my letter on the wrong side of the paper. Well ! no matter. Sir William Rowley has left six thousand pounds a year—to whom do you think ?—to his great-grandson. To his son, who had not disoblighed him, he gives but eight hundred a year ; the same to his grandson ; all the rest to his grandson's heir, and the savings. It is rather leaving an opportunity to the Chancery to do a right thing, and set such an absurd will aside. Do not doubt it. The law makes no bones of wills. I have heard of a man who begun his will thus : 'This is my will, and I desire the Chancery will not make another for me.' Oh, but it did. If the Admiral has left his riband to somebody unborn, I hope the Chancery will give it to you in the meantime.

We have had most dreadful frost and snow, but they lasted not quite three weeks. Yet, though the weather is quite warm, and it has rained several times, there are



opposition-lumps of ice lying about the streets, that cannot be prevailed upon to melt, and take their places in the kennel. You tell me you have had snow at Florence.

The Duke of Newcastle has been dying<sup>1</sup>, but is out of danger. He says he will meddle no more with politics, and therefore I think I will not declare that I have done with them, for I am sure he will relapse to them, and I should hate to be like him.

Well! I may as well bid you good night, for I have nothing more to say. If I hear anything to-morrow, when I return to town, I shall have time enough to tell you, for my letter will not set out till next day. If nothing happens, I shall take no notice, but end here.

Tuesday, 19th.

I met Mr. Mackenzie this morning at Princess Amelia's. He took me aside, and expressed the greatest solicitude about your riband. I told him what I had just done. He said he would himself tell the Duke of Grafton the share he had in it, and how long ago it had been promised to you. I gave him a thousand thanks, and told him I would this very evening let you know how much you are obliged to him. Write him a line, and say I had acquainted you with this mark of his friendship and remembrance.

## 1200. TO LORD HAILES.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 17, 1768.

I WILL begin, Sir, with telling you that I have seen Mr. Sherriff and his son. The father desired my opinion on sending his son to Italy. I own I could by no means advise it. Where a genius is indubitable and has already made much progress, the study of antique and the works

LETTER 1199.—<sup>1</sup> He survived until November 1768.

of the great masters may improve a young man extremely, and open lights to him which he might never discover of himself: but it is very different sending a young man to Rome to try whether he has genius or not; which may be ascertained with infinitely less trouble and expense at home. Young Mr. Sherrieff has certainly a disposition to drawing; but that may not be genius. His misfortune may have made him embrace it as a resource in his melancholy hours. Labouring under the misfortune of deafness, his friends should consider to what unhappiness they may expose him. His family have naturally applied to alleviate his misfortune, and to cultivate the parts they saw in him: but who, in so long a journey and at such a distance, is to attend him in the same affectionate manner? Can he shift for himself, especially without the language? who will take the trouble at Rome of assisting him, instructing him, pointing out to him what he should study? who will facilitate the means to him of gaining access to palaces and churches, and obtain permission for him to work there? I felt so much for the distresses he must undergo, that I could not see the benefits to accrue, and those eventual, as a compensation. Surely, Sir, it were better to place him here with some painter for a year or two. He does not seem to me to be grounded enough for such an expedition.

I will beg to know how I may convey my *Richard* to you, which will be published to-morrow fortnight. I do not wonder you could not guess the discovery I have made. It is one of the most marvellous that ever was made. In short, it is the original Coronation Roll of Richard the Third, by which it appears that very magnificent robes were ordered for Edward the Fifth, and that he did, or was to have walked at his uncle's coronation. The most valuable monument is in the Great Wardrobe. It is not, though the most extraordinary, the only thing that will surprise

you in my work. But I will not anticipate what little amusement you may find there. I am, Sir, &c.

## 1201. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR,

Arlington Street, Feb. 1, 1768.

I have waited for the impression of my *Richard*, to send you the whole parcel together. This moment I have conveyed to Mr. Cartwright a large bundle for you, containing *Richard the Third*, the four volumes of the new edition of the *Anecdotes*, and six prints of your relation Tuer. You will find his head very small: but the original was too inconsiderable to allow it to be larger. I have sent you no Patagonians<sup>1</sup>, for they are out of print, I have only my own copy, and could not get another. Pray tell me how, or what you heard of it, and tell me sincerely, for I did not know it had made any noise.

I shall be much obliged to you for the extract relating to the Academy of which a Walpole<sup>2</sup> was President. I doubt if he was of our branch, and rather think he was of the younger and Roman Catholic branch.

Are you reconciled to your new habitation? Don't you find it too damp? and if you do, don't deceive yourself, and try to surmount it; but remove immediately. Health is the most important of all considerations.

Adieu! dear Sir.

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

LETTER 1201.—<sup>1</sup> *An Account of the Giants lately discovered; in a letter to a Friend in the Country*, a political squib by Horace Walpole, published in August 1768.

<sup>2</sup> Richard (1564–1607), son of Christopher Walpole, of Docking and of Anmer Hall, Norfolk; a Jesuit, and Rector of the Colleges of Valladolid (1592) and of Seville (1593).

## 1202. TO LORD HAILES.

Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1768.

I HAVE sent to Mr. Cadell my *Historic Doubts*, Sir, for you. I hope they may draw forth more materials, which I shall be very ready either to subscribe to or adopt. In this view I must beg you, Sir, to look into Speed's History of England, and in his account of Perkin Warbeck you will find Bishop Leslie<sup>1</sup> often quoted. May I trouble you to ask, to what work that alludes, and whether in print or MS.? Bishop Leslie lived under Queen Elizabeth, and though he could know nothing of Perkin Warbeck, was yet near enough to the time to have had much better materials than we have. May I ask, too, if Perkin Warbeck's proclamation exists anywhere authentically? You will see in my book the reason of all these questions.

I am so much hurried with it just now, that you will excuse my being so brief. I can attribute to nothing but the curiosity of the subject, the great demand for it; though it was sold publicly but yesterday, and twelve hundred and fifty copies were printed, Dodsley has been with me this morning to tell me he must prepare another edition directly. I am, Sir, &c.

## 1203. TO THOMAS GRAY.

Arlington Street, Feb. 18, 1768.

You have sent me a long and very obliging letter, and yet I am extremely out of humour with you. I saw *Poems* by Mr. Gray advertised: I called directly at Dodsley's to know if this was to be more than a new edition? He was

LETTER 1202.—<sup>1</sup> John Leslie (1527–1596), Bishop of Ross, author of a *History of Scotland*, first published in 1880.



not at home himself, but his foreman told me he thought there were some new pieces, and notes to the whole. It was very unkind, not only to go out of town without mentioning them to me, without showing them to me, but not to say a word of them in this letter<sup>1</sup>. Do you think I am indifferent, or not curious about what you write? I have ceased to ask you, because you have so long refused to show me anything. You could not suppose I thought that you never write. No; but I concluded you did not intend, at least yet, to publish what you had written. As you did intend it, I might have expected a month's preference. You will do me the justice to own that I had always rather have seen your writings than have shown you mine; which you know are the most hasty trifles in the world, and which, though I may be fond of the subject when fresh, I constantly forget in a very short time after they are published. This would sound like affectation to others, but will not to you. It would be affected, even to you, to say I am indifferent to fame. I certainly am not, but I am indifferent to almost anything I have done to acquire it. The greater part are mere compilations; and no wonder they are, as you say, incorrect, when they are commonly written with people in the room, as *Richard* and the *Noble*

LETTER 1203.—<sup>1</sup> 'To your friendly accusation, I am glad I can plead not guilty with a safe conscience. Dodsley told me in the spring that the plates from Mr. Bentley's designs were worn out, and he wanted to have them copied and reduced to a smaller scale for a new edition. I dissuaded him from so silly an expense, and desired he would put in no ornaments at all. The *Long Story* was to be totally omitted, as its only use (that of explaining the prints) was gone: but to supply the place of it in bulk, lest *my works* should be mistaken for the works of a flea, or a pismire, I promised to

send him an equal weight of poetry or prose: so since my return hither, I put up about two ounces of stuff; viz. *The Fatal Sisters*, *The Descent of Odin* (of both which you have copies), a bit of something from the Welsh, and certain little notes, partly from justice (to acknowledge the debt, where I had borrowed anything), partly from ill-temper, just to tell the gentle reader that Edward I was not Oliver Cromwell, nor Queen Elizabeth the Witch of Endor. This is literally all; and with all this I shall be but a shrimp of an author.' Gray to Walpole, Feb. 25, 1768.

*Authors* were. But I doubt there is a more intrinsic fault in them ; which is, that I cannot correct them. If I write tolerably, it must be at once ; I can neither mend nor add. The articles of Lord Capel <sup>2</sup> and Lord Peterborough, in the second edition of the *Noble Authors*, cost me more trouble than all the rest together : and you may perceive that the worst part of *Richard*, in point of ease and style, is what relates to the papers you gave me on Jane Shore, because it was tacked on so long afterwards, and when my impetus was chilled. If some time or other you will take the trouble of pointing out the inaccuracies of it, I shall be much obliged to you : at present I shall meddle no more with it. It has taken its fate : nor did I mean to complain. I found it was condemned indeed beforehand, which was what I alluded to. \* Since publication (as has happened to me before) the success has gone beyond my expectation.

Not only at Cambridge, but here, there have been people wise enough to think me too free with the King of Prussia ! A newspaper has talked of my known inveteracy to him. Truly, I love him as well as I do most kings. The greater offence is my reflection on Lord Clarendon. It is forgotten that I had overpraised him before. Pray turn to the new State Papers, from which, *it is said*, he composed his History. You will find they are the papers from which he did *not* compose his History. And yet I admire my Lord Clarendon more than these pretended admirers do. But I do not intend to justify myself. I can as little satisfy those who complain that I do not let them know what *really did* happen. If this inquiry can ferret out any truth, I shall be glad. I have picked up a few more circumstances. I now want to know what Perkin Warbeck's proclamation <sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Arthur Capel (1604-1649), first Baron Capel, beheaded a few weeks after Charles I.

<sup>3</sup> Gray writes thus of Leslie in his

letter to Walpole of Feb. 25, 1768 :—  
'He has preserved no proclamation : he only puts a short speech into Perkin's mouth, the substance of

was, which Speed in his History says is preserved by Bishop Leslie. If you look in Speed perhaps you will be able to assist me.

The Duke of Richmond and Lord Lyttelton agree with you, that I have not disculpated Richard of the murder of Henry VI. I own to you, it is the crime of which in my own mind I believe him most guiltless. Had I thought he committed it, I should never have taken the trouble to apologize for the rest. I am not at all positive or obstinate on your other objections, nor know exactly what I believe on many points of this story. And I am so sincere, that, except a few notes hereafter, I shall leave the matter to be settled or discussed by others. As you have written much too little, I have written a great deal too much, and think only of finishing the two or three other things I have begun—and of those, nothing but the last volume of *Painters* is designed for the present public. What has one to do when turned fifty, but really think of *finishing*?

I am much obliged and flattered by Mr. Mason's approbation, and particularly by having had almost the same thought with him. I said, 'People need not be angry at my excusing Richard; I have not diminished their fund of hatred, I have only transferred it from Richard to Henry.' Well, but I have found you close with Mason—No doubt, cry prating I, something will come out<sup>4</sup>.—Oh no—leave us, both of you, to *Amabellas*<sup>5</sup> and *Epistles to Ferney*<sup>6</sup>, that give Voltaire an account of his own tragedies, to Macarony fables that are more unintelligible than Pilpay's are in the original, to Mr. Thornton's<sup>7</sup> hurdy-gurdy poetry, and to

which is taken by Speed . . . the whole matter is treated by Leslie very concisely and superficially.'

<sup>4</sup> 'I found him close with Swift—  
Indeed?—No doubt,  
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out.'

Pope's *Epistle to Arbuthnot*. Walpole.

<sup>5</sup> *Amabella*, a poem by Edward Jerningham (1727-1812).

<sup>6</sup> *Ferney, an Epistle to M. de Voltaire*, by George Keate (1729-1797).

<sup>7</sup> Bonnell Thornton (1724-1768), author of a burlesque *Ode on St.*

Mr. —, who has imitated himself worse than any fop in a magazine would have done. In truth, if you should abandon us, I could not wonder.—When Garrick's prologues and epilogues, his own *Cymons*<sup>8</sup> and farces, and the comedies of the fools that pay court to him, are the delight of the age, it does not deserve anything better.

Pray read the new *Account of Corsica*<sup>9</sup>. What relates to Paoli<sup>10</sup> will amuse you much. There is a deal about the island and its divisions that one does not care a straw for. The author, Boswell, is a strange being, and, like Cambridge, has a rage of knowing anybody that ever was talked of. He forced himself upon me at Paris in spite of my teeth and my doors, and I see has given a foolish account of all he could pick up from me about King Theodore. He then took an antipathy to me on Rousseau's account, abused me in the newspapers, and exhorted Rousseau to do so too: but as he came to see me no more, I forgave all the rest. I see he now is a little sick of Rousseau himself; but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me. However, his book will, I am sure, entertain you.

I will add but a word or two more. I am criticized for the expression *tinker up* in the preface. Is this one of those that you object to? I own I think such a low expression, placed to ridicule an absurd instance of wise folly, very forcible. Replace it with an elevated word or phrase, and to my conception it becomes as flat as possible.

George Selwyn says I may, if I please, write Historic Doubts on the present Duke of G. too. Indeed, they would be doubts, for I know nothing certainly<sup>11</sup>.

*Cecilia's Day*, adapted to the *Antient British Musick: the Salt Box, the Jew's Harp, the Marrow Bones and Cleavers, the Hum-Strum or Hurdy-Gurdy, &c.* (London, 1768).

<sup>8</sup> *Cymon*, a Dramatic Romance, produced at Drury Lane in 1767.

<sup>9</sup> *Account of Corsica*, by James Boswell (1740–1795).

<sup>10</sup> Paschal Paoli (1725–1807), leader of the Corsicans in their struggles for independence.

<sup>11</sup> Horace Walpole alludes here to the relations of his niece, the Dowager





*William Henry, Duke of Gloucester*  
*from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds P.R.A. 1.*



Will you be so kind as to look into *Leslie De Rebus Scotorum*, and see if Perkin's proclamation is there, and if there, how authenticated? You will find in Speed my reason for asking this. I have written in such a hurry, I believe you will scarce be able to read my letter—and as I have just been writing French, perhaps the sense may not be clearer than the writing. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

# 1204. TO THE DUCHESSE DE CHOISEUL.

De Londres, ce 23 Février 1768.

AH, Madame, que vous m'avez comblé de surprise, de joie et de reconnaissance, et cependant que je suis mécontent! Votre petite-fille<sup>1</sup> qui cherche toujours à faire adorer vos bontés, m'avait annoncé, par M. l'Ambassadeur, le tableau<sup>2</sup> qu'il m'apportait, en m'ordonnant de l'envoyer demander au moment de son arrivée. Jugez de mon impatience, Madame, et de ma mortification en apprenant que ce cher tableau était déposé à Calais. Ce délai augmentait la per-

Countess Waldegrave, with the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III. Lady Waldegrave had in fact been privately married to the Duke on Sept. 6, 1766, but by the Duke's desire, the marriage was not publicly acknowledged until 1772. When the Duke first distinguished Lady Waldegrave by his attentions, Horace Walpole expressed to his niece his strong disapproval of the connection. This, and his refusal to meet the Duke, caused a breach of Walpole's friendship with Lady Waldegrave until after the public announcement of her marriage.

LETTER 1204. — Not in C.; now first printed from copy (in the handwriting of Wiart, secretary of Mme. du Deffand) in possession of Mr. W. R.

Parker-Jervia.

<sup>1</sup> Mme. du Deffand, who called herself the grandchild of the Duchesse.

<sup>2</sup> A 'washed drawing' representing 'Madame la Marquise du Deffand, and the Duchesse de Choiseul giving her a doll, which the former, who was blind, holds out her hands to receive; alluding to her calling the Duchesse *Grand'maman*. Every part of the room is exactly represented, and Mme. du Deffand most exactly like, which the Duchesse is not; by M. de Carmontel, a gentleman belonging to the Duke of Orléans, who has done in the same manner most of the court of France.' (*Description of Strawberry Hill*.)

suasion où j'ai été qu'au moins après quelques jours (mais quels jours !) je vous retrouverais exactement comme ma très fidèle mémoire vous conserve trait pour trait.

Enfin, ce jour tant désiré arrive. Je déchire le ballot, plutôt que je ne l'ouvre ! Oh ! ma chère Grand'maman, je tombe des nues ; je n'aurais pas été plus pétrifié en y trouvant ma véritable aïeule ; il n'a pas la moindre ressemblance. Non, non, il n'a que le souvenir de la grâce que vous avez bien voulu me faire qui reste et qui m'empêche de me désespérer ; grâce si inattendue, et que jamais je n'aurais eu la présomption de demander. M. de Carmontel où a-t-il pris que vous avez une figure comme le reste du monde ? Je crois que s'il avait à peindre votre âme il ne la peindrait pas plus belle que celle de Marc-Aurèle. Que lui avez-vous fait, Madame, vous qui n'avez fait de mal à personne ? Et de ce que vous ne vous souciez pas de votre figure, lui est-il permis de n'y prendre pas garde ? J'aurais beau faire, si nous étions aux temps de la chevalerie, de promener ce joli portrait par tous les pays de la terre, pour faire avouer que vous êtes la plus parfaite personne du monde. Le premier géant de rencontre se moquerait de moi, et ce ne serait qu'après l'avoir vaincu et envoyé vous baiser la main à Paris, qu'il conviendrait que j'eusse raison.

Mr. le Duc de Bedford qui était au comble de sa joie d'avoir regagné la vue quand je lui ai annoncé le charmant portrait qui devait m'arriver, croira qu'on ne lui a pas fait l'opération tout de bon. Et pour votre amie Milady Charlotte<sup>3</sup>, il faudra absolument, à cette heure, que votre voyage en Angleterre ait lieu, pour la persuader que vous n'êtes pas devenue actuellement grand'mère ! Oh ! Madame,

<sup>3</sup> Lady Charlotte Burgoyne, wife of the general of that name. The Burgoynes lived for some years in

a little house near Chanteloup, the country seat of the Duc de Choiseul.



il n'y a que le premier pas vers cet évènement qui pourrait me consoler du changement qu'a opéré cet abominable M. de Carmontel. Mais non, Madame, vous n'êtes point changée, témoin la grâce de votre intention. Les peintres n'ont point de pouvoir sur ma reconnaissance, qui vous voit telle que vous êtes. Elle retouche le tableau et vous rend toutes les grâces.

Eût-il réussi comme au portrait de Madame du Deffand, encore y manquerait-il ce que j'eusse cherché inutilement ; l'éloquence, l'élégance, la saine raison, la bonté, l'humilité, et l'affabilité, sont-elles du ressort de la peinture ? Voilà ce que vous eussiez possédé, Madame, avec une figure toute comme celle du tableau ; cependant tout n'est pas perdu. Sous le joli badinage de la poupée on découvre cette unique duchesse, femme de premier ministre, qui quitte les plaisirs et la grandeur pour amuser les tristes moments d'une digne amie. Voilà cette âme qui en dépit de la maladresse du peintre se peint elle-même. Voilà d'où vient, Madame, que j'adore ce précieux monument de votre bon cœur. Voilà d'où vient que je dis et que je dirai toujours, je suis content.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Madame la Duchesse, votre très reconnaissant et très fidèle serviteur,

H. WALPOLE.

1205. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 26, 1768.

My list of dates tells me I ought to write to you, as it is above a month since I did. As nothing of any importance has happened, I missed the fit. The House of Commons has been employed in ferreting out bribery and corruption, and punishing some borough-jobbers and the

Corporation of Oxford<sup>1</sup>, who rather deserved thanks for not having taken the money for themselves. Then we had a flaming bill<sup>2</sup> proposed, equal to the Self-denying Ordinance of last century; and, as if Satan himself had drawn it, the only result would have been perjury; but we had the grace not to swallow it. The opposition picked up spirits and plumped up their minority; but pushing their advantages too warmly, they fell on a jovial parson who was supported by the Treasury, and accused by one old sinner much worse than himself, and so sitting till past one in the morning, the minority was again reduced to 39 against 155<sup>3</sup>. This blow will probably put an end to the campaign and to the Parliament—a Parliament for ever memorable; but you will excuse me from writing their panegyric! Old Mr. Onslow, the last Speaker, did not live to see their exit; and when they meet, I believe he will not regret that he had nothing to do with them. His death was long, and dreadfully painful, but he supported his agony with great patience, dignity, good humour, and even good breeding.

Monsieur du Châtelet<sup>4</sup> is at last arrived, and is to be

LETTER 1205.—<sup>1</sup> The Mayor and Aldermen of Oxford offered to re-elect their members if the latter would engage to pay the debts of the Corporation, amounting to seven thousand five hundred pounds. The matter was laid before the House of Commons. The Mayor and Aldermen were committed to Newgate for five days. On their discharge they were reprimanded by the Speaker at the bar of the House.

<sup>2</sup> Beckford, on Jan. 20, moved for leave to bring in a bill to oblige members of Parliament to swear that they had not bribed their electors.

<sup>3</sup> 'One Fonnereau, a peevish man, who had all his life been a court tool, complained that Chauncy Townshend, a brother-dependant, but more favoured, had so much interest with

the ministers, that one Bennet, parson of Aldborough, and attached to Townshend, had vaunted that he could obtain the dismissal of any officer of the revenue who should vote for Fonnereau.' Grenville and others insisted on an inquiry into the matter. Bennet was called to the bar of the House of Commons. In the course of the inquiry 'it came out that [Fonnereau] had not only been more criminal than the clergyman, but for a series of years had established and profited of ministerial influence in the borough in question . . . the parson was acquitted by 155 to 39.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. iii. pp. 112 and 114.)

<sup>4</sup> Louis Marie François, Marquis (afterwards Duc) du Châtelet d'Ha-

very sumptuous and magnificent. The ambassadress, I believe, will not come till the autumn. Lord Cathcart has kissed hands for Russia, in the room of Sir George Macartney, who has married Lord Bute's second daughter, and is to be in Parliament.

We are drowning again for the second winter, and hear of nothing but floods and desolation: but, come! I will not look for such common news to fill up my letter, but tell you a short story, and bid you good night. Last Monday there was at court a sea-captain who has been prisoner at Algiers. He was complaining how cruelly he had been used. They asked how? 'Why,' said he, 'you see I am not strong, and could do no hard labour, and so they put me to hatch eggs;' but his greatest grievance was, that, when he had hatched a brood, they took away his chickens. Did you ever hear of a more tender-hearted old hen? I laughed till I cried. Adieu!

### 1206. TO THOMAS GRAY.

Arlington Street, Friday night, Feb. 26.

I PLAGUE you to death, but I must reply a few more words. I shall be very glad to see in print, and to have those that are worthy see your ancient odes; but I was in hopes there were some pieces, too, that I had not seen. I am sorry there are not.

I troubled you about Perkin's proclamation, because Mr. Hume lays great stress upon it, and insists, that if Perkin affirmed his brother was killed, it must have been true, if he was true Duke of York. Mr. Hume would have persuaded me that the proclamation is in Stowe, but I can find no such thing there; nor, what is more, in Casley's<sup>1</sup>

rancourt, French Ambassador in London; d. 1793. His wife was of the De Rochechouart family.

LETTER 1206. — <sup>1</sup> David Casley, author of a *Catalogue of MSS. of the King's Library* (1734).

*Catalogue*, which I have twice looked over carefully. I wrote to Sir David Dalrymple in Scotland, to inquire after it, because I would produce it if I could, though it should make against me: but he, I believe, thinking I inquired with the contrary view, replied very drily, that it was published at York, and was not to be found in Scotland. Whether he is displeased that I have plucked a hair from the tresses of their great historian<sup>2</sup>, or whether, as I suspect, he is offended for King William; this reply was all the notice he took of my letter and book. I only smiled; as I must do when I find one party is angry with me on King William's, and the other on Lord Clarendon's account.

The answer advertised is Guthrie's<sup>3</sup>, who is furious that I have taken no notice of *his* History. I shall take as little of his pamphlet; but his end will be answered, if he sells that and one or two copies of his History. Mr. Hume, I am told, has drawn up an answer, too, which I shall see, and, if I can, will get him to publish; for, if I should ever choose to say anything more on this subject, I had rather reply to him than to hackney-writers: to the latter, indeed, I never will reply. A few notes I have to add that will be very material; and I wish to get some account of a book that was once sold at Osborn's, that exists perhaps at Cambridge, and of which I found a memorandum t'other day in my note-book. It is called *A Paradox, or Apology for Richard the Third*, by Sir William Cornwallis<sup>4</sup>. If you will discover it, I should be much obliged to you.

Lord Sandwich, with whom I have not exchanged a

<sup>2</sup> Bishop Leslie.

<sup>3</sup> William Guthrie (1708-1770), author of *Histories of England and Scotland*.

<sup>4</sup> Sir William Cornwallis, Knight,

author of *Essays on certain Paradoxes*, one of which is entitled *The Praise of King Richard III*. Cornwallis died about 1681.



syllable since the general warrants, very obligingly sent me an account of the Roll at Kimbolton; and has since, at my desire, borrowed it for me and sent it to town. It is as long as my Lord Lyttelton's History; but by what I can read of it (for it is both ill-written and much decayed), it is not a roll of kings, but of all that have been possessed of, or been Earls of Warwick: or have not—for one of the first earls is *Æneas*. How, or wherefore, I do not know, but amongst the first is Richard the Third, in whose reign it was finished, and with whom it concludes. He is there again with his wife and son, and Edward the Fourth, and Clarence<sup>5</sup> and his wife, and Edward their son (who unluckily is a little old man), and Margaret Countess of Salisbury, their daughter.—But why do I say with these? There is everybody else too—and what is most meritorious, the habits of all the times are admirably well observed from the most savage ages. Each figure is tricked with a pen, well drawn, but neither coloured nor shaded. Richard is straight, but thinner than my print; his hair short, and exactly curled in the same manner; not so handsome as mine, but what one might really believe intended for the same countenance, as drawn by a different painter, especially when so small; for the figures in general are not so long as one's finger. His Queen is ugly, and with just such a square forehead as in my print, but I cannot say like it. Nor, indeed, where forty-five figures out of fifty (I have not counted the number) must have been imaginary, can one lay great stress on the five. I shall, however, have these figures copied, especially as I know of no other image of the son. Mr. Astle is to come to me to-morrow morning to explain the writing.

<sup>5</sup> George Plantagenet (1449-1478), Duke of Clarence, brother of King Edward IV; m. (1469) Lady Isabel Nevill, eldest daughter of Richard

Nevill, Earl of Warwick and Salisbury. Their son was Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick and Salisbury, beheaded in 1499.

I wish you had told me in what age your Franciscan friars lived; and what the passage in Comines is. I am very ready to make *amende honorable*. Thank you for the notes on the *Noble Authors*. They shall be inserted when I make a new edition, for the sake of the trouble the person has taken, though they are of little consequence. Dodsley has asked me for a new edition; but I have had little heart to undertake such work, no more than to mend my old linen. It is pity one cannot be born an ancient, and have commentators to do such jobs for one! Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Saturday morning.

On reading over your letter again this morning, I do find the age in which the friars lived—I read and write in such a hurry, that I think I neither know what I read or say.

#### 1207. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 8, 1768.

I FIND by your letter and by what Mr. Mackenzie has told me himself within these two days, that he has gone farther and let you more into the affair than I chose to do; and I will tell you why I did not. I set no value on the *promise* of a favour; and I hold a disappointment more grievous than expectation pleasing. But since you know so much, I will tell you all. On Mr. Mackenzie's suggestion, I prevailed on Mr. Conway to make your riband his request, when he resigned the Seals. The King received it most graciously, and granted the request. But as I found no time fixed, and know how often old promises are superseded by new, I thought best to say nothing of the matter, till I could tell you the affair was completed. When that

will be, the Lord knows. By the delay, I suppose not till there are more vacant to bestow. Mr. Mackenzie says he has again spoke to the Duke of Grafton, who says he looks upon your riband as settled. Still I advise you not to be too sanguine, nor to mention it where you are, as you would be mortified, if any accident should prevent the accomplishment.

I do think that you sent me the account of the statues; I will look for it at Strawberry, where it must be if I have it; and where it must be if I ever had it.

Our and my last Parliament will be dissolved the day after to-morrow. I do not know a single syllable of other political news.

Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury have had a signal escape—I was going to say, but attended with shocking circumstances, but, as I was writing the preceding words, my footman is come in, and says the affair is discovered. In short, last Wednesday, they were waked at six in the morning with an alarm that the house was on fire. It was so; a new library, just finished, was in flames. Many of the books are destroyed, many damaged; pictures burnt, and some papers, and nine hundred pounds in bank-notes, gone; all appearances of a robbery attempted to be concealed by setting fire to the room in three places. Thus, the suspicion fell on a set of old and faithful servants. I now hear that the assassin is discovered, and is a servant of the Duke of Richmond. I know no more yet. Adieu! I must go and inquire; for they have been in miserable suspense, and the whole town has been blaming him and her, because they would not believe it could be done by their own servants.

## 1208. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, March 12, 1768.

THE house, &c., described in the enclosed advertisement I should think might suit you; I am sure its being in my neighbourhood would make me glad, if it did. I know no more than what you will find in this scrap of paper, nor what the rent is, nor whether it has a chamber as big as Westminster Hall; but as you have flown about the world, and are returned to your ark without finding a place to rest your foot, I should think you might as well inquire about the house I notify to you, as set out with your caravan to Greatworth, like a Tartar chief; especially as the laws of this country will not permit you to stop in the first meadow you like, and turn your horses to grazing, without saying *by your leave*.

As my senatorial dignity is gone, and the sight of my name is no longer worth threepence, I shall not put you to the expense of a cover, and I hope the advertisement will not be taxed, as I seal it to the paper. In short, I retain so much iniquity from the last infamous Parliament, that you see I would still cheat the public. The comfort I feel in sitting peaceably here, instead of being at Lynn in the high fever of a contested election, which at best would end in my being carried about that large town like the figure of a pope at a bonfire, is very great. I do not think, when that function is over, that I shall repent my resolution. What could I see, but sons and grandsons playing over the same knaveries, that I have seen their fathers and grandfathers act? Could I hear oratory beyond my Lord Chatham's? Will there ever be parts equal to Charles Townshend's? Will George Grenville cease to be the most tiresome of beings? Will he not be constantly



whining, and droning, and interrupting, like a cigale in a sultry day in Italy.

Guthrie has published two criticisms on my *Richard*; one abusive in the *Critical Review*; t'other very civil and even flattering in a pamphlet—both so stupid and contemptible, that I rather prefer the first, as making some attempt at vivacity; but in point of argument, nay, and of humour, at which he makes an effort too, both things are below scorn. As an instance of the former, he says, the Duke of Clarence might die of drinking sack, and so be said to be drowned in a butt of malmsey! of the latter sort, are his calling the Lady Bridget<sup>1</sup> *Lady Biddy*, and the Duke of York *poor little fellow*! I will weary you with no more such stuff!

The weather is so very March, that I cannot enjoy my new holidays at Strawberry yet. I sit reading and writing close to the fire.

Sterne has published two little volumes, called *Sentimental Travels*. They are very pleasing, though too much dilated, and infinitely preferable to his tiresome *Tristram Shandy*, of which I never could get through three volumes. In these there is great good nature and strokes of delicacy. Gray has added to his poems three ancient Odes<sup>2</sup>, from Norway and Wales. The subjects of the two first are grand and picturesque, and there is *his* genuine vein in them; but they are not interesting, and do not, like his other poems, touch any passion. Our human feelings, which he masters at will in his former pieces, are here not affected. Who can care through what horrors a Runic savage arrived at all the joys and glories they could conceive, the supreme felicity of boozing ale out of the skull of an enemy in Odin's hall?—

LETTER 1208.—<sup>1</sup> Fourth daughter of King Edward IV. She became a nun.

<sup>2</sup> *The Fatal Sisters*, *The Descent of Odin*, and *The Triumphs of Owen*.

Oh, yes, just now perhaps these Odes would be tasted at many a contested election. Adieu !

Yours ever,  
H. W.

1209. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Thursday, March 31, 1768.

I HAVE received your letter, with the extract of that from Mr. Mackenzie. You know it was not agreeable to my opinion that you should hear of the new promise, because when it is not immediately executed, I look upon it as little preferable to an old one, and because I thought it would be raising the quicksilver of your impatience unnecessarily. I do not think any honours will be bestowed yet. The peerages are all postponed to an indefinite time. If you are in a violent hurry, you may petition the ghosts of your neighbours—Masaniello and the Gracchi. The spirit of one of them walks here ; nay, I saw it go by my window yesterday, at noon, in a hackney chair.

Friday.

I was interrupted yesterday. The ghost is laid for a time in a red sea of port and claret. This spectre is the famous Wilkes. He appeared the moment the Parliament was dissolved. The ministry despised him. He stood for the City of London, and was the last on the poll of seven candidates, none but the mob, and most of them without votes, favouring him. He then offered himself to the county of Middlesex. The election came on last Monday. By five in the morning a very large body of weavers, &c., took possession of Piccadilly, and the roads and turnpikes leading to Brentford, and would suffer nobody to pass without blue cockades, and papers inscribed '*No. 45, Wilkes and Liberty.*' They tore to pieces the coaches of

Sir W. Beauchamp Proctor, and Mr. Cooke, the other candidates, though the latter was not there, but in bed with the gout, and it was with difficulty that Sir William and Mr. Cooke's cousin got to Brentford. There, however, lest it should be declared a void election, Wilkes had the sense to keep everything quiet. But, about five, Wilkes being considerably ahead of the other two, his mob returned to town and behaved outrageously. They stopped every carriage, scratched and spoilt several with writing all over them 'No. 45,' pelted, threw dirt and stones, and forced everybody to huzza for Wilkes. I did but cross Piccadilly at eight, in my coach with a French Monsieur d'Angeul, whom I was carrying to Lady Hertford's; they stopped us, and bid us huzza. I desired him to let down the glass on his side, but, as he was not alert, they broke it to shatters. At night they insisted, in several streets, on houses being illuminated, and several Scotch refusing, had their windows broken. Another mob rose in the City, and Harley, the present mayor, being another Sir William Walworth, and having acted formerly and now with great spirit against Wilkes, and the Mansion House not being illuminated, and he out of town, they broke every window, and tried to force their way into the house. The trained bands were sent for, but did not suffice. At last a party of Guards from the Tower, and some lights erected, dispersed the tumult. At one in the morning a riot began before Lord Bute's house, in Audley Street, though illuminated. They flung two large flints into Lady Bute's chamber, who was in bed, and broke every window in the house. Next morning, Wilkes and Cooke were returned members. The day was very quiet, but at night they rose again, and obliged almost every house in town to be lighted up, even the Duke of Cumberland's and Princess Amelia's. About one o'clock they marched to the Duchess of Hamilton's in

Argyle Buildings (Lord Lorn<sup>1</sup> being in Scotland). She was obstinate, and would not illuminate, though with child, and, as they hope, of an heir to the family, and with the Duke, her son<sup>2</sup>, and the rest of her children in the house. There is a small court and parapet wall before the house: they brought iron crows, tore down the gates, pulled up the pavement, and battered the house for three hours. They could not find the key of the back door, nor send for any assistance. The night before, they had obliged the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland to give them beer, and appear at the windows, and drink 'Wilkes's health.' They stopped and opened the coach of Count Seilern, the Austrian ambassador, who has made a formal complaint, on which the Council met on Wednesday night, and were going to issue a proclamation, but hearing all was quiet, and that only a few houses were illuminated in Leicester Fields from the terror of the inhabitants, a few constables were sent with orders to extinguish the lights, and not the smallest disorder has happened since. In short, it has ended like other election riots, and with not a quarter of the mischief that has been done in some other towns.

There are, however, difficulties to come. Wilkes has notified that he intends to surrender himself to his outlawry, the beginning of next term, which comes on the 17th of this month. There is said to be a flaw in the proceedings, in which case his election will be good, though the King's Bench may fine or imprison him on his former sentence. In my own opinion, the House of Commons is the place where he can do the least hurt, for he is a wretched speaker, and will sink to contempt, like Admiral Vernon, who I remember just such an illuminated hero,

LETTER 1209.—<sup>1</sup> John Campbell, Lord Lorn, eldest son of John, Duke of Argyll, and second husband of the celebrated beauty, Elizabeth Gun-

ning, Duchess Dowager of Hamilton. *Walpole.*

<sup>2</sup> Duke of Hamilton, her son by her first husband. *Walpole.*



with two birthdays in one year. You will say, he can write better than Vernon—true; and therefore his case is more desperate. Besides, Vernon was rich: Wilkes is undone; and, though he has had great support, his patrons will be sick of maintaining him. He must either sink to poverty and a jail, or commit new excesses, for which he will get knocked on the head. The Scotch are his implacable enemies to a man. A Rienzi<sup>3</sup> cannot stop: their histories are summed up in two words—a triumph and an assassination.

I must finish, for Lord Hertford is this moment come in, and insists on my dining with the Prince of Monaco, who is come over to thank the King for the presents his Majesty sent him on his kindness and attention to the late Duke of York. You shall hear the suite of the above histories, which I sit quietly and look at, having nothing more to do with the storm, and sick of politics, but as a spectator, while they pass over the stage of the world. Adieu!

#### 1210. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, April 15, 1768.

MR. CHUTE tells me that you have taken a new house in Squireland, and have given yourself up for two years more to port and parsons. I am very angry, and resign you to the works of the devil or the Church, I don't care which. You will get the gout, turn Methodist, and expect to ride to heaven upon your own great toe. I was happy with your telling me how well you love me, and though I don't love loving, I could have poured out all the fullness of my heart to such an old and true friend—but what am I the better for it, if I am to see you but two or three days in the year? I thought you would at last come and while away the

<sup>3</sup> Nicolo Rienzi, a famous demagogue at Rome. *Walpole*.

remainder of life on the banks of the Thames in gaiety and old tales. I have quitted the stage, and the Clive is preparing to leave it<sup>1</sup>. We shall neither of us ever be grave: dowagers roost all around us, and you could never want cards or mirth. Will you end like a fat farmer, repeating annually the price of oats, and discussing stale newspapers? There have you got, I hear, into an old gallery, that has not been glazed since Queen Elizabeth, and under the nose of an infant Duke and Duchess<sup>2</sup>, that will understand you no more than if you wore a ruff and a coif, and talk to them of a call of serjeants the year of the Spanish Armada! Your wit and humour will be as much lost upon them, as if you talked the dialect of Chaucer: for with all the divinity of wit, it grows out of fashion like a fardingale. I am convinced that the young men at White's already laugh at George Selwyn's *bons mots* only by tradition. I avoid talking before the youth of the age as I would dancing before them; for if one's tongue don't move in the steps of the day, and thinks to please by its old graces, it is only an object of ridicule, like Mrs. Hobart<sup>3</sup> in her cotillon. I tell you we should get together, and comfort ourselves with reflecting on the brave days that we have known—not that I think people were a jot more clever or wise in our youth than they are now; but as my system is always to live in a vision as much as I can, and as visions don't increase with years, there is nothing so natural as to think one remembers what one does not remember.

I have finished my tragedy<sup>4</sup>, but as you would not bear the subject, I will say no more of it, but that Mr. Chute,

LETTER 1210.—<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Clive retired in April 1769.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, who had a seat at Adderbury in Oxfordshire.

<sup>3</sup> Albinia (d. 1816), daughter of Lord Verq Bertie, son of first Duke

of Ancaster; m. (1757) Hon. George Hobart, brother of second Earl of Buckinghamshire, whom he succeeded in 1793.

<sup>4</sup> *The Mysterious Mother*, of which fifty copies were printed at Strawberry Hill.

who is not easily pleased, likes it, and Gray, who is still more difficult, approves it. I am not yet intoxicated enough with it to think it would do for the stage, though I wish to see it acted; but, as Mrs. Pritchard leaves the stage next month, I know nobody could play the Countess; nor am I disposed to expose myself to the impertinences of that jackanapes Garrick, who lets nothing appear but his own wretched stuff, or that of creatures still duller, who suffer him to alter their pieces as he pleases. I have written an epilogue *in character* for the Clive, which she would speak admirably—but I am not so sure that she would like to speak it. Mr. Conway, Lady Ailesbury, Lady Lyttelton, and Miss Rich, are to come hither the day after to-morrow, and Mr. Conway and I are to read my play to them; for I have not strength enough to go through the whole alone.

My press is revived, and is printing a French play<sup>5</sup> written by the old Président Hénault. It was damned many years ago at Paris, and yet I think is better than some that have succeeded, and much better than any of *our* modern tragedies. I print it to please the old man, as he was exceedingly kind to me at Paris; but I doubt whether he will live till it is finished. He is to have a hundred copies, and there are to be but an hundred more, of which you shall have one.

Adieu! though I am very angry with you, I deserve all your friendship, by that I have for you, witness my anger and disappointment.

Yours ever,  
H. W.

P.S. Send me your new direction, and tell me when I must begin to use it.

<sup>5</sup> *Cornélie, Vestale: tragédie.*

## 1211. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

Strawberry Hill, April 16, 1768.

WELL, dear Sir, does your new habitation improve as the spring advances? There has been dry weather and east wind enough to drain and parch the fens. We find that the severe beginning of this last winter has made terrible havoc among the evergreens, though of old standing. Half my cypresses have been bewitched and turned into brooms, and the laurustinus is perished everywhere. I am Goth enough to choose now and then to believe in prognostics, and I hope this destruction imports, that, though foreigners should take root here, they cannot last in this climate. I would fain persuade myself that we are to be our own empire to eternity.

The Duke of Manchester has lent me an invaluable curiosity, I mean invaluable to us antiquaries—but perhaps I have already mentioned it to you, I forget whether I have or not. It is the original Roll of the Earls of Warwick, as long as my gallery, and drawn by John Rous<sup>1</sup> himself—ay, and what is more, there are portraits of Richard III, his Queen and son, the two former corresponding almost exactly with my print, and a panegyric on the virtues of Richard, and a satire, upwards and downwards, on the illegal marriage of Edward IV, and on the extortions of Henry VII. I have had these and seven other portraits copied, and shall, some time or other, give plates of them—but I wait for an excuse; I mean till Mr. Hume shall publish a few remarks he has made on my book—they are very far from substantial, yet still better than any other trash that has been written against it, nothing of which deserves an answer.

LETTER 1211.—<sup>1</sup> John Rous or Ross (d. 1491), priest of the chapel at Guy's Cliffe, near Warwick.



I have long had thoughts of drawing up something for London like St. Foix's<sup>2</sup> *Rues de Paris*, and have made some collections. I wish you would be so good, in the course of your reading, to mark down any passage to that end; as where any great houses of the nobility were situated, or in what street any memorable event happened. I fear the subject will not furnish much till later times, as our Princes kept their courts up and down the country in such a vagrant manner.

I expect Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason to pass the day with me here to-morrow. When I am more settled here, I shall put you in mind of your promise to bestow more than one day on me.

I hope the Methodist, your neighbour, does not, like his patriarch Whitfield, encourage the people to forge, murder, &c., in order to have the benefit of being converted at the gallows. That arch-rogué preached lately a funeral sermon on one Gibson<sup>3</sup>, hanged for forgery, and told his audience, that he could assure them Gibson was now in heaven, and that another fellow, executed at the same time, had the happiness of touching Gibson's coat as he was turned off. As little as you and I agree about an hundred years ago, I don't desire a reign of fanatics. Oxford has begun with these rascals, and I hope Cambridge will wake—I don't mean that I would have them persecuted, which is what they wish—but I would have the clergy fight them and ridicule them. Adieu! dear Sir.

Yours ever,  
H. W.

<sup>2</sup> Germain François Poullain de St. Foix (1703–1776), author of *Essais Historiques sur Paris*.

<sup>3</sup> James Gibson, executed at Tyburn on March 28, 1768.

## 1212. To THOMAS ASTLE.

DEAR SIR,

Arlington Street, April 22, 1768.

You was so good as to say you would procure a person for me, who could transcribe the inscriptions on the Duke of Manchester's Roll of the Earls of Warwick; but as you thought the expense would be considerable, I wish, Sir, I could see such a person, that I might know what he would ask for that work. I shall be much obliged to you, Sir, if you can send any such person to me, or will only inform me where I may meet with him. You will excuse, I hope, the trouble I give you, though it is not for myself, to whom you have always been most obliging.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

## 1213. To SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, April 23, 1768.

As Wednesday last was the great day of expectation when Mr. Wilkes was to, and did, make his appearance in the King's Bench, I ought to have told you the event by Friday's post; but, my dear Sir, I could tell you no event; nor was I in my life ever so puzzled to translate law into so much sense as would form a narrative. Would not one think that on so common an event as an outlawry and surrender, it must be as well known in Westminster Hall what is to be done, as a schoolboy knows he is to be whipt if he plays truant? No such matter! All the great lawyers in England are now disputing in barbarous Latin and half English,

LETTER 1212.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mr. F. Barker.

whether 'Wilkes' is 'Wilkes,' whether he can surrender himself when he does surrender, with twenty more questions equally absurd, with which they have puzzled themselves, and, by consequence, all England, and, by consequence, all Europe. There are, at least, two dozen French now writing from London to Paris, that the *capias utlegatum* was not taken out as it should have been, and that the *fiat* should have been issued, &c. Well, patience! Let us come to facts, if we cannot get at meaning.

On Wednesday all precautions were taken to prevent riots. Westminster Hall was garrisoned by constables, and Horse and Foot Guards were ready to support them.

Wilkes had applied to the Attorney-General<sup>1</sup> for a writ of error against his outlawry, which the Attorney had promised, as they say; but the night before had been overpersuaded by the Master of the Rolls<sup>2</sup> not to sign the *fiat*. Wilkes appeared according to promise. The Attorney-General moves to commit him. Lord Mansfield and the Judges of the King's Bench tell him the *capias utlegatum* should have been taken out, and, not having been, there was no such person as Mr. Wilkes before them; nay, that there was no such person, for, Mr. Wilkes being an outlaw, an *utlegatus* does not exist in the eye of the law. However, this *non entity* made a long speech, and abused the Chief Justice to his face, though they say, with great trembling—and then—why then?—one or two hallooed, and nobody answered, and Mr. Wilkes walked away, and the Judges went home to dinner, and a great crowd, for there was a vast crowd, though no mobbing, retired.

This passed on Wednesday; it is now Saturday night. Several *capias* issued, and the Lord Mayor has turned out some of the Sheriffs' officers for not apprehending Wilkes.

LETTER 1218.—<sup>1</sup> Sir William de Grey.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas Sewell.

In short, some are afraid ; more want to shift the unpopularity from their own shoulders to those of others ; Wilkes does not resist, but rather shifts his quarters, not being impatient to have his cause tried when he is on the wrong side of a prison. The people are disposed to be angry, but do not know wherefore, and the court had rather provocation was given than give it ; and so it is a kind of defensive war, that I believe will end with little bloodshed. At least, hitherto, it is so uninteresting, that I should not have studied it so much, but to try to explain it to you, as at such a distance you might think it more considerable. As I shall be in town to-morrow, and my letter cannot go away till Tuesday, I will tell you if I hear any more, though I am heartily tired of the subject, and very indifferent about the hero.

Tuesday, 26th.

I am not a jot wiser than I was. Wilkes has certainly played at hide and seek, and is heartily sick of his personage, and would fain make his peace, having the sense to see that he must fall at last. There was a great crowd at Westminster to-day, expecting his appearance, but I do not know whether he came or not, for I have not been abroad, nor seen anybody that could tell. *Ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius*, but not a Cromwell. Adieu !

1214. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Thursday, May 12, 1768.

You sit very much at your ease, my dear Sir, demanding ribands and settling the conveyance. We are a little more gravely employed. We are glad if we can keep our windows whole, or pass and repass unmolested. I call it reading history as one goes along the streets. Now we have a chapter of Clodius—now an episode of Prynne, and so on.



I do not love to think what the second volume must be of a flourishing nation running riot. You have my text; now for the application.

Wilkes, on the 27th of last month, was committed to the King's Bench. The mob would not suffer him to be carried thither, but took off the horses of his hackney-coach and drew him through the City to Cornhill. He there persuaded them to disperse, and then stole to the prison and surrendered himself. Last Saturday his cause was to be heard, but his counsel pleading against the validity of the outlawry, Lord Mansfield took time to consider, and adjourned the hearing till the beginning of next term, which is in June.

The day before yesterday the Parliament met. There have been constant crowds and mobbing at the prison, but, on Tuesday, they insisted on taking Wilkes out of prison and carrying him to Parliament. The tumult increased so fast, that the Riot Act was read, the soldiers fired, and a young man<sup>1</sup> was shot. The mob bore the body about the streets to excite more rage, and at night it went so far that four or five more persons were killed, and the uproar quashed, though they fired on the soldiers from the windows of houses. The partisans of Wilkes say the young man was running away, was pursued and killed; and the jury have brought it in wilful murder against the officer and men: so they must take their trials; and it makes their case very hard, and lays Government under great difficulties. On the other side, the young man is said to have been very riotous, and marked as such by the Guards. But this is not all. We have independent mobs, that have nothing to do with Wilkes, and who only take advantage of so favourable a season. The dearness of provisions incites, the hope of increase of wages allures, and drink puts them

LETTER 1214.—<sup>1</sup> His name was William Allen.

in motion. The coal-heavers began, and it is well it is not a hard frost, for they have stopped all coals coming to town. The sawyers rose too, and at last the sailors, who have committed great outrages on merchant ships, and prevented them from sailing. I just touch the heads, which would make a great figure if dilated in Baker's *Chronicle* among the calamities at the end of a reign. The last mob, however, took an extraordinary turn; for many thousand sailors came to petition the Parliament yesterday, but in the most respectful and peaceable manner; desired only to have their grievances examined; if reasonable, redressed; if not reasonable, they would be satisfied. Being told that their flags and colours, with which they paraded, were illegal, they cast them away. Nor was this all: they declared for the King and Parliament, and beat and drove away Wilkes's mob.

It is now Friday morning; everything was quiet yesterday. Lord Suffolk moved the Lords to address the King to confer some mark of favour on the Lord Mayor Harley, for his active and spirited behaviour. The Duke of Grafton answered that it was intended; and the House were very zealous. I hope neither the King of Westminster nor the King of London will think of the red riband!

I wish with all my heart I may have no more to tell you of riots; not that I ever think them very serious things, but just to the persons on whom the storm bursts. But I pity poor creatures who are deluded to their fate, and fall by gin or faction, when they have not a real grievance to complain of, but what depends on the elements, or causes past remedy. I cannot bear to have the name of Liberty profaned to the destruction of the cause; for frantic tumults only lead to that terrible corrective, Arbitrary Power,—which cowards call out for as protection, and knaves are so ready to grant.

I believe you will soon hear of the death of Princess Louisa<sup>2</sup>, who is in a deep consumption.

I am much obliged to Lord Stormont for his kind thoughts, and am glad you are together. You will be a comfort to him, and it must be very much so to you at this time, to have a rational man to talk with instead of old fools and young ones, boys and travelling governors.

I say nothing about the riband, because you must be sensible how very unlikely it is to make its appearance just now. Adieu!

### 1215. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

Strawberry Hill, June 6, 1768.

You have told me what makes me both sorry and glad: long have I expected the appearance of Ely, and thought it at the eve of coming forth! Now you tell me it is not half written—but then I am rejoiced that you are to write it. Pray do; the author is very much in the right to make you author for him. I cannot say you have addressed yourself quite so judiciously as he has. I never heard of Cardinal Lewis of Luxembourg<sup>1</sup> in my days, nor have a scrap of the history of Normandy, but Ducarel's tour to the Conqueror's kitchen. But the best way will be to come and rummage my library yourself; not to set me to writing the lives of prelates; I shall strip them stark, and you will have them to re-consecrate. Cardinal Morton<sup>2</sup> is at your service: pray say *for* him, and *of* me, what you please. I have very slender opinion of his integrity; but, as I am not spiteful, it would be hard to exact from you a less favourable account

<sup>2</sup> The King's sister. *Walpole*.

LETTER 1215.—<sup>1</sup> Cardinal Louis de Luxembourg St. Pol, Archbishop of Rouen and Bishop of Ely, 1438-43; d. 1443.

<sup>2</sup> Cardinal John Morton (d. 1500), Bishop of Ely, 1489-96; Archbishop of Canterbury, 1496-1500; Lord Chancellor, 1486-1500.

of him than I conclude your piety will bestow on all his predecessors and successors. Seriously, you know how little I take contradiction to heart, and beg you will have no scruples about defending Morton. When I bestow but a momentary smile on the abuse of my answerers, I am not likely to stint a friend in a fair and obliging remark. The man that you mention, who calls himself *Impartialis*, is, I suppose, some hackney historian, I shall never inquire whom, angry at being censured in the lump, and not named. I foretold he would drop his criticisms before he entered on Perkin Warbeck, which I knew he could not answer, and so it happened—good night to him!

Unfortunately, I am no culinary antiquary; the Bishop of Carlisle<sup>3</sup>, who is, I have oft heard talk of a *sotelle*<sup>4</sup>, as an ancient dish. He is rambling between London, Hagley, and Carlisle, that I do not know where to consult him; but, if the book is not printed before winter, I am sure he could translate your bill of fare into modern phrase. As I trust I shall see you here some time this summer, you might bring your papers with you, and we will try what we can make of them. Tell me, do, when it will be most convenient for you to come, from now to the end of October. At the same time, I will beg to see the letters of the University to King Richard: and shall be still more obliged to you for the print of Jane Shore. I have a very bad mezzotinto of her, either from the picture at Cambridge or Eton.

I wish I could return these favours by contributing to the decoration of your *new old* house; but, as you know, I erected an old house, not demolished one, I had no windows, or frames for windows, but what I bespoke on purpose for the places where they are. My painted glass was so exhausted, before I got through my design, that

<sup>3</sup> Charles Lyttelton.

<sup>4</sup> Probably a mistake for *sotelle*—

'subtilty'—the mediaeval name for ornamental dishes of confectionery.



I was forced to have the windows in the gallery painted on purpose by Pecket. What scraps I have remaining are so bad, I cannot make you pay for the carriage of them, as I think there is not one whole piece; but you shall see them when you come hither, and I will search if I can find anything for your purpose—I am sure I owe it you. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

### 1216. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, June 9, 1768.

To send you empty paragraphs when you expect and want news is tantalizing, is not it? Pray agree with me, and then you will allow that I have acted very kindly in not writing till I had something to tell you. *Something*, of course, means Wilkes, for everything is nothing except the theme of the day. There has appeared a violent *North Briton*, addressed to, and written against Lord Mansfield, threatening a rebellion if he continued to persecute Mr. Wilkes. This paper, they say, Wilkes owned to the Chevalier de Chastelux<sup>1</sup>, a French gentleman, who went to see him in the King's Bench, and who knew him at Paris. A rebellion threatened in print is not very terrible. However, it was said that the paper was outrageous enough to furnish the law with every handle it could want. But modern mountains do not degenerate from their ancestors; their issue are still mice. You know, too, that this agrees with my system, that this is an age of abortions. Prosecutions were ordered against the publishers and venders, and there, I suppose, it will end.

Yesterday was fixed for the appearance of Wilkes in

LETTER 1216. — <sup>1</sup> François Jean a *littérateur* and member of the French Academy.  
(1734–1788), Marquis de Chastellux,

Westminster Hall. The Judges went down by nine in the morning, but the mob had done breakfast still sooner, and was there before them; and as Judges stuffed out with dignity and lamb-skins are not absolute sprites, they had much ado to glide through the crowd. Wilkes's counsel argued against the outlawry, and then Lord Mansfield, in a speech of an hour and a half, set it aside; not on *their* reasons, but on grounds which he had discovered in it himself. I think they say it was on some flaw in the Christian name of the county, which should not have been *Middlesex to wit*,—but I protest I don't know, for I am here alone, and picked up my intelligence as I walked in our meadows by the river. You, who may be walking by the Arno, will, perhaps, think there was some timidity in this; but the depths of the law are wonderful! So pray don't make any rash conclusions, but stay till you get better information.

Well! now he is gone to prison again,—I mean Wilkes; and on Tuesday he is to return to receive sentence on the old guilt of writing, as the Scotch<sup>2</sup> would *not* call it, *the 45*, though they call the rebellion so. The sentence may be imprisonment, fine, or pillory; but as I am still near the Thames, I do not think the latter will be chosen. Oh! but stay, he may plead against the indictment, and should there be an improper *Middlesex to wit* in that too, why then in that case, you know, he did *not* write *the 45*, and then he is as white as milk, and as free as air, and as good a member of Parliament as if he had never been expelled. In short, my dear Sir, I am trying to explain to you what I literally do not understand; all I do know is, that Mr. Cooke, the other member for Middlesex, is just dead, and that we are going to have another Middlesex election, which is very unpleasant to me, who hate mobs so near as Brentford.

<sup>2</sup> The Scotch called the rebellion in 1715, '*the 15*,' and that in 1745, '*the 45*.' Walpole.

Serjeant Glynn<sup>3</sup>, Wilkes's counsel, is the candidate, and I suppose the only one, in the present humour of the people, who will care to have his brains dashed out, in order to sit in Parliament. In truth, this enthusiasm is confined to the very mob or little higher, and does not extend beyond the county. All other riots are ceased, except the little civil war between the sailors and coal-heavers, in which two or three lives are lost every week.

What is most disagreeable, even the Emperor of Morocco has taken courage on these tumults, and has dared to mutiny for increase of wages, like our journeymen tailors. France is pert too, and gives herself airs in the Mediterranean. Our Paolists were violent for support of Corsica, but I think they are a little startled on a report that the hero Paoli is like other Patriots, and is gone to Versailles<sup>4</sup>, for a peerage and pension. I was told to-day that at London there are murmurs of a war. I shall be sorry if it prove so. Deaths! suspense, say victory;—how end all our victories? In debts and a wretched peace! Mad world, in the individual or the aggregate!

Well! say I to myself, and what is all this to me? Have not I done with that world? Am not I here at peace, unconnected with courts and ministries, and indifferent who is minister? What is a war in Europe to me more than a war between the Turkish and Persian emperors? True; yet self-love makes one love the nation one belongs to, and vanity makes one wish to have that nation glorious. Well! I have seen it so; I have seen its conquests spread farther than Roman eagles thought there was land. I have seen, too, the Pretender at Derby; and, therefore, you must know that I am content with historic seeing, and wish Fame and

<sup>3</sup> John Glynn (d. 1779), Recorder of London, 1772-79.

<sup>4</sup> Paoli's visit was undertaken in

order to protest against the sale of Corsica to France by the Genoese.

History would be quiet and content without entertaining me with any more sights. We were down at Derby, we were up at both Indies; I have no curiosity for any intermediate sights. Indeed, I have no objection to the courts of Versailles and Madrid carting<sup>5</sup> that old bawd the Pope. She will cry as Mother Needham did of her bagnio, 'What will become of this poor Church when I am in the arms of my sweet Jesus?'

Your brother was with me just before I came out of town, and spoke of you with great kindness, and accused himself of not writing to you, but protested it was from not knowing what to say to you about the riband. I engaged to write for him, so you must take this letter as from him too. I told him with pleasure what I tell you, that my Lord Mayor has contented himself with the honour of Privy Counsellor and the solidity of a contract, and will not dress himself in your plumes. When they will be yours, I am sure I know not. I hope there will be no war, for some hero to take your honours out of your mouth, sword in hand. The first question I shall ask when I go to town will be, how my Lord Chatham does? I shall mind his health more than the stocks. The least symptom of a war will certainly cure him. Adieu! my dear Sir.

### 1217. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, June 15, 1768.

No, I cannot be so false as to say I am glad you are pleased with your situation<sup>1</sup>. You are so apt to take root, that it requires ten years to dig you out again when you once begin to settle. As you go pitching your tent up and

<sup>5</sup> So in MS.  
LETTER 1217.—<sup>1</sup> This letter is addressed:

'To George Montagu, Esq.,  
at Adderbury,  
Oxfordshire.'



down, I wish you was still more a Tartar, and shifted your quarters perpetually. Yes, I *will* come and see you; but tell me first, when do your Duke and Duchess<sup>2</sup> travel to the north? I know he is a very amiable lad, and I do not know that she is not as amiable a laddess, but I had rather see their house comfortably when they are not there.

I perceive the deluge fell upon you before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight-and-forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason. It is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, 'This is a bad summer'—as if we ever had any other! The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other. We ruin ourselves with inviting over foreign trees, and make our houses clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew there was no being comfortable, unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a thick warm wood at your back! Taste is too freezing a commodity for us, and, depend upon it, will go out of fashion again.

There is indeed a natural warmth in this country, which,

<sup>2</sup> Of Buccleuch.

as you say, I am very glad not to enjoy any longer—I mean the hot-house in St. Stephen's Chapel. My own sagacity makes me very vain, though there was very little merit in it. I had seen so much of all parties, that I had little esteem left for any; it is most indifferent to me who is in or who is out, or which is set in the pillory, Mr. Wilkes or my Lord Mansfield. I see the country going to ruin, and no man with brains enough to save it. That is mortifying; but what signifies who has the undoing it? I seldom suffer myself to think on this subject: *my* patriotism could do no good, and my philosophy can make me be at peace.

I am sorry you are likely to lose your poor cousin Lady Hinchinbrook<sup>3</sup>: I heard a very bad account of her when I was last in town. Your letter to Madame Roland shall be taken care of—but as you are so scrupulous of making me pay postage, I must remember not to overcharge you, as I can frank my idle letters no longer—therefore, good night.

Yours ever,  
H. W.

P.S. I was in town last week, and found Mr. Chute still confined. He had a return in his shoulder, but I think it more rheumatism than gout.

# 1218. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, June 16, 1768.

I AM glad you have writ to me, for I wanted to write to you, and did not know what to say. I have been but two nights in town, and then heard of nothing but Wilkes, of whom I am tired to death, and of T. Townshend, the truth

<sup>3</sup> She died in July 1768.

LETTER 1218.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

of whose story<sup>1</sup> I did not know; and indeed the tone of the age has made me so uncharitable, that I concluded his ill-humour was put on, in order to be mollified with the reversion of his father's place, which I know he has long wanted; and the destination of the Pay Office has been so long notified, that I had no notion of his not liking the arrangement. For the new Paymaster<sup>2</sup>, I could not think him worth writing a letter on purpose. By your letter and the enclosed, I find Townshend has been very ill-treated, and I like his spirit in not bearing such neglect and contempt, though wrapped up in 2,700*l.* a year.

What can one say of the D. of G.<sup>3</sup>, but that his whole conduct is childish, insolent, inconstant, and absurd—nay, ruinous? Because we are not in confusion enough, he makes everything as bad as possible, neglecting on one hand, and taking no precautions on the other. I neither see how it is possible for him to remain minister, nor whom to put in his place. No Government, no police, London and Middlesex distracted, the Colonies in rebellion, Ireland ready to be so, and France arrogant, and on the point of being hostile! Lord Bute accused of all and dying of a panic; George Grenville wanting to make rage desperate; Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Portland, and the Cavendishes thinking we have no enemies but Lord Bute and Dyson, and that four mutes and an epigram can set everything to rights; the Duke of Grafton like an apprentice, thinking the world should be postponed to a whore and a horse-race; and the Bedfords not caring what disgraces we undergo, while each of them has 3,000*l.* a year and three thousand

<sup>1</sup> He was Joint Paymaster-General. 'The Duke of Grafton, . . . to gratify Rigby with the whole employment, offered to make Townshend one of the Vice-Treasurers of Ireland. Townshend refused it with warmth, saying, he would not be turned

backwards and forwards every six months; and resigning, joined the opposition.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. iii. pp. 152-3.)

<sup>2</sup> Rigby.

<sup>3</sup> The Duke of Grafton.

bottles of claret and champagne! Not but that I believe these last good folks are still not satisfied with the satisfaction of their wishes. They have the favour of the Duke of Grafton, but neither his confidence nor his company; so that they can neither sell the places in his gift nor his secrets. Indeed, they have not the same reasons to be displeased with him as you have; for they were his enemies and you his friend—and therefore he embraced them and dropped you, and I believe would be puzzled to give a tolerable reason for either.

As this is the light in which I see our present situation, you will not wonder that I am happy to have nothing to do with it. Not that, were it more flourishing, I would ever meddle again. I have no good opinion of any of our factions, nor think highly of either their heads or their hearts. I can amuse myself much more to my satisfaction; and, had I not lived to see my country at the period of its greatest glory, I should bear our present state much better. I cannot mend it, and therefore will think as little of it as I can. The Duke of Northumberland asked me to dine at Sion to-morrow; but, as his vanity of governing Middlesex makes him absurdly meditate to contest the county, I concluded he wanted my interest here, and therefore excused myself; for I will have nothing to do with it.

I shall like much to come to Park Place, if your present company stays, or if the Fitzroys or the Richmonds are there; but I desire to be excused from the Cavendishes, who have in a manner left me off, because I was so unlucky as not to think Lord Rockingham as great a man as my Lord Chatham, and Lord John more able than either. If you will let me know when they leave you, you shall see me: but they would not be glad of my company, nor I of theirs.

My hay and I are drowned; I comfort myself with a fire,



but I cannot treat the other with any sun, at least not with one that has more warmth than the sun in a harlequin-farce.

I went this morning to see the Duchess of Grafton, who has got an excellent house and fine prospect, but melancholy enough, and so I thought was she herself: I did not ask wherefore.

I go to town to-morrow to see *The Devil upon Two Sticks*<sup>4</sup>, as I did last week, but could not get in. I have now secured a place in my niece Cholmondeley's<sup>5</sup> box, and am to have the additional entertainment of Mrs. Macaulay in the same company; who goes to see herself represented, and I suppose figures herself very like Socrates.

I shall send this letter by the coach, as it is rather free spoken, and Sandwich may be prying<sup>6</sup>.

Mr. Chute has found the subject of my tragedy, which I thought happened in Tillotson's time, in the Queen of Navarre's Tales; and what is very remarkable, I had laid my plot at Narbonne and about the beginning of the Reformation, and it really did happen in Languedoc and in the time of Francis the First. Is not this singular?

I hope your canary hen was really with egg by the blue-bird, and that he will not plead that they are none of his and sue for a divorce. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

# 1219. TO FRANÇOIS AROUET DE VOLTAIRE.

SIR,

Strawberry Hill, June 21, 1768.

You read English with so much more facility than I can write French, that I hope you will excuse my making use

<sup>4</sup> A comedy by Foote.

<sup>5</sup> Mary, daughter of Arthur Woffington, sister of Mrs. Woffington the

actress, and wife of Hon. Robert Cholmondeley.

<sup>6</sup> He was Joint Postmaster-General.

of my own tongue to thank you for the honour of your letter. If I employed your language, my ignorance in it might betray me into expressions that would not do justice to the sentiments I feel at being so distinguished.

It is true, Sir, I have ventured to contest the history of Richard the Third, as it has been delivered down to us: and I shall obey your commands, and send it to you, though with fear and trembling; for though I have given it to the world, as it is called, yet, as you have justly observed, *that* world is comprised within a very small circle of readers—and undoubtedly I could not expect that you would do me the honour of being one of the number. Nor do I fear you, Sir, only as the first genius in Europe, who has illustrated every science; I have a more intimate dependence on you than you suspect. Without knowing it, you have been my master, and perhaps the sole merit that may be found in my writings is owing to my having studied yours; so far, Sir, am I from living in that state of barbarism and ignorance with which you tax me when you say *que vous m'êtes peut-être inconnu*. I was not a stranger to your reputation very many years ago, but remember to have then thought you honoured our house by dining with my mother—though I was at school, and had not the happiness of seeing you: and yet my father was in a situation that might have dazzled eyes older than mine. The plain name of that father, and the pride of having had so excellent a father, to whose virtues truth at last does justice, is all I have to boast. I am a very private man, distinguished by neither dignities nor titles, which I have never done anything to deserve—but as I am certain that titles alone would not have procured me the honour of your notice, I am content without them.

But, Sir, if I can tell you nothing good of myself, I can at least tell you something bad; and, after the obligation

you have conferred on me by your letter, I should blush if you heard it from anybody but myself. I had rather incur your indignation than deceive you. Some time ago I took the liberty to find fault in print with the criticisms you had made on our Shakspeare. This freedom, and no wonder, never came to your knowledge. It was in a preface to a trifling romance, much unworthy of your regard, but which I shall send you, because I cannot accept even the honour of your correspondence, without making you judge whether I deserve it. I might retract, I might beg your pardon; but having said nothing but what I thought, nothing illiberal or unbecoming a gentleman, it would be treating you with ingratitude and impertinence, to suppose that you would either be offended with my remarks, or pleased with my recantation. You are as much above wanting flattery, as I am above offering it to you. You would despise me, and I should despise myself—a sacrifice I cannot make, Sir, even to you.

Though it is impossible not to know *you*, Sir, I must confess my ignorance on the other part of your letter. I know nothing of the history of Monsieur de Genonville<sup>1</sup>, nor can tell whether it is true or false, as this is the first time I ever heard of it. But I will take care to inform

LETTER 1219.—<sup>1</sup> Coulon de Jumonville, a French officer sent in May, 1754 to convey to Washington a summons from the commandant of Fort Duquesne (afterwards Pittsburg) requiring him to withdraw from territory claimed for Louis XV. 'Before delivering the summons, Jumonville was ordered to send two couriers back with all speed to Fort Duquesne to inform the commandant that he had found the English, and to acquaint him when he intended to communicate with them.' While hiding in the forest with his men to await the commandant's instructions, Jumonville and his party were

discovered by Washington himself at the head of forty followers. The French seized their guns; Washington gave the word to fire; Jumonville and nine of his men were killed, and the rest, with one exception, taken prisoners. It was not until the end of the fight that Washington learned that Jumonville had been the bearer of a summons. The affair attracted great attention in France. Voltaire asserted that the Seven Years' War sprang from this skirmish. (See Parkman, *Montcalm and Wolfe*, ed. 1899, vol. i. pp. 150-5.)

myself as well as I can, and, if you allow me to trouble you again, will send you the exact account as far as I can obtain it. I love my country, but I do not love any of my countrymen that have been capable, if they have been so, of a foul assassination. I should have made this inquiry directly, and informed you of the result of it in this letter, had I been in London; but the respect I owe you, Sir, and my impatience to thank you for so unexpected a mark of your favour, made me choose not to delay my gratitude for a single post. I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obliged and most obedient humble Servant,  
HOR. WALPOLE.

## 1220. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, June 22, 1768.

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 4th, and think one of mine must have miscarried, as I am almost positive that I did thank you for the print of *Tristram Shandy*. I have not a list of my dates here, but in the next I will send you an account of all the letters I have written to you since Christmas last.

You will see in all the papers the sentence<sup>1</sup> passed on Wilkes, which is severe enough, though not so strong as usual, it not having, I suppose, been thought prudent to add the pillory, though that disgrace would have ascertained the rejection of him from the House of Commons. He does intend to appeal to the House of Lords, but I doubt that is not just the court where he will find the easiest

LETTER 1220. —<sup>1</sup> 'On the 18th, sentence was pronounced on Wilkes. For the *North Briton*, No. 45, he was condemned to pay a fine of £500, and to suffer imprisonment for ten months. For the *Essay on Woman*, £500 more, and imprisonment for

twelve months, to be computed from the expiration of the first ten. He was to find security for his good behaviour for seven years, himself being bound in £1,000, and two sureties in £500 each.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. iii. p. 154.)



redress. In the meantime, his stock is much fallen. His sentence being rather passive than active, and exhibiting no spectacle, does not strike the mob with much compassion: they love to be shocked in order to be melted. The novelty, too, is over: though great pains were taken, and a thousand handbills dispersed to summon his constituents, the crowd was very small at his receiving sentence, with which he was much struck. Contributions hang off; in short, the holiday is over.

But there was a collateral reason which helped to put out this flame. The coal-heavers, who, by the way, are all Irish Whiteboys, after their battles with the sailors, turned themselves to general war, robbed in companies, and murdered wherever they came. This struck such a panic, that in Wapping nobody dared to venture abroad, and the City began to find no joke in such liberty. They cried out for the Guards, were transported to see them, and encouraged them to seize or kill the coal-heavers,—for aldermen love the military when their neighbour Alderman Ucalegon's<sup>2</sup> house is set on fire. This dangerous riot is quelled, and I hear several of these banditti are to be tried and hanged immediately. You may be easy; I think we shall have no more tumults.

I am quite ignorant what is to be done about Corsica<sup>3</sup>; it looks rather as if we should take no part: but I live here out of all politics, and am content if there is no war between my neighbours, the two Kings of Brentford<sup>4</sup>. If the monarchs round about you expel the Pope, I hope they will not send him hither, as they have done the Jesuits; for, wise as Europe thinks us, there is no folly

<sup>2</sup> 'Jam proximus ardet Ucalegon.' *Walpole*.

<sup>3</sup> The English Ambassador at Paris protested strongly but ineffectually against the purchase of Corsica by

the French. The English Government then took the course of secretly supplying the Corsicans with arms and ammunition.

<sup>4</sup> The King and Wilkes. *Walpole*.

of which Europe purges itself, which we are not ready to receive.

I have written to you so often lately, that you must excuse a short letter, which is but the epilogue to all I have been telling you before. As riots, events, revolutions, compose the gross of our correspondence, 'tis happy when we have little to say. The world would be more dull if it furnished no matter for history, but its felicity would be greater too. Adieu!

1221. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, June 25, 1768.

You ordered me, my dear Lord, to write to you, and I am always ready to obey you, and to give you every proof of attachment in my power: but it is a very barren season for all but cabalists, who can compound, divide, multiply No. 45 forty-five thousand different ways. I saw in the papers to-day, that somehow or other this famous number and the number of the Beast in the Revelations is the same—an observation from which different persons will draw various conclusions. For my part, who have no ill wishes to Wilkes, I wish he was in Patmos, or the New Jerusalem, for I am exceedingly tired of his name. The only good thing I have heard in all this controversy was of a man who began his letter thus: 'I take the Wilkes-and-liberty to assure you,' &c.

I peeped at London last week, and found a tolerably full Opera. But now the Birthday is over, I suppose everybody will go to waters and races till his Majesty of Denmark<sup>1</sup> arrives. He is extremely amorous; but stays so short a time, that the ladies who intend to be undone must not

LETTER 1221.—<sup>1</sup> Christian VII, King of Denmark.

haggle. They must do their business in the twinkling of an *allemande*, or he will be flown. Don't you think he will be a little surprised, when he inquires for the seraglio in Buckingham House, to find, in full of all accounts, two old *Mecklenburgheresses*<sup>2</sup>?

Is it true that Lady Rockingham is turned Methodist? It will be a great acquisition to the sect to have their hymns set by Giardini. Pope Joan Huntingdon will be deposed, if the husband becomes First Minister. I doubt, too, the saints will like to call at Canterbury and Winchester in their way to heaven. My charity is so small, that I do not think their virtue a jot more obdurate than that of Patriots.

We have had some severe rain; but the season is now beautiful, though scarce hot. The hay and corn promise that we shall have no riots on their account. Those black dogs the Whiteboys or coal-heavers are dispersed or taken; and I really see no reason to think we shall have another rebellion this fortnight. The most comfortable event to me is, that we shall have no civil war all the summer at Brentford. I dreaded two kings there; but the writ for Middlesex will not be issued till the Parliament meets; so there will be no pretender against King Glynn<sup>3</sup>. As I love peace, and have done with politics, I quietly acknowledge the King *de facto*; and hope to pass and repass unmolested through his Majesty's *long, lazy, lousy* capital<sup>4</sup>.

My humble duty to my Lady Strafford and all her pheasants. I have just made two cascades; but my naiads are fools to Mrs. Chetwynd or my Lady Sondes, and don't give me a gallon of water in a week.—Well, this is

<sup>2</sup> The Queen's German Keepers of the Robes, Mesdames Hagedorn and Schwollenberg.

<sup>3</sup> Serjeant Glynn, Member of Parliament for Middlesex. *Walpole*.

<sup>4</sup> Brentford. *Walpole*.

a very silly letter! But you must take the will for the deed. Adieu, my dear Lord!

Your most faithful servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1222. TO FRANÇOIS AROUET DE VOLTAIRE.

Strawberry Hill, July 27, 1768.

ONE can never, Sir, be sorry to have been in the wrong, when one's errors are pointed out to one in so obliging and masterly a manner. Whatever opinion I may have of Shakspeare, I should think him to blame, if he could have seen the letter you have done me the honour to write to me, and yet not conform to the rules you have there laid down. When he lived, there had not been a Voltaire both to give laws to the stage, and to show on what good sense those laws were founded. Your art, Sir, goes still farther: for you have supported your arguments, without having recourse to the best authority, your own works. It was my interest perhaps to defend barbarism and irregularity. A great genius is in the right, on the contrary, to show that when correctness, nay, when perfection is demanded, he can still shine, and be himself, whatever fetters are imposed on him. But I will say no more on this head; for I am neither so unpolished as to tell you to your face how much I admire you, nor, though I have taken the liberty to vindicate Shakspeare against your criticisms, am I vain enough to think myself an adversary worthy of you. I am much more proud of receiving laws from you, than of contesting them. It was bold in me to dispute with you even before I had the honour of your acquaintance; it would be ungrateful now when you have not only taken notice of me, but forgiven me. The admirable letter you have been so good as to send me is



a proof that you are one of those truly great and rare men who know at once how to conquer and to pardon.

I have made all the inquiry I could into the story of M. de Jumonville<sup>1</sup>; and though your and our accounts disagree, I own I do not think, Sir, that the strongest evidence is in our favour. I am told we allow he was killed by a party of our men, going to the Ohio. Your countrymen say he was going with a flag of truce. The commanding officer of our party said M. de Jumonville was going with hostile intentions; and that very hostile orders were found after his death in his pocket. Unless that officer had proved that he had previous intelligence of those orders, I doubt he will not be justified by finding them afterwards; for I am not at all disposed to believe that he had the foreknowledge of your hermit<sup>2</sup>, who pitched the old woman's nephew into the river, because 'ce jeune homme auroit assassiné sa tante dans un an.'

I am grieved that such disputes should ever subsist between two nations who have everything in themselves to create happiness, and who may find enough in each other to love and admire. It is your benevolence, Sir, and your zeal for softening the manners of mankind; it is the doctrine of peace and amity which you preach, that have raised my esteem for you even more than the brightness of your genius. France may claim you in the latter light, but all nations have a right to call you their countryman *du côté du cœur*. It is on the strength of that connection that I beg you, Sir, to accept the homage of, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER 1222.—<sup>1</sup> See note on letter to Voltaire of June 21, 1768.

<sup>2</sup> An allusion to a fable in Voltaire's *Zadig*.

## 1223. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 4, 1768.

SINCE our riots and tumults, I conclude you are glad when you do *not* hear from me; it is a symptom that we are tolerably quiet; for you can have no fear for me, who live out of the storm. It is true, our mobs are subsided;—several of the formidable coal-heavers are hanged. I intended to tell you the wonderful story of Green<sup>1</sup>, who defended himself against them all for thirteen hours together, and killed eighteen or twenty; but you will see the trial at large in the papers. You will be charmed with his heroism, and with the courage and indifference of the sailor<sup>2</sup> who shut himself up with him and assisted him, and stayed behind in the house coolly when Green was gone off. It is pretty astonishing, too, that a house should be besieged for thirteen hours together in the capital, and no notice taken of it, though a justice of peace passed by at the time! Well! but we have a worse riot, though a little farther off. Boston—not in Lincolnshire, though we have had a riot even there, but in New England, is almost in rebellion<sup>3</sup>, and two regiments are ordered thither. Letters are come in, that say the other provinces disapprove; and even the soberer persons there. In truth, it is believed

LETTER 1223.—<sup>1</sup> John Green, an alehouse keeper in Shadwell.

<sup>2</sup> His name was Gilberthorp. (See *Ann. Reg.* 1768, pp. 224-7.)

<sup>3</sup> On June 10, 1768, 'a great tumult happened at Boston, in consequence of a seizure made by the Board of Customs, of a sloop belonging to one of the principal merchants of that town. . . . Upon the seizure, the officers made a signal to the *Romney* man-of-war; and her boats were sent manned and armed, who cut

away the sloop's masts, and conveyed her under the protection of that ship. The populace having assembled in great crowds upon this occasion, they pelted the Commissioners of the Customs with stones, broke one of their swords, and treated them in every respect with the greatest outrage; after which, they attacked their houses, broke their windows, and hauled the Collectors' boat to the common, where they burnt it to ashes.' (*Ann. Reg.* 1768, p. 71.)

in the City that this tumult will be easily got the better of. Our navy, too, is in so very formidable plight, that our neighbours will not much care to interfere. It is tremendous the force we have in the river, at Plymouth and Portsmouth.

We expect our cousin and brother of Denmark next week;—since he will travel, I hope he will improve: I doubt there is room for it. He is much, I believe, of the stamp of many youths we have sent you; but with so much a better chance, that he has not a travelling tutor to make him more absurd than he would be of himself. Poor Denmark, if Oxford or Cambridge had furnished him with a governor!

We have lost our Pope. Canterbury<sup>4</sup> died yesterday. He had never been a Papist, but almost everything else. Our Churchmen will not be Catholics; that stock seems quite fallen.

At last I have got two black puppies for your Great Duchess. They are as small as if I had bought them out of the fairy-tales; and though I have had them a fortnight, I think they are rather grown smaller than increased. I have laid out by different channels for the first ship that goes to Leghorn, but as yet have not heard of one. Don't, therefore, drop a hint about them, lest they should arrive as slowly as your riband. They may die by the way, they may grow large or ugly, they may get the mange with salt provisions, &c. I will tell the captain that you will give him two guineas if they arrive safely, and if they do, and are beautiful, that the Great Duchess will give him her hand to kiss. In short, I will do my utmost that you may be content. I had not, you see, forgotten, but literally, these were the first I could procure. They are excessively scarce, especially when very small, as these promise to

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Secker. *Walpole*.

be; they are the merriest little mice imaginable; the bitch, the smaller of the two. Adieu! this commission was the chief purpose of my letter. Possibly you may hear again soon, if our royal visitor produces anything worth repeating.

## 1224. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 9, 1768.

YOU are very kind, or else you saw into my mind, and knew that I have been thinking of writing to you, but had not a pen full of matter. True, I have been in town, but I am more likely to learn news here; where at least we have it like fish, that could not find vent in London. I saw nothing there but the ruins of loo, Lady Hertford's cribbage, and Lord Bottetourt, like Patience on a monument, smiling in grief. He is totally ruined, and quite charmed. Yet I heartily pity him. To Virginia<sup>1</sup> he cannot be indifferent: he must turn their heads somehow or other. If his graces do not captivate them, he will enrage them to fury; for I take all his *douceur* to be enamelled on iron.

My life is most uniform and void of events, and has nothing worth repeating. I have not had a soul with me, but accidental company now and then at dinner. Lady Holderness, Lady Ancram, Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Ann Pitt, and Mr. Hume, dined here the day before yesterday. They were but just gone, when George Selwyn, Lord Bolingbroke, and Sir William Musgrave, who had been at Hampton Court, came in, at nine at night, to drink tea. They told me, what I was very glad to hear, and what I could not doubt, as they had it from the Duke of Grafton

LETTER 1224.—<sup>1</sup> He had recently been appointed Governor of Virginia.



himself, that Bishop Cornwallis<sup>2</sup> goes to Canterbury. I feared it would be —<sup>3</sup>; but it seems he had secured all the backstairs, and not the great stairs. As the last head of the Church<sup>4</sup> had been in the midwife line, I suppose Goody Lyttelton had hopes; and as he had been president of an atheistical club, to be sure Warburton did not despair. I was thinking it would make a good article in the papers, that three bishops had supped with Nancy Parsons at Vauxhall, in their way to Lambeth. I am sure —<sup>3</sup> would have been of the number; and —<sup>3</sup>, who told the Duke of Newcastle, that if his Grace had commanded the Blues at Minden, they would have behaved better, would make no scruple to cry up her chastity.

The King of Denmark comes on Thursday; and I go to-morrow to see him. It has cost three thousand pounds to new furnish an apartment for him at St. James's; and now he will not go thither, supposing it would be a confinement. He is to lodge at his own minister Dieden's.

Augustus Hervey, thinking it the *bel air*, is going to sue for a divorce from the Chudleigh. He asked Lord Bolingbroke t'other day, who was his proctor? as he would have asked for his tailor. The nymph has sent him word, that if he proves her his wife he must pay her debts; and she owes sixteen thousand pounds. This obstacle thrown in the way looks as if she was not sure of being Duchess of Kingston. The lawyers say it will be no valid plea; it not appearing that she was Hervey's wife, and therefore the tradesmen could not reckon on his paying them.

Yes, it is my Gray, Gray the poet, who is made Professor of Modern History; and I believe it is worth five hundred a year. I knew nothing of it till I saw it in

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Frederick Cornwallis, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

editions.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury. *Walpole*.

<sup>3</sup> Names left blank in all the

the papers; but believe it was Stonhewer<sup>5</sup> that obtained it for him.

Yes, again; I use a bit of alum half as big as my nail, once or twice a week, and let it dissolve in my mouth. I should not think that using it oftener could be prejudicial. You should inquire; but as you are in more hurry than I am, you should certainly use it oftener than I do. I wish I could cure my Lady Ailesbury, too. Ice-water has astonishing effect on my stomach, and removes all pain like a charm. Pray, though the one's teeth may not be so white as formerly, nor t'other look in perfect health, let the Danish King see such good specimens of the last age—though, by what I hear, he likes nothing but the very present age. However, sure you will both come and look at him: not that I believe he is a jot better than the apprentices that flirt to Epsom in a tim-whisky; but I want to meet you in town.

I don't very well know what I write, for I hear a caravan on my stairs, that are come to see the house; Margaret is chattering, and the dogs barking; and this I call retirement! and yet I think it preferable to your visit at Becket<sup>6</sup>. Adieu! Let me know something more of your motions before you go to Ireland, which I think a strange journey, and better compounded for: and when I see you in town I will settle with you another visit to Park Place.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

<sup>5</sup> Richard Stonehewer or Stonhewer (d. 1809); Under Secretary of State for the Northern Province, 1765; for the Southern Province, 1766; Auditor of Excise, 1767-72. Stonhewer was the Duke of Grafton's tutor at Cambridge, and was afterwards his private secretary and intimate friend. He was also a close friend and correspondent of Gray, whose acquaintance he made at Cambridge. It was through Ston-

hewer's influence with the Duke of Grafton that the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge was conferred on Gray. Stonhewer bequeathed to Pembroke College, Cambridge, Gray's commonplace books and holograph copies of most of his poems, which had been left to him by William Mason.

<sup>6</sup> Lord Barrington's seat, near Faringdon, in Berkshire.

## 1225. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, Aug. 13, 1768.

I WONDERED, indeed, what was become of you, as I had offered myself to you so long ago, and you did not accept my bill; and now it is payable at such short notice, that as I cannot find Mr. Chute, nor know where he is, whether at your brother's or the Vine, I think I had better defer my visit till the autumn, when you say you will be less hurried, and more at leisure. I believe I shall go to Ragley the beginning of September, and possibly on to Lord Strafford's, and therefore I may call on you, if it will not be inconvenient to you, on my return.

I came to town to see the Danish King. He is as diminutive as if he came out of a kernel in the fairy-tales. He is not ill made, nor weakly made, though so small; and though his face is pale and delicate, it is not at all ugly, yet has a strong cast of the late King, and enough of the late Prince of Wales to put one upon one's guard not to be prejudiced in his favour. Still he has more royalty than folly in his air; and, considering he is not twenty, is as well as one expects any king in a puppet-show to be. He arrived on Thursday, supped and lay at St. James's. Yesterday evening he was at the Queen's and Carleton House, and at night at Lady Hertford's assembly. He only takes the title of *altesse*, an absurd mezzotermine, but acts King exceedingly; struts in the circle like a cock-sparrow, or like the late King, and does the honours of himself very civilly. There is a favourite too, who seems a complete jackanapes; a young fellow called Holke, well enough in his figure, and about three-and-twenty, but who will be tumbled down long before he is prepared for it. Bernsdorff<sup>1</sup>, a Hanoverian, his First Minister, is a decent sensible

LETTER 1225.—<sup>1</sup> Johann Hartwig Ernst (1712-1772), Count von Bernstorff.

man—I pity him, though I suppose he is envied. From Lady Hertford's they went to Ranelagh, and to-night go to the Opera. There had like to have been an untoward circumstance: the last new opera in the spring, which was exceedingly pretty, was called *I Viaggiatori Ridicoli*, and they were on the point of acting it for this royal traveller.

I am sure you are not sorry that Cornwallis is Archbishop. He is no hypocrite, time-server, nor high-priest. I little expected so good a choice. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

### 1226. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Saturday, Aug. 13, 1768.

My impatience insists on writing to you to-night, though my letter cannot go till Tuesday. Mr. Mackenzie surprised and rejoiced me yesterday in the evening, by telling me that Sir John Dick<sup>1</sup> is to carry you the riband of the Bath, and is to carry it immediately. With my caution and prudence I do not know whether I should not have waited to let the badge be actually in Sir John's hands and to be sure that he himself was set out, for fear of the distance between *intercalicem*<sup>2</sup> and an installation—but since Mr. Mackenzie has actually notified it to you, I cannot hold my peace; I must wish you joy; I must exult, and I must do justice to your friend. This finishing stroke was given by Mr. Mackenzie, nor can I claim any merit since Mr. Conway on his going out, did, at my entreaty, obtain the King's promise that you should be the next. Mr. Mackenzie settled it with the Duke of Grafton, and said to me last night, 'I would carry the riband myself rather than he should not have it.' In truth, I never saw more earnest friendship;

LETTER 1226.—<sup>1</sup> Consul at Genoa, and then at Leghorn. *Walpole*.

<sup>2</sup> 'Between the cup' (and the lip)

—an allusion to the uncertainties which had attended Mann's receiving the Order of the Bath.



and I congratulate you that you had so powerful an intercessor. I, you see, could get nothing but promises!—but since you are content, I shall be so, for seldom does my satisfaction depend on favour and interest. What little I had I shun and relinquish every day, and get more and more out of the world as fast as I can. Death shall never find me at a levee. Nor will he, I think, see me very unwilling to go with him, though I have no disappointments; but I came into the world so early, and have seen so much, that I am satisfied. While the comedy lasts, I sometimes go to it, but indifferent whether Lord Chatham or Garrick is on the stage, and determined to meddle with the scuffles of no green-room.

The puppet of the day is the King of Denmark; in truth, puppet enough; a very miniature of our late King, his grandfather. White, strutting, dignified, prominent eyes, *galant*, and condescending enough to mark that it is condescension. He arrived the night before last, is lodged at St. James's, where he has levees, but goes and is to go everywhere, to Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Bath, the Lord knows whither, to France, to Italy; in short, is to live in a crowd for these two or three years, that he may learn mankind, by giving all mankind an opportunity of staring at him. Well! but he is not twenty, and is an absolute Prince: sure subjects are happy when absolute twenty only runs away from them! He was last night at my Lady Hertford's, having told my Lord, who by his office<sup>3</sup> received him at St. James's, that having made his first acquaintance among the men with him, he would be acquainted among the ladies first with his wife. All the people of fashion that could be got together at this time of year were there. He stayed near an hour, behaved very properly, and talked to the ministers and some of the ladies. His own Prime

<sup>3</sup> Of Lord Chamberlain. *Walpole.*

Minister, Bernsdorffe, is with him, a decent, sensible man ; but there is a young favourite too, called Comte de Holke, who, poor lad ! is quite intoxicated with his favour.

Apropos, did I tell you that Lord Bute is gone abroad, and, as his friends and the physicians say, never likely to return ?—but he must die, before the generality will believe he is even ill. You should say something civil to Mr. Mackenzie on this chapter, and that you hope his brother is not so ill as report makes him ; and that if he should think of Italy, you hope he will command your house.

Sunday.

The little King was last night at the Opera, and seemed extremely tired of it, though it was the *Buona Figliuola*, played by Lovatini and the Guadagni. He not only seems to have no ear, but not the least curiosity<sup>4</sup> ; he took no notice of anything, and was only occupied with acting royalty, for his assumed principality of Travendahl<sup>5</sup> is scarce at all in question. His court behaves to him with Eastern submission. What would I have taken to be Bernsdorffe, bowing and cringing to him at every word in the face of a new and free nation ! A grave old man, running round Europe after a chit, for the sake of domineering over a parcel of beggar Danes, when he himself is a Hanoverian, and might live at ease on an estate he has at Mecklenburgh !

Bishop Cornwallis<sup>6</sup> is our new Archbishop ; a quiet, amiable, good sort of man ; without the hypocrisy of his predecessor, or the abject soul of most of his brethren. He had a stroke of a palsy as long ago as when I was at

<sup>4</sup> He was extremely short-sighted. Bernsdorffe owned to somebody 'que c'étoit le secret d'état.' *Walpole*.

<sup>5</sup> As he travelled incognito, he took the title of Comte de Traven-

dahl. *Walpole*.

<sup>6</sup> Frederic, Bishop of Litchfield and brother of the first Earl Cornwallis. *Walpole*.

Cambridge with him, the remaining appearances of which will keep up the hopes of our other cardinals.

There is a disagreeable affair at home, resulting from the disquiets in America. Virginia, though not the most mutinous, contains the best heads and the principal *boute-feux*. It was thought necessary that the governor should reside there. It was known that Sir Jeffery Amherst would not like that; he must, besides, have superseded Gage<sup>7</sup>. At the same time, Lord Bottetourt<sup>8</sup>, a court favourite, yet ruined in fortune, was thought of by his friend Lord Hillsborough. This was mentioned to Sir Jeffery; with the offer of a pension. He boggled at the word *pension*; but neither cared to go to his government, nor seemed to dislike giving it up. On this, the new arrangement was too hastily made: Amherst refused the pension, and yesterday threw up his regiment too. His great merit and public services cast an ugly dye on this affair, though a necessary one. Both sides seem to have acted too hastily.

The black dogs are not yet set out; I cannot hear of a vessel going directly to Leghorn. I have written to your brother (with the news of the riband) to desire he will employ some of our people at the Custom House to lay out for the first ship. The dog grows a little; but *sa future* will lie in the palm of your hand. However, do not announce these black princes till you can introduce them at court. Adieu!

#### 1227. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 16, 1768,

As you have been so good, my dear Lord, as twice to take notice of my letter, I am bound in conscience and gratitude

<sup>7</sup> Brother of Lord Gage, and afterwards general at Boston in the beginning of the American war. *Walpole*.—He was at this time Com-

mander-in-Chief in North America.

<sup>8</sup> Norbonne Berkeley, Lord Bottetourt, Groom of the Bedchamber to George the Third. *Walpole*.

to try to amuse you with anything new. A royal visitor, quite fresh, is a real curiosity—by the reception of him, I do not think many more of the breed will come hither. He came from Dover in hackney-chaises; for somehow or other the Master of the Horse<sup>1</sup> happened to be in Lincolnshire; and the King's coaches having received no orders, were too good subjects to go and fetch a stranger King of their own heads. However, as his Danish Majesty travels to improve himself for the good of his people, he will go back extremely enlightened in the arts of government and morality, by having learned that crowned heads may be reduced to ride in a hired chaise.

By another mistake, King George happened to go to Richmond about an hour before King Christiern arrived in London. An hour is exceedingly long; and the distance to Richmond still longer: so with all the dispatch that could possibly be made, King George could not get back to his capital till next day at noon. Then, as the road from his closet at St. James's to the King of Denmark's apartment on t'other side of the palace is about thirty miles, which posterity, having no conception of the prodigious extent and magnificence of St. James's, will never believe, it was half an hour after three before his Danish Majesty's courier could go, and return to let him know that his good brother and ally was leaving the palace in which they both were, in order to receive him at the Queen's palace, which you know is about a million of snail's paces from St. James's. Notwithstanding these difficulties and unavoidable delays, Woden, Thor, Friga, and all the gods that watch over the Kings of the North, did bring these two invincible monarchs to each other's embraces about half an hour after five that same evening. They passed an hour in projecting a family compact that will regulate the destiny of Europe to latest

LETTER 1227.—<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Ancaster.



posterity: and then, the Fates so willing it, the British Prince departed for Richmond, and the Danish potentate repaired to the widowed mansion of his royal mother-in-law<sup>2</sup>, where he poured forth the fullness of his heart in praises on the lovely bride she had bestowed on him, from whom nothing but the benefit of his subjects could ever have torn him.—And here let Calumny blush, who has aspersed so chaste and faithful a monarch with low amours; pretending that he has raised to the honour of a seat in his sublime council, an artisan of Hamburgh, known only by repairing the soles of buskins, because that mechanic would, on no other terms, consent to his fair daughter's being honoured with majestic embraces. So victorious over his passions is this young Scipio from the Pole, that though on Shooter's Hill he fell into an ambush laid for him by an illustrious Countess, of blood royal herself<sup>3</sup>, his Majesty, after descending from his car, and courteously greeting her, again mounted his vehicle, without being one moment eclipsed from the eyes of the surrounding multitude.—Oh! mercy on me! I am out of breath—pray let me descend from my stilts, or I shall send you as fustian and tedious a History as that of Henry II<sup>4</sup>. Well then, this great King is a very little one; not ugly, nor ill-made. He has the sublime strut of his grandfather, or of a cock-sparrow; and the divine white eyes of all his family by the mother's

<sup>2</sup> The Princess Dowager of Wales.

<sup>3</sup> The Countess of Harrington, *née* Lady Caroline Fitzroy. Lady Mary Coke, describing the King's visit in her *Journal* (vol. ii. p. 336), writes under date of Sat., Aug. 13, 1768:—'Lady Harrington, it is remarked, pays him particular attentions. She met him upon the road, and follow'd him from Ranelagh to Lady Hertford's, where I was told he danced with Lady Bell' (Lady Isabella Stanhope, daughter of Lady Harrington,

afterwards Countess of Sefton). Again Lady Mary writes under date of Aug. 14, 1768 (vol. ii. p. 337):—'I called on Lady Betty. . . . She wants to find out what can be Lady Harrington's view in taking such pains to make up to the King of Denmark. I think I have guessed it: he is said to be very generous and to like making presents, and you well know she has been suspected of inclining to receive them.'

<sup>4</sup> By Lord Lyttelton.

side<sup>b</sup>. His curiosity seems to have consisted in the original plan of travelling, for I cannot say he takes notice of anything in particular. His manner is cold and dignified, but very civil and gracious and proper. The mob adore him and huzza him; and so they did the first instant. At present they begin to know why—for he flings money to them out of his windows; and by the end of the week I do not doubt but they will want to choose him for Middlesex. His court is extremely well ordered; for they bow as low to him at every word as if his name was Sultan Amurat. You would take his First Minister for only the first of his slaves.—I hope this example, which they have been so good as to exhibit at the Opera, will contribute to civilize us. There is indeed a pert young gentleman, who a little discomposes this august ceremonial. His name is Count Holke, his age three-and-twenty; and his post answers to one that we had formerly in England, many ages ago, and which in our tongue was called the lord high favourite. Before the Danish monarchs became absolute, the most refractory of that country used to write libels, called *North Danes*, against this great officer; but that practice has long since ceased. Count Holke seems rather proud of his favour, than shy of displaying it.

I hope, my dear Lord, you will be content with my Danish politics, for I trouble myself with no other. There is a long history about the Baron de Bottetourt and Sir Jeffery Amherst, who has resigned his regiment; but it is nothing to me, nor do I care a straw about it. I am deep in the anecdotes of the new court; and if you want to know more of Count Holke or Count Molke, or the grand vizier Bernsdorff, or Mynheer Schimmelman, apply to me, and you shall be satisfied. But what do I talk of? You will see them yourself. Minerva in the shape of Count

<sup>b</sup> His mother was Louisa, daughter of George II.

Bernsdorff, or out of all shape in the person of the Duchess of Northumberland, is to conduct Telemachus to York races ; for can a monarch be perfectly accomplished in the mysteries of kingcraft, as our Solomon James I called it, unless he is initiated in the arts of jockeyship ? When this northern star travels towards its own sphere, Lord Hertford will go to Ragley. I shall go with him ; and, if I can avoid running foul of the magi that will be thronging from all parts to worship that star, I will endeavour to call at Wentworth Castle for a day or two, if it will not be inconvenient ; I should think it would be about the second week in September, but your Lordship shall hear again, unless you should forbid me, who am ever Lady Strafford's and your Lordship's most faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1228. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 20, 1768.

You are always heaping so many kindnesses on me, dear Sir, that I think I must break off all acquaintance with you, unless I can find some way of returning them. The print of the Countess of Exeter<sup>1</sup> is the greatest present to me in the world : I have been trying for years to no purpose to get one. Reynolds the painter promised to beg one for me of a person he knows, but I have never had it. I wanted it for four different purposes ; as a grandmother (in law, by the Cranes and Allingtons) ; for my collection of heads ; for the volumes of prints after pieces in my own collection : and, above all, for my collection of Faithornes, which, though so fine, wanted such a capital print—and to this last I have

LETTER 1228.—Wrongly dated by C. Aug 30.

<sup>1</sup> Dorothy Nevill (d. 1608), second

daughter of third Baron Latimer, and first wife of Thomas Cecil, first Earl of Exeter.

preferred it. I give you unbounded thanks for it; and yet I feel exceedingly ashamed to rob you. The print of Jane Shore I had: but as I have such various uses for prints, I easily bestowed it. It is inserted in my *Anecdotes* where her picture is mentioned.

Thank you, too, for all your notices. I intend next summer to set about the last volume of my *Anecdotes*, and to make still further additions to my former volumes, in which these notes will find their place. I am going to reprint all my pieces together, and, to my shame be it spoken, find they will at least make two large quartos. You, I know, will be partial enough to give them a place on a shelf; but as I doubt many persons will not be so favourable, I only think of leaving the edition behind me.

Methinks I should like for your amusement and my own, that you settled at Ely; yet I value your health so much beyond either, that I must advise Milton<sup>2</sup>; Ely being, I believe, a very damp, and consequently a very unwholesome situation. Pray let me know on which you fix: and if you do fix this summer, remember the hopes you have given me of a visit. My summer, that is, my fixed residence here, lasts till November. My gallery is not only finished, but I am going on with the round chamber at the end of it; and am besides playing with the little garden on the other side of the road, which was old Franklin's, and by his death come into my hands. When the round tower is finished, I propose to draw up a description and catalogue of the whole house and collection, and I think you will not dislike lending me your assistance.

Mr. Granger<sup>3</sup> of Shiplake is printing his laborious and curious catalogue of English heads, with an accurate though

<sup>2</sup> Cole removed about 1770 to Milton, near Cambridge.

<sup>3</sup> Rev. James Granger (1728-1776), Vicar of Shiplake. His *Biographical*

*History of England* (the work mentioned above) was published in 1769, and was dedicated to Horace Walpole.



succinct account of almost all the persons. It will be a very valuable and useful work, and I heartily wish may succeed, though I have some fears. There are of late a small number of persons who collect English heads, but not enough to encourage such a work; I hope the anecdotic part will make it more known and tasted. It is essential to us, who shall love the performance, that it should sell; for he prints no farther at first than to the end of Charles the First: and, if this part does not sell well, the bookseller will not purchase the remainder of the copy, though he gives but an hundred pounds for this half, and good Mr. Granger is not in circumstances to afford printing it himself. I do not compare it with Dr. Robertson's writings, who has an excellent genius, with admirable style and manner; and yet I cannot help thinking that there is a good deal of Scotch puffing and partiality, when the booksellers have given the Doctor three thousand pounds for his *Life of Charles V*, for composing which he does not pretend to have obtained any new materials.

I am going into Warwickshire, and I think shall go on to Lord Strafford's; but propose returning before the end of September.

Yours ever,

H. W.

1229. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 24, 1768.

WELL, at last, my dear Sir, I hope and believe all your desires will be accomplished. I came to town again to-day to meet your brother on the subject of your riband, and ought to tell you how zealously he has laboured in the pursuit of it. But it is to Sir John Dick that you are most obliged: and lucky it has been that he was here. He has thridded all the mazes of office and encountered all its dragons. He knows what their kisses mean when they

want sops; and will not be rebuffed, as your brother or I should have been, when they breathe brimstone and contradiction. It has been lucky, too, that the difficulty has lately been surmounted of the King refusing to call the Great Duke *brother*. Mercy on us, if they had only been cousins, you could not have been invested—but *my good brother* will be happy to do such a job. Give me a full account of the ceremony, and in what chamber you are installed—methinks I wish it was by a Medici—I am not acquainted with these Austrian lads. Do you look well in your riband? Pink is rather a juvenile colour at your age—I could wish it were blue!

Come, come, but I forget: your brother says every necessary thing will be ready before the middle of next week—and as it cannot rain but it pours, Sir John Dick has found a ship to convey the two black dogs, and I hope they will arrive in time to be your esquires.

Well, now I will tell you what you must do. You must sit for your picture in the robes or with some of the ensigns of the Bath, and send it to Linton. This will please your brother, and be a proper memorial. If you could make it a little historic it would be still better. Could not you beg the Great Duke to add to the honour, and give you his portrait in the act of investing you with the order? I should like this hugely. It would be such an answer to all impertinence.

The idle talk of nothing but the King of Denmark; and the wise, of Sir Jeffery Amherst. The Princess Amelie made a superb ball, firework, and supper, for the former last Friday, at her villa Gunnersbury, at which I was. I do not tell you the particulars, because I think all those things are very much alike, and differ but in a few dishes or a few crackers, more or less. The poor little King is fatigued to death, and has got the belly-ache. He was to

have set out on Monday to hear bad Latin verses at Cambridge, and to see the races at York, but is confined at St. James's.

Sir Jeffery, the newest saint in the Martyrology, has acted a little too like a saint. When he found his resignation gave great uneasiness to the court, and that they were desirous of pacifying him, he made his bill and asked for an English peerage, an American one, if any should be made, and a grant of the coal-mines at Quebec, which may produce nobody knows what, twenty, thirty thousand pounds a year. The Duke of Grafton told him the King had been so teased for peerages, that his Majesty had forbidden him to mention any more requests of that sort; and, for the coal-mines, I do not believe that they are frightened enough to make him a present of such a royalty—so at present he remains without his regiment or his disinterestedness. I am sorry your brother-knight demanded all these *tria juncta in uno*<sup>1</sup>. Adieu! Write to your brother and to Mr. Conway to thank them; I conclude you have written to Mr. Mackenzie.

### 1230. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Aug. 25, 1768.

I AM heartily glad you do not go to Ireland; it is very well for the Duke of Bedford, who, as George Selwyn says, is going to be made a *mamamouchi*<sup>1</sup>. Your brother sets out for Ragley on Wednesday next, and that day I intend to be at Park Place, and from thence shall go to Ragley on Friday. I shall stay there three or four days, and then go

LETTER 1229.—<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the motto of the Order of the Bath.

LETTER 1230.—<sup>1</sup> Mamamouchi was the mock Turkish title proposed to be conferred upon M. Jourdain in

Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (Act iv. Sc. 3). The Duke of Bedford was installed as Chancellor of Dublin University on Sept. 9, 1768.

to Lord Strafford's for about as many; and shall call on George Montagu on my return, so as to be at home in a fortnight, an infinite absence in my account. I wish you could join in with any part of this progress, before you go to worship the treasures that are pouring in upon your daughter<sup>2</sup> by the old Damer's death.

You ask me about the harvest—you might as well ask me about the funds. I thought the land flowed with milk and honey. We have had forty showers, but they have not lasted a minute each; and as the weather continues warm and my lawn green,

I bless my stars, and call it luxury<sup>3</sup>.

They tell me there are very bad accounts from several colonies, and the papers are full of their remonstances; but I never read such things. I am happy to have nothing to do with them, and glad you have not much more. When one can do no good, I have no notion of sorrowing oneself for every calamity that happens in general. One should lead the life of a coffee-house politician, the most real patriots that I know, who amble out every morning to gather matter for lamenting over their country. I leave mine, like the King of Denmark, to ministers and Providence; the latter of which, like an able Chancellor of the Exchequer to an ignorant or idle First Lord, luckily does the business. That little King has had the gripes, which have addled his journey to York. I know nothing more of his motions. His favourite<sup>4</sup> is fallen in love with Lady Bel Stanhope<sup>5</sup>, and the monarch himself demanded her for him. The mother was not averse, but Lady Bel very sensibly

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Mrs. Damer; the 'old Damer' was John Damer, her husband's great-uncle.

<sup>3</sup> 'Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.'—Addison, *Cato*, i. 4.

<sup>4</sup> Count von Holcke.

<sup>5</sup> Lady Isabella Stanhope (d. 1819), second daughter of second Earl of Harrington; m. (Dec. 1768) Charles William Molyneux, eighth Viscount Molyneux (created Earl of Sefton in 1769).



refused—so unfortunate are favourites the instant they set their foot in England! He is jealous of Sackville<sup>6</sup>, and says, 'Ce gros noir n'est pas beau';<sup>7</sup> which implies that he thinks his own whiteness and pertness charming. Adieu! I shall see you on Wednesday.

## 1231. TO THOMAS WARTON.

SIR,

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 20, 1768.

I returned hither but last night from a tour into Yorkshire, Derbyshire, &c., and found your letter, from the date of which I fear you will have thought me very rude, and forgetful of the civilities I have received from you. You do me great justice, Sir, in thinking I should be happy to be of use to you, if it was in my power; and I may add that nobody can think what you desire more proper for you than I do. Your merit is entitled to that and greater distinction, and were the place in my gift, I should think you honoured it by accepting it. But, alas! Sir, my opinion and my wishes are both very fruitless. I should not deserve the honour you have done me, if I did not speak sincerely and frankly to you. I have no interest with the ministry. I desire none, and have shown by my whole life that I will cultivate none. I have asked no favour for myself or my friends. Being now out of Parliament by choice, I doubt it would not help my interest. Mr. Gray's preference gave me great pleasure; but I assure you upon my

<sup>6</sup> John Frederick Sackville (1745–1799), son of Lord John Philip Sackville, son of first Duke of Dorset; succeeded his uncle as third Duke of Dorset in 1769. Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, 1782–88; Ambassador to Paris, 1783–89.

<sup>7</sup> In a letter written in 1777 by Georgiana Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire, to her mother Countess Spencer, she describes Mr. Sackville (then Duke of Dorset) as follows:—

'The Duke of Dorset came about 9—he has just left York, and goes from hence to Lord Derby's. I always have look'd upon him as the most dangerous of men, for with that beauty of his he is so unaffected and has a simplicity and persuasion in his manner that makes one account very easily for the number of women he has had in love with him.' (*Anglo-Saxon Review*, vol. i. p. 240.)

honour, Sir, that I knew not a word of its being intended for him, till I saw in the papers that he had kissed hands. I believe, Sir, you are acquainted with him, and he would confirm this to you. It would, therefore, Sir, be giving myself an air of importance which I have not, if I pretended I could either serve you, or would try to serve you in this case; I had much rather you should know how insignificant I am, than have you think me either vain of favour I have not, or indifferent to your interest. I am so far from it, that I will tell you what I think might be a method of succeeding, though I must beg you not to mention my name in it in any shape. Mr. Stonhewer is a great favourite of the Duke of Grafton, and the person that recommended Mr. Gray. If you are acquainted with Mr. Stonhewer, who is a very worthy man, he might possibly be inclined to name you to the Duke, if the place is not promised, nor he unwilling to recommend a second time. Lord Spencer, or Lord Villiers, if you know either of them, might be useful too. Excuse my hinting these things, but I should be happy to promote such merit, Sir, as yours,—you will interpret them as marks of the regard with which I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

P.S. The Duke of Marlborough might assist you, Sir, too.

1232. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 22, 1768.

I AM just returned hither from an expedition of visits and curiosity into Warwickshire, Yorkshire, and other counties. I stayed but one night in town, and could see nobody that could inform me whether Sir John Dick and your cap and feathers are set out, but I conclude so, and hope the first news from Florence will be a paragraph in the *Gazette* with

an account of the Great Duke investing you. The black infants<sup>1</sup> I found were embarked, and I hope will have a prosperous voyage.

I can tell you nothing but what you will see in the papers, of the King of Denmark hurrying from one corner of England to the other, without seeing anything distinctly, fatiguing himself, breaking his chaise, going tired to bed in inns, and getting up to show himself to the mob at the window. I believe that he is a very silly lad, but the mob adore him, though he has neither done nor said anything worth repeating; but he gives them an opportunity of getting together, of staring, and of making foolish observations. Then the newspapers talk their own language, and call him *a great personage*; and a great personage that comes so often in their way, seems almost one of themselves raised to the throne. At the play of *The Provoked Wife*, he clapped whenever there was a sentence against matrimony; a very civil proceeding, when his wife is an English princess! The other great personage<sup>2</sup> has at last given him a ball; my Lord Mayor gives him another to-morrow, and he himself is to give a masquerade to all the world at Ranelagh. He asked the King's leave, who said he could refuse nothing to him; the bishops will call this *giving an earthquake*; but if they would come when bishops call, the Bishop of Rome would have fetched forty by this time. Our right reverend fathers have made but a bad choice of their weapon in such a cold damp climate; and yet they were in the right to fix on a sin that they cannot commit themselves. The little King has sent five hundred tickets into the City; I don't know how many to Oxford, and to everybody that has banqueted him. Between him and Sir Jeffery Amherst, poor Wilkes is entirely forgotten:

LETTER 1292.—<sup>1</sup> See letters to Mann of Aug. 4 and Aug. 13, 1768.

<sup>2</sup> The King.

but nobody should complain, for we take care to wear every subject threadbare.

The great war<sup>3</sup> between the Duke of Portland and Sir James Lowther is said to be compromised: it is certain that the latter is to be a Viscount, which looks like his giving up the elections contested between them.

I have had such another misfortune as I had last year in poor Lady Suffolk. My Lady Hervey<sup>4</sup>, one of my great friends, died in my absence. She is a great loss to several persons; her house was one of the most agreeable in London; and her own friendliness, good breeding, and amiable temper, had attached all that knew her. Her sufferings, with the gout and rheumatism, were terrible, and yet never could affect her patience, or divert her attention to her friends.

I must beg you to transmit the enclosed to Mr. Hamilton, our minister at Naples, as I am not sure that he received one that I wrote to him some time ago by the post.

### 1233. TO LADY MARY COKE.

[Oct. 1768.]

It is not new for me, dear Madam, to be obliged to you, nor I hope for me to think of anything that I can hope would be agreeable to your Ladyship. I am very sorry you will not accept the ticket, as you would be so great an ornament to the masquerade, and I am infinitely obliged for the beautiful box. I was at Mrs. Harris's last night, but am not to be there to-night; but I shall endeavour to find an opportunity of seeing your Ladyship as soon as I can.

<sup>3</sup> An election contest. Sir James was not created a peer at that time. *Walpole*.

<sup>4</sup> Mary Lepelle, widow of John, Lord Hervey, eldest son of the first Earl of Bristol, and mother of the

three succeeding Earls, George William, Augustus, and Frederick. *Walpole*.

LETTER 1233.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. xxiii.



## 1234. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Monday, Oct. 10, 1768.

I GIVE you a thousand thanks, my dear Lord, for the account of the ball at Welbeck. I shall not be able to repay it with a relation of the masquerade to-night; for I have been confined here this week with the gout in my feet, and have not stirred off my bed or couch since Tuesday. I was to have gone to the great ball at Sion<sup>1</sup> on Friday, for which a new road, paddock, and bridge were made, as other folks make a dessert. I conclude Lady Mary<sup>2</sup> has, and will tell you of all these pomps, which health thinks so serious, and sickness with her grave face tells one are so idle. Sickness may make me moralize, but I assure you she does not want humour. She has diverted me extremely with drawing a comparison between the repose (to call neglect by its dignified name) which I have enjoyed in this fit, and the great anxiety in which the whole world was when I had the last gout, three years ago—you remember my friends were then coming into power. Lord Weymouth was so good as to call at least once every day, and inquire after me; and the foreign ministers insisted that I should give them the satisfaction of seeing me, that they might tranquillize their sovereigns with the certainty of my not being in any danger. The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle were so kind, though very nervous themselves, as to send messengers and long messages every day from Claremont. I cannot say this fit has alarmed Europe quite so much. I heard the bell ring at the gate, and asked with much majesty if it was the Duke of Newcastle had sent? ‘No, Sir, it was only the butcher’s boy.’ The butcher’s boy is, indeed, the only courier I have had. Neither the King of France

LETTER 1234.—<sup>1</sup> The villa of the Duke of Northumberland near Brentford. *Walpole*.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Mary Coke, sister to Lady Strafford. *Walpole*.

nor King of Spain appears to be under the least concern about me.

My dear Lord, I have had so many of these transitions in my life, that you will not wonder they divert me more than a masquerade. I am ready to say to most people, 'Mask, I know you.' I wish I might choose their dresses!

When I have the honour of seeing Lady Strafford, I shall beseech her to tell me all the news; for I am too nigh and too far to know any. Adieu, my dear Lord!

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1235. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 24, 1768.

I HAVE been confined these three weeks with the gout in both feet, and am still lying upon my couch; yet I must oblige myself to write you a few lines, as the resignation of Lord Chatham will have excited your curiosity. In truth, I am little able to satisfy it; for besides having entirely bidden adieu to politics, I am here, ten miles from town, which is a thousand miles from truth. To the King, I am told Lord Chatham pleaded want of health, and despair of it: but to the Duke of Grafton he complained of the treatment of Sir Jeffery Amherst, and the intended removal of Lord Shelburne—the last, an unwise measure of the last accession to the administration. I do not see why want of health should have dictated this step more just now than at any moment for this last year. It being timed too at the eve of the Parliament has a suspicious look. As I have always doubted of the reality of his disorder, this proceeding does not abate my suspicion, yet there is in this conduct as in all his preceding, something unaccountable. No reconciliation seems to have taken place with his family: he is as

extravagantly profuse as ever, and I believe almost as much distressed. Lord Shelburne protested he had not received the slightest intimation of Lord Chatham's intention, and yet has since resigned himself. The common report, for I really know nothing of the matter, is, that this nail started will not unpeg the administration. Lord Rochford is Secretary of State, but Lord Weymouth goes into Lord Shelburne's province. Who is to be Privy Seal I do not know.

We have rumours here that the rebuffs in Corsica<sup>1</sup> have shaken the Duke of Choiseul's credit considerably, which tottered before by the King's apprehension of that invasion producing a war. Our newspapers have even disgraced the Duke, and given him the Duke of Nivernois for successor<sup>2</sup>; I do not wish them a more superficial minister than the latter. He is a namby-pamby kind of pedant, with a peevish *petite santé*, and much more fit to preside over one of your foolish Italian academies than to manage the affairs of a great kingdom.

Adieu! I write in such an uneasy posture that you will excuse my saying no more.

### 1236. TO MISS ANNE PITT.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 28, 1768.

I GIVE you a thousand thanks, dear Madam, for your very kind note: it gave me great pleasure, as I own I have been wishing, ever since I have been out of pain, for some opportunity of telling you how happy I should be to see you; the weather has been so bad, that I could not be unreasonable enough to ask that favour directly, and as for

LETTER 1235.—<sup>1</sup>Fighting was going on at this time between the French and Corsicans.

<sup>2</sup> Choiseul remained in power until 1770.

LETTER 1236.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th Report, Appendix, Part III, vol. i. p. 158.

this week past I have been on the point of going to town, I restrained my impatience and waited till it would give your charity less trouble. I am so much mended, that I shall certainly be in Arlington Street to-morrow or Sunday at farthest, and then I will not *resign*<sup>1</sup> the honour you intend me, but shall be very glad of every idle quarter of an hour you have to bestow on me, for I think it will be some time before I shall be able to dance an *allemande* with my Lady Milton.

## 1237. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 8, 1768.

I DID receive your letter from Mr. Larpent, as I wrote you word; but I made no answer to one part (if I understand rightly what you mean) for your sake; because it is a subject<sup>1</sup> on which, my dear Sir, you should not talk to me. Indeed, it is so delicate, that I would wish you not to talk, act, or write upon it, but according to the directions you receive. You cannot be wrong so, and it may be unsafe for you to step a step out of that track. You know how very kindly I mean this, and may trust me who know the ground here better than you can do. If I mistake, you will excuse me, but I protest I do not recollect anything in which you interest yourself, except what I mean, on which I have not made you constant answers.

I wish you joy on the consummation of your wishes, and am pleased with the honours showered on you upon that occasion. Mr. Conway did receive your letter, and is happy to have contributed to your satisfaction.

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the *resignation* of Miss Pitt's brother, the Earl of Chatham.

LETTER 1237.—<sup>1</sup> Mr. W. thought Sir H. Mann meant the invasion

of Corsica by France; but he had alluded to the affairs of his own family, as will appear by a subsequent letter. *Walpole*.



Lord Chatham, if one may judge by symptoms, is not only peaceable, but has reason to be pleased. The Privy Seal is given to his friend Lord Bristol<sup>2</sup>, and not only the Chancellor<sup>3</sup>, but Mr. James Grenville remain in place; a complexion of circumstances that place Lord Shelburne in an awkward situation. Till to-day it was even believed that the latter's friend, Colonel Barré, would retain his place, but to-day I hear that he will resign it. Lord Harcourt is likely to go ambassador to Paris, and they say Lord Charles Spencer is to succeed him as Chamberlain to the Queen. Colonel Fitzroy (the Duke of Grafton's brother) is made her Vice-Chamberlain;—a clear proof of the favour of the Duke.

The Parliament is to meet on Tuesday next; and a busy session it must be. The turbulent temper of Boston, of which you will see the full accounts in all the papers, is a disagreeable prospect. *Corsica* will not fail to be talked of, and the heat of the late elections must rekindle as the petitions come to be heard. How happy do I feel to be quite out of the whirlwind! How I should feel the remains of my gout if I knew I was to be hurried down to the House of Commons! The town will not want even private amusement, which must pass too through the Parliamentary channel. I mean the Duke of Grafton's divorce; an event I am very sorry for, as I wish well to both parties.

Are the Black Prince and Princess not arrived yet? I am impatient to hear of their landing, and to learn the present state of their charms. I am glad they are not parrots, and will not be able to jabber what they hear on shipboard, to the great scandal of an Austrian court. Adieu!

<sup>2</sup> George William Hervey, second Earl of Bristol of that family. *Walpole*.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Pratt, Lord Camden. *Walpole*.

## 1238. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, Nov. 10, 1768.

I HAVE not received the cheese, but I thank you as much beforehand. I have been laid up with a fit of the gout in both feet and a knee; at Strawberry for an entire month, and eight days here; I took the air for the first time the day before yesterday, and am, considering, surprisingly recovered by the assistance of the bootikins and my own perseverance in drinking water. I moulted my stick to-day, and have no complaint but weakness left. The fit came just in time to augment my felicity in having quitted Parliament. I do not find it so uncomfortable to grow old, when one is not obliged to expose oneself in public.

I neither rejoice nor am sorry at your being accommodated in your new habitation. It has long been plain to me that you choose to bury yourself in the ugliest spot you can find, at a distance from almost all your acquaintance; so I give it up; and then I am glad you are pleased.

Nothing is stirring but politics, and chiefly the worst kind of politics, elections. I trouble myself with no sort, but seek to pass what days the gout leaves me or bestows on me, as quietly as I can. I do not wonder at others, because I doubt I am more singular than they are; and what makes me happy would probably not make them so. My best compliments to your brother; I shall be glad to see you both when you come; though for you, you don't care how little time you pass with your friends. Yet I am, and ever shall be,

Yours most sincerely,

H. WALPOLE.

## 1239. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1768.

You cannot wonder when I receive such kind letters from you, that I am vexed our intimacy should be reduced almost to those letters. It is selfish to complain, when you give me such good reasons for your system: but I grow old; and the less time we have to live together, the more I feel a separation from a person I love so well; and that reflection furnishes me with arguments in vindication of my peevishness. Methinks, though the contrary is true in practice, prudence should be the attribute of youth, not of years. When we approach to the last gate of life, what does it signify to provide for new furnishing one's house? Youth should have all those cares—indeed, charming youth is better employed. It leaves foresight to those that have little occasion for it. You and I have both done with the world, the busy world, and therefore I would smile with you over what we have both seen of it—and luckily we can smile both, for we have quitted it willingly, not from disgust nor mortifications. However, I do not pretend to combat your reasons, much less would I draw you to town a moment sooner than it is convenient to you, though I shall never forget your offering it. Nay, it is not so much in town that I wish we were nearer, as in the country. Unless one lives exactly in the same set of company, one is not much the better for one's friends being in London. I that talk of giving up the world, have only given up the troubles of it—as far as that is possible. I should speak more properly in saying that I have retired out of the world into London. I always intend to place some months between me and the moroseness of retirement. We are not made for solitude. It gives us prejudices; it indulges us in our own humours, and at last we cannot live without them.

My gout is quite gone ; and if I had a mind to disguise its remains, I could walk very gracefully—except on going downstairs. Happily it is not the fashion to hand anybody—the nymph and I should soon be at the bottom.

Your old cousin Newcastle<sup>1</sup> is going ; he has had a stroke of a palsy, and they think will not last two days. I hope he is not sensible, as I doubt he would be too averse to his situation. Poor man ! he is not like my late amiable friend, Lady Hervey ! two days before she died, she wrote to her son Bristol these words : ‘ I feel my dissolution coming on—but I have no pain—what can an old woman desire more ? ’ This was consonant to her usual propriety—yes, propriety is grace ; and thus everybody may be graceful, when other graces are fled—Oh, but you will cry, is not this a contradiction to the former part of your letter ? Prudence is one of the graces of age—why yes, I do not know but it may be—and yet I don’t know how ; ’tis a musty quality ; one hates to allow it to be a grace—come, at least it is only like that one of the Graces that hides her face. She has not the openness of the other two. In short, I have ever been so imprudent, that though I have much corrected myself, I am not at all vain of such merit. I have purchased it for much more than it was worth.

I wish you joy of Lord Guilford’s amendment ; and always take a full part in your satisfaction or sorrow. Adieu !

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

#### 1240. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 18, 1768.

As there has been no event since the Parliament met, I did not write to you any account of it. Being happily

LETTER 1239.—<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Newcastle died on Nov. 17, 1768.



quit of it, I do not burthen my memory with inquiring into details. If any genius should arise, or promise to arise, one is sure enough of hearing it without curiosity. By the modesty of the opposition, and by their little impatience for a division, it is plain they were conscious of the weakness of their numbers. From their conduct yesterday, it is certain that they have more weaknesses than one. They moved for all papers, with *all* powers, in which any mention has been made of Corsica. When the strength of a new Parliament is not known, methinks it were wise, by a plausible question to draw in as many of the lookers out, at least of the rational and the well meaning, as possible. In lieu of that, they frame a question that required a very opponent stomach to digest. Accordingly, the motion was rejected by 230 to 84—and thus a fluctuating majority becomes a stable one—for every interested man will now be in a hurry to be the two hundred and thirty-first. It was a great day for the administration, a better for the Duke of Choiseul, a bad one for this country: for, whatever the ministry may incline or wish to do, France will look on this vote as a decision not to quarrel for Corsica. She may determine to pursue a scheme she was ready to abandon; and we may be at last drawn in to save Corsica, when it might have been saved without our interfering.

The Duke of Newcastle is dead, of a stroke of a palsy. He had given up politics ever since—his illness a few months ago! It does not make the least alteration of any kind.

So the Turks have opened their temple of Janus<sup>1</sup>! To how many more temples it will communicate, who can tell? As France persuaded them to unlock it, no doubt she has false keys to other gates. The Duke of Choiseul totters; but sometimes our administration props him, and sometimes our opposition.

LETTER 1240.—<sup>1</sup> War had been declared between Turkey and Russia.

Lord Chatham has got a regular fit of the gout after so long an intermission. Many think this indicates his reappearance. If anything can reproduce him on the stage, the gout and the smell of war can. He might not like to make it while minister. There is nothing to check him, when out of place.

Adieu ! for I have other letters to write, and am in haste to go out. I have seen with satisfaction your glories in the *Gazette*.

#### 1241. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 25, 1768.

THE young gentleman who will deliver this to you is the son of Lord Kaimes<sup>1</sup>, a very learned and ingenious gentleman in Scotland, well known by his works. I have been desired to add my recommendation to these titles, though they want none ; and though you want no incitement to be obliging and kind to your countrymen. It is indeed defrauding you of that merit, if I occasion the least part of it to be imputed to my solicitation. However, I know it is a pleasure to you to oblige me, and therefore I beg you will indulge your propensity ; and you are sure I shall acknowledge your friendship, while you are pleasing yourself by exerting your good breeding and good offices in favour of this gentleman.

#### 1242. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, Dec. 1, 1768.

I LIKE your letter, and have been looking at my next door but one<sup>1</sup>. The ground-story is built, and the side walls will certainly be raised another floor, before you think of arriving.

LETTER 1241. — <sup>1</sup> Henry Home (1696–1782), Lord Kames, Lord of the Justiciary Court. His son was George Home-Drummond (d. 1819).

LETTER 1242. — <sup>1</sup> Montagu contemplated taking lodgings in Arlington Street.

I fear nothing for you but the noise of workmen, and of this street in front and Piccadilly on the other side. If you can bear such a constant hammering and hurricane, it will rejoice me to have you so near me; and then I think I must see you oftener than I have done these ten years. Nothing can be more dignified than this position. From my earliest memory Arlington Street has been the ministerial street. The Duke of Grafton is actually coming into the house of Mr. Pelham, which my Lord President<sup>2</sup> is quitting, and which occupies too the ground on which my father lived; and Lord Weymouth has just taken the Duke of Dorset's—yet you and I, I doubt, shall always live on the wrong side of the way!

Lord Chatham is reconciled to Lord Temple and George Grenville. The second is in great spirits on the occasion; and yet gives out that Lord Chatham earnestly solicited it. The insignificant Lepidus patronizes Antony, and is sued to by Augustus! Still do I doubt whether Augustus will ever come forth again. Is this a peace patched up by Livia for the sake of her children, seeing the imbecility of her husband? or is Augustus to own he has been acting a changeling, like the first Brutus, for near two years? I do not know; I remain in doubt.

Wilkes has struck an artful stroke. The ministers, devoid of all management in the House of Commons, consented that he should be heard at the bar of the House, and appointed to-morrow, forgetting the election for Middlesex is to come on next Thursday. One would think they were impatient to advance the riots. Last Monday Wilkes demanded to examine Lord Temple: when that was granted, he asked for Lord Sandwich and Lord March. As the first had not been refused, the others could not. The Lords were adjourned till to-day—and, I suppose, are now sitting on this perplexing

<sup>2</sup> Earl Gower.

demand. If Lord Temple desires to go to the bar of the Commons, and the two others desire to be excused, it will be difficult for the Lords to know what to do. Sandwich is frightened out of his senses, and March does not like it. Well! this will cure ministers and great lords of being so flippant in dirty tyranny, when they see they may be worried for it four years afterwards.

The Commons, I suppose, are at this minute as hotly engaged on the Cumberland election between Sir James Lowther and the Duke of Portland—Oh! how delightful and comfortable to be sitting quietly here, and scribbling to you, perfectly indifferent about both Houses!

You will just escape having your brains beaten out, by not coming this fortnight. The Middlesex election will be over. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

1243. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 2, 1768.

If I understand what you refer to in your letter through Mr. Larpent, I not only received, but have lately given you a reason why from prudence on your account I did not refer to it. If I misunderstand you, you will be so good as to contrive to give me a new hint: but I cannot recollect any other subject on which I have not answered. Your letters I have left at Strawberry, and cannot go thither for two reasons, to examine the dates. The first is, that as the Middlesex election is to be at Brentford on Thursday, I do not care to go through that riotous town; and the second, that the waters are so out and the river so high, that it is not easy to cross the Thames at Richmond.

Yes, that election is to be on Thursday, and every management and every mismanagement has been used to make it



produce more tumults. The House of Commons forgetting the day, ordered Wilkes to appear at their bar to-day; and when they had granted that, he demanded to call Lord Temple, Lord Sandwich, and Lord March<sup>1</sup>, to be examined by him. As the demand was artfully made for the first singly, nobody cared, and the House allowed it. Then he asked for the two others. When the first had been granted, there could be no pretence for refusing the others. The two have been in a horrid anxiety, concluding Lord Temple would desire to go; but yesterday, when the Commons sent to the Lords to ask leave for the appearance of all three, Lord Temple was not in the House, and, I hear, disclaims having had any connection with Wilkes for some time. The Lords replied, they would return an answer by their own messengers; and have postponed the consideration to Monday. In the meantime they are beginning to exert themselves to prevent riots, and yesterday committed a solicitor<sup>2</sup> to Newgate for prevarication, when he was examined for having prosecuted a justice of peace, who took up a rioter last spring by the orders of their House. The other House have also put off the appearance of Wilkes before them till after the Middlesex election. These steps do not look favourably for him.

In the meantime, new game is started. Lord Chatham is reconciled to Lord Temple and Mr. Grenville. Impatience longs to know whether the first will reappear again. His friends say that he has a most favourable fit of the gout, and will certainly come forth after Christmas<sup>3</sup>. Others, that this reconciliation was patched up by Lady Chatham,

LETTER 1243.—<sup>1</sup> William Douglas, Earl of March and Ruglen, afterwards Duke of Queensberry. He had encouraged Kidgell to inform against Wilkes's *Essay on Woman*. Walpole.

<sup>2</sup> His name was Ayliffe.

<sup>3</sup> The Earl of Chatham reappeared at court in July 1769, and in the House of Lords in January 1770. The attack of gout mentioned by Walpole greatly improved his health.

from a sense of his imbecility, and desire of putting her children under the protection of her brothers. I do not know what to think. His resignation, followed directly by a fit of the gout, looks suspicious. And yet, has he been acting madness for two years together? Will his appearance have any effect, if he does produce himself? and how are he and Mr. Grenville to marry their incompatible politics together. Oh, say the last dozen years, what trouble is there in reconciling inconsistencies? or, suppose he is mad,—is he a worse politician for that? *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ.* A mad minister and a mad people must conquer the world.

Your neighbour Paoli, I see, goes on grinding the French to powder. The Duc de Choiseul has a still worse enemy at home. There is a Mademoiselle L'Ange<sup>4</sup>, now Countess de Barré, who has mounted from the dregs of her profession to the zenith of it, and gained an ascendant that all the duchesses and beauties of Versailles could not attain. Her husband has long been the pimp of Marshal Richelieu, and married this nymph in order to pave her way to favour. She gets ground every day, and probably will save Paoli before my Lord Chatham steps in to his assistance.

We have a new Russian Ambassador<sup>5</sup>, who is to be magnificence itself. He is wondrously civil, and copious of words. He treated me the other night with a pompous relation of his sovereign lady's heroism. I never doubted her courage. She sent for Dr. Dimsdale<sup>6</sup>; would have no trial made on any person of her own age and corpulence: went into the country with her usual company, swore Dimsdale to secrecy, and you may swear that he kept his

<sup>4</sup> Marie Jeanne Gomard Vau-bernier, Comtesse du Barry, guillotined in 1793.

<sup>5</sup> Count Czernichew.

<sup>6</sup> Dr. Thomas Dimsdale (1712-1800). He was invited to Russia by

the Empress to inoculate herself and her son the Grand Duke Paul. Dimsdale was created a Baron on the success of the operations, and received a pension and a grant of ten thousand pounds.

oath to such a lioness. She was inoculated, dined, supped, and walked out in public, and never disappeared but one day ; had a few on her face, and many on her body, which last I suppose she swore Orloff likewise not to tell. She has now inoculated her son. I wonder she did not, out of magnanimity, try the experiment on him first.

Your brother has had a terrible fit of the gout in his head and all over him. I had a note from him to-day, and he is better. I am recovered so entirely as to be stronger on my feet than before : but I have more resolution, and never touch tea or wine. I preach in vain—the Jesuits are fallen, but the time is not come for rooting our physicians. These rogues persuade people that the bootikins are fatal. They now assert that my friend Lady Hervey, who died of a diarrhœa, was killed by the bootikins which she wore for the gout. All they can do is to keep up perspiration, which everybody knows is the only thing that can be done for the gout. Mr. Chute wears them every night, and walks better than he did seven years ago—but there is a charm in nonsense that nothing can resist ! It is the only talent that preaches and prescribes with success ! A fool, educated in the school of a knave, makes a renowned general, archbishop, chancellor, or physician. What repeal of laws and burning of books there would be, if the world for one age had nothing in it but men of sense !—for they would be forced to be honest if there were no fools. Adieu ! my last paragraphs would be treason and heresy in every country upon earth.

1244. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1768.

I BEG your pardon, not only for my mistake, but for not having answered your inquiry about your own family affairs,

which I really thought I had done. Your brother Gal always talked to me as if there was a firm entail in your father's will ; and if there was, your eldest brother cannot cut it off, as he has no legitimate son of age. I hope his threat to your nephew was merely to alarm him, and without a power to execute it. It could easily be seen in the will, but I believe it best not to inquire while there is no necessity, lest your brother should hear of it. Your nephew, I doubt, will provoke him, that is, give him an excuse to do what he would like to do, in favour of his own children.

We are as much occupied as we were four years ago with Wilkes. His spirit, which the Scotch call impudence, and the gods confidence, rises every day. He was very near embroiling the two Houses on his demand of the three lords, which I think I mentioned in my last. Mr. Grenville obtained to have Lord Temple omitted ; the Lords would not oblige the two others to appear, but they have offered it ; and if ever his affair comes on, which I doubt, will submit to go to the House of Commons. He has desired twice to be heard himself by the Lords, which they have rejected. Since that, he has behaved with new insolence. A printer being taken up by the House of Lords for printing a letter of Lord Weymouth, written three weeks before the affair in St. George's Fields, in which he offered soldiers to the civil magistrate in case of need, and to which a commentary was prefixed that charged the administration with a premeditated design of blood ; the printer confessed, by the authority of Wilkes himself, that both letter and remarks had been transmitted to the press by Wilkes, who still not content, has by hand-bills assumed to himself the honour of many more such publications. The Lords, though enraged, had the prudence not to care to examine him himself, attended as he might be by a mob, and to recollect that he is yet a member of the other House, to which they sent



their complaint; a piece of personal discretion, that was none of the wisest, as it was flinging combustible matter into much the more combustible assembly of the two. It happened accordingly, that more fault was found with the letter than with the comment; and after variety of opinions, it was yesterday resolved to hear Wilkes at their bar on the 27th of January; there still being blindness enough not to perceive that the oftener this incendiary is touched, the more he gains ground.

He has had a new triumph. The day of the election for Middlesex the poll had continued peaceable till two o'clock, when a mob broke in, drove everybody out of the town, maimed and wounded several, and really occasioned the death of two persons. At first the slaughter was thought more considerable. This mob seems to have been hired by Sir William Beauchamp Proctor for defence, but, by folly or ill-management, proved the sole aggressors. The just scandal given by that proceeding has lost him the election, and Wilkes's counsel and nominee, Serjeant Glynn, was chosen a week afterwards by a large majority. Thus, after a persecution of four years, Wilkes, in prison, names the representatives for Middlesex!

These things must sound strange in Tuscan ears; but the events in a free state are as unlike those in an absolute government as the kinds of government themselves are unlike. The times wear a very tempestuous aspect, and while there is a singular want both of abilities and prudence, there is no want of mischievous intentions. Luckily, America is quiet; France, poor, foiled, and disgraced. In truth, I do not know whether anything could restore harmony at home so soon as a foreign war, for which we are at least better prepared than she is. A war would quite restore Lord Chatham's faculties, when he could have an opportunity of being mad on a larger scale.

We are in constant expectation of hearing the Duc de Choiseul's fall. The Comtesse de Barré maintains her ground, and they say will be presented to the Mesdames as soon as the Queen's mourning is over. This decency is delightful! While his wife lived, the King kept his mistresses openly; now a new one is not to be declared, while the court still wears black and white silks for the Queen! The Duc d'Aiguillon is talked of as Choiseul's successor. At fifty-eight or nine, his Majesty picks up a bunter, and gives her leave to change the administration. I think he should not be called the *well-beloved*, but the *well-beloving*.

I never saw your new residence, Pisa, but have a notion it is a charming place; but, how German! to take an aversion to Florence! the loveliest town upon earth! Has your little prince no eyes for pictures, statues, buildings, prospects? Where could one like to reign, if not there? For your sake, I still wish the black dogs may prove handsome, else I should not care if they were mere turnspits.

Tuesday, 23rd.

They talk of strange proceedings, and that prosecutions for murder are to be commenced against the Duke of Northumberland and Sir William Beauchamp, who are taxed with having hired the mob at Brentford. The Houses are adjourned for three weeks; in which time I doubt the oppositions will be more awake than the ministers. I rejoice daily and weekly that I have nothing to do with this scene of combustion. Adieu!

#### 1245. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 14, 1769.

WHISTON, and such prophecy-mongers, were very unlucky to die before the present era. They vented their foolish

knowledge and foolish conjectures in foretelling the downfall of the Pope and Turk, when there was not the least ground for such surmises. There is not a verse in the Revelations that would not set up a prophet *now*. Your neighbour, the whore of Babylon, is almost reduced to her own bawdy house, and I have as little doubt that the Russians will give a good account of the Grand Signor. Are not you diverted with his proposing to the Catholics of Poland to turn Mahometans? It is plain that he thinks the Protestants are the most errant Christians. What pious defenders of the faith the great Turk and the good Czarina are! Then the liberties of the Gallican Church are upheld by Louis Quinze and the Comtesse de Barré; and the liberties of England by that excellent patriot, Alderman Wilkes! Well! you want to know what is doing in the ward of Farringdon Without<sup>1</sup>. The Lords are to meet on Monday, when the Alderman's writs of error will be argued before them. I think he will find no favour there. He is not to appear at the bar of the other House till the 27th, where he will probably make a better fight. The people are certainly intoxicated with him, and, should he be expelled, as he expects, he will undoubtedly be able to name his successor for Middlesex. What idle pains Cato, and such folks, took to be virtuous, when they might have been patriots on so much cheaper terms! Wilkes has got his addresses to his constituents already written and dated from Newgate, whither he expects to be sent; and if he is, he will have ten times a greater levee than my Lord Russell had there. A few days will decide whether my Lord Chatham will appear and claim his old civic crown again; in short, whether Cæsar will join Alderman Catiline, or wait till matters are riper for his descent. For my own

LETTER 1245.—<sup>1</sup> Wilkes had just been elected Alderman of that ward. *Walpole*.

part, I do not believe this demi-god will ever revisit the earth, since he has been so shorn of his beams.

All this is amusing ; and yet, methinks, I had rather we made a great figure than a comical one. When one has been used to glory under Mr. Pitt, I sigh to think how he and we are fallen ! We are afraid to meddle even in little Corsica, though the French have so wofully miscarried there ; and we enjoy half the empire of the Mogul only to traffic in India stock ! We are no longer great any way. We have no great men ; no great orators, writers, or poets. One would think they had all been killed in the last war. Nay, our very actors are uncommonly bad. I saw a new tragedy the other night, that was worse played, though at Drury Lane, than by any strollers I ever beheld ; and yet they are good enough for the new pieces. The best we have are little comic operas. Apropos to operas ; your old acquaintance the Duke of Dorset<sup>2</sup> is dead, after having worn out his constitution, and almost his estate. He has not left a tree standing in the venerable old park at Knowle. However, the family think themselves very happy that he did not marry a girl he kept, as he had a mind to do, if the state of his understanding had not empowered his relations to prevent it.

Did you see as he passed to Rome the great lord<sup>3</sup> that gave birth to all our present disputes ? He is said to be much recovered.

I shall return to London the day after to-morrow ; and as this cannot set out till Tuesday, probably I shall have something to add. Do you know anything of Lady Orford, and the state of her health ? Mr. Hamilton spoke of her to me in the summer as almost expiring with an asthma.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Sackville, second Duke of Dorset. *Walpole*.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Bute. *Walpole*.



London, Jan. 16th.

Wilkes's writs of error were argued yesterday before the Lords ; and the Lord Chief Justice Wilmot, in the name of the other judges, declared in behalf of the verdict already given against him, which was then confirmed, without one lord saying a syllable in his defence. As he has two parts of the legislature thus firm against him, it remains to see whether he and the people can make any impression on the House of Commons. If the world can attend to anything else, this week comes on before the House of Lords that most extraordinary cause between the families of Douglas and Hamilton, equal to any in the *Causes Célèbres*. Adieu ! I do not hear a word of my Lord Chatham. Madame de Barré, the French meteor, does not seem to be a fixed star.

1246. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 31, 1769.

THE affair of Wilkes is rather undecided yet, than in suspense. It has been a fair trial between faction and corruption ; of two such common whores, the richest will carry it.

The Court of Aldermen set aside the election of Wilkes on some informality, but he was immediately re-chosen. This happened on Friday last, the very day of his appearance at the House of Commons. He went thither without the least disturbance or mob, having dispersed his orders accordingly, which are obeyed implicitly. He did not, however, appear at the bar till ten at night, the day being wasted in debating whether he should be suffered to enter on his case at large, or be restrained to his two chief complaints. The latter was carried by 270 to 131, a majority that he will not easily reduce. He was then called in, looked ill, but behaved decently, and demanded to take the oaths and his

seat. This affair, after a short debate, was refused ; and his counsel being told the restrictions imposed, the House adjourned at midnight. To-day he goes again to the House, but whatever steps he takes there, or however long debates he may occasion, you may look upon his fate as decided in that place.

We are in hourly expectation of hearing that a nymph, more common still than the two I have mentioned, has occasioned what Wilkes has failed in now, a change in an administration. I mean the Comtesse du Barry. The *grands habits* are made, and nothing wanting for her presentation but—what do you think ? some woman of quality to present her. In that servile court and country, the nobility have had spirit enough to decline paying their court, though the King has stooped à *des bassesses* to obtain it. The Duc de Choiseul will be the victim ; and they pretend to say has declared he will resign à *l'anglaise*, rather than be *chassé* by such a creature. His indiscretion is astonishing : he has said at his own table, and she has been told so, ‘*Madame du Barry est très mal informée ; on ne parle pas des catins chez moi.*’ Catin diverts herself and King Solomon the wise with tossing oranges into the air after supper, and crying, ‘*Saute, Choiseul ! saute, Praslin !*’ and then Solomon laughs heartily. Sometimes she flings powder in his sage face, and calls him *Jean Farine* ! Well ! we are not the foolishest nation in Europe yet ! It is supposed that the Duc d’Aiguillon will be the successor. Voltaire has just published a *Siècle de Louis XV* ; it were pity but he should continue this *Book of Kings*.

I am going to send away this letter, because you will be impatient, and the House will not rise probably till long after the post is gone out. I did not think last May that you would hear this February that there was an end of mobs, that Wilkes was expelled, and the colonies quieted.

However, pray take notice that I do not stir a foot out of the province of gazetteer into that of prophet. I protest, I know no more than a prophet what is to come. Adieu !

## 1247. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 6, 1769.

I WAS not mistaken in announcing to you the approaching expulsion of Wilkes. It passed on Friday night, or rather at three on Saturday morning, by a majority of 219 against 137, after four days of such fatigue and long sittings as never were known together. His behaviour, in every respect but confidence, was so poor, that it confirmed what I have long thought, that he would lose himself sooner in the House of Commons than he can be crushed anywhere else. He has so little quickness or talent for public speaking, that he would not be heard with patience. Now he has all the *éclat* that sufferings, boldness, or his writings can give him—not that I think the latter have other merit than being calculated for the mob and the moment. He stands again for Middlesex, to be again expelled ; yet nobody dares oppose him ; and he is as sure of recommending his successor. Still there are people so wild and blind, as not to see that every triumph against him is followed by mortification and disgrace. In this country every violence turns back upon its authors. My father, who governed for the longest time, and Mr. Pelham, who enjoyed the quietest administration, always leaned to lenient measures. They who think themselves wiser have not met with equal success. As worthless a fellow as Wilkes is, the rigours exercised towards him have raised a spirit that will require still wiser heads to allay. Men have again turned seriously to the study of those controversies that agitated this country an hundred years ago ; and instead of dipping in Roman and

Greek histories for flowers to decorate the speeches of false patriotism, principles are revived that have taken deeper root; and I wish we do not see quarrels of a graver complexion than the dirty squabbles for places and profit. Persecution for politics has just the same issue as for religion; it spreads the oppressed doctrine; and though I think Wilkes as bad a man as if he were a *saint*, he will every day get disciples that will profit of his martyrdom. Thank God, that he has not turned Methodist!

Apropos to *saints*. Do you know that one of the chief supports of Madame du Barri is that old hypocrite the Duc de la Vauguion<sup>1</sup>, the Dauphin's governor, and patron of the Jesuits. I remember, when I was in France, it was a common saying, 'que Monsieur de Choiseul n'avoit rien fait en chassant les Jésuites, s'il ne chassoit aussi M. de la Vauguion.' This Ignatian preceptor went the other day to *Madame*, the King's eldest and favourite daughter, and told her that Madame du Barri would certainly be presented, and that her Royal Highness would do well to receive her kindly. The Princess asked if he came by the King's order? He said, no; but that the Duc de Richelieu, and other of her Royal Highness's friends, advised her to that conduct. She said, with spirit and dignity, 'Monsieur, sortez de ma chambre.' We believe the presentation made last Sunday, though the account is not yet come; and I think there is as little doubt of Choiseul's fall. I agree with you in praying that it may save Paoli. What an excellent contrast in the beginning and end of the King's life! All France gallantly wished to give him a mistress; but if a beauty was recommended to him, he asked if she was as handsome as the poor ugly Queen. Once, I have heard, they proceeded so far as to place a fair nymph in his

LETTER 1247. — <sup>1</sup> Antoine Paul Caussade (1706-1772), Duc de la Jacques de Quélen de Stuer de Vauguion.



bed—he threw the chamber-pot at her. Then on a sudden he took the homely Madame de Mailly, then her frightful sister, Vintimille, then the third sister, the goddess Châteauroux: and now changes his ministry for a street-walker. . . .<sup>2</sup>

I am sorry your residence at Pisa is so unpleasant and expensive to you. You must comfort yourself that you will never be to follow the court to a camp, nor be shut up in the seven towers<sup>3</sup>. Do you know, I expect that the vast northern war will teach the Turks to read Grotius and Puffendorff. Adieu!

### 1248. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 28, 1769.

So you and the Jesuits have lost the Pope<sup>1</sup>! I don't believe they will comfort themselves so easily as you will. You are too discreet to betray the secrets of your province, therefore I will not ask if you have received any instructions to promote the interest of my Lord Bute to succeed him; yet, without your authority, I could easily make Mr. Wilkes believe so—or at least say so. I know where it would pass for as much gospel as any she is inclined to receive. I am to dine to-morrow with the famous Mrs. Macaulay, along with the Duc de la Rochefoucault<sup>2</sup>. She is one of the sights that all foreigners are carried to see. Did you know this young duke? He is very amiable and worthy—much more worthy than his ancestor; not quite so agreeable. Our ladies run the men hard: we have actually two or three *upon the carpet* that for these last ten days have deadened the lustre of Wilkes him-

<sup>1</sup> Passage omitted.

<sup>2</sup> Probably an allusion to the 'Torre della Fame' at Pisa (the place of Ugolino's captivity and death), properly known as the 'Torre dei Gualandi alle Sette Vie.' It was

demolished in 1655.

LETTER 1248.—<sup>1</sup> Clement XIII; d. Feb. 2, 1769.

<sup>2</sup> François Alexandre Frédéric (1747-1827), Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt.

self, though his cause is far from being drawn to the dregs. A huge subscription has been made for him ; but, with all the idolatry of his party, they will not trust his divinity with his own offerings, but are paying his debts and thefts. Is not there a sobriety in our madness that stamps it for our own ?

Well, but to come to goddesses: after a marriage of twenty years, Augustus Hervey<sup>3</sup>, having fallen in love with a physician's daughter<sup>4</sup> at Bath, has attacked his spouse, the Maid of Honour, the fair Chudleigh, and sought a divorce for adultery. Unfortunately, he had waited till all the witnesses of their marriage, and of her two deliveries, are dead, as well as the two children. The provident virgin had not been so negligent. Last year she forced herself into the house of the parson<sup>5</sup> who had married them, and who was at the point of death. By bullying, and to get rid of her, she forced the poor man to give up the certificate. Since that she has appeared in Doctors' Commons, and sworn by the Virgins Mary and Diana, that she never was married to Mr. Hervey. The Ecclesiastical Court has admitted her corporal oath, and enjoined silence to Mr. Hervey. Next week this fair injured innocence, who is but fifty, is to be married to the Duke of Kingston, who has kept her openly for almost half that time, and who by this means will recover half his fortune which he had lavished on her. As a proof of her purity and poverty, her wedding-gown is white satin, trimmed with Brussels lace and pearls. Every word of this history is extremely true. The physician, who is a little more in his senses than the other actors, and a little honester, will not give his daughter ; nay, has offered her five thousand pounds not to marry Mr. Hervey,

<sup>3</sup> Second son of John, Lord Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol. *Walpole*.

<sup>4</sup> A Miss Moysey. Mr. Hervey afterwards denied that he intended

to marry her.

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Amis, Rector of Lainston, Hampshire, where the marriage took place in 1744.

but Miss Rhubarb is as much above worldly decorum as the rest, and persists, though there is no more doubt of the marriage of Mr. Hervey and Miss Chudleigh than that of your father and mother. It is a cruel case upon his family, who can never acquiesce in the legitimacy of his children, if any come from this bigamy<sup>6</sup>.

The French cannot keep pace with us. Madame du Barri's presentation is still at a stand; but the Jesuits still trust in her and the Duc de la Vauguion, and flatter themselves that this new idolatry will bring back King Solomon to his old gods. I was talking of this adventure the other day to old Mrs. Selwyn<sup>7</sup>: she said, with all the wit of her son George, 'The French have often outwitted us; I hope now they will outfool us.' You see that will not be an easy matter. My dear Sir, you ought to be recalled; indeed you are too much in your senses to represent us. Two nights ago, I was looking over some part of our correspondence, and I find that for seven-and-twenty years I have been sending you the annals of Bedlam. Apropos, the last tome that you returned to me ended November 13th, 1766. When you have an opportunity, a safe one, let me have the rest. Adieu!

## 1249. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 23, 1769.

MORE tempests! Pray, Mr. Minister, keep up your dignity as well as you can; for I doubt that you will be a little laughed at. You are not now representing the conquerors of East and West. Your crest is fallen! Our campaigns do not extend beyond the confines of Middlesex. We will

<sup>6</sup> This marriage did not take place.  
*Walpole.*

<sup>7</sup> Mary Farringdon, widow of John Selwyn, Esq. (Treasurer to Caroline,

Queen of George II), and Woman of the Bedchamber to that Queen.  
*Walpole.*

begin with the *third* election at Brentford. One Dingley was sent to oppose Wilkes, but took panic and ran away, and nobody would propose him. The next day he advertised that he had gone thither with all the resolution in the world, provided there had been no danger, and so Wilkes was chosen once more. The House again rejected him; but, lest the county should complain of not being represented, another writ is issued; the court is to set up somebody, and a new egg is laid for riots and clamours.

Oh, but this is not all. As one or two towns had sent instructions to their members, it was thought wise to procure loyal addresses, and one was obtained from Essex, which, being the great county for calves, produced nothing but ridicule. I foresaw, and said from the first moment, that there could not be a sillier step taken, as it would sow division in every county and great town in England, by splitting the inhabitants into instructors and addressors. Well! the aforesaid Mr. Dingley got an assembly of merchants, and carried an address ready drawn. It produced opposition and hubbub, and Mr. Dingley struck a lawyer in the face and beat out one of his teeth. The man knocked him down, drubbed him, and has put him in the Crown Office. This scheme defeated, an address was left at a public office to be signed by all that pleased, and yesterday was fixed for it to be presented at St. James's by six hundred merchants and others. This imposing cavalcade no sooner set forth than they were hissed and pelted; and when they came to Temple Bar they found an immense mob, who had shut the gates against them, and they were forced to make their escape by any streets and by-lanes that were not occupied. Not a third part reached St. James's, and they were overtaken by a prodigious concourse, attending a hearse drawn by four horses. On one side of the hearse hung a large escutcheon, representing the chairman at Brentford



killing Clarke; on the other, the Guards firing on the mob in St. George's Fields and shooting Allen, with streams of blood running down. This procession drove to St. James's Gate, where Grenadiers were fixed to prevent their entrance, and the gates towards the Park shut. Here the King, ministers, and foreign ministers were besieged till past four, though the Riot Act was read, and Lord Talbot<sup>1</sup> came down, and seized one man, while the mob broke the Steward's wand in his hand. It was near five before they could recover and present the address, which the mob had tried to seize; they had so pelted the chairman of the committee of merchants, that he was not fit to appear. The Dukes of Northumberland and Kingston were as ill treated. The latter, coming from Bedford House, had been taken for the Duke of Bedford, and had his new wedding-coach, favours, and liveries covered with mud. Fifteen men are taken up, but I don't find anything can be proved against them. In short, never was a more disgraceful scene! Don't wonder if I smile, who have seen more formidable mobs, and something of a better head opposed to them. Many cry out 'Shame!'—but half that cry out, I remember encouraging mobs, and for much worse ends than these poor infatuated people have in view. The minister<sup>2</sup> of those days would not have seen such a procession arrive in St. James's without having had intelligence of it, nor without being prepared for it. Those great and able persons, the Bedford faction, have conjured up this storm, and now are frightened out of their wits at it. All is perfectly quiet to-day, and the King has been at the House to pass the bill for the Duke of Grafton's divorce. Luckily, Newmarket begins on Monday, during which holy season there is always a suspension of arms.

LETTER 1249.—<sup>1</sup> William, first Earl of Talbot, Lord Steward. *Walpole*.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole*.

Good Friday, 24th.

Peace and cross-buns reign to-day. If no new ingenuity is stirred, the people, I don't doubt, will give no more disturbance. But if the Scotch, who cannot rest in patience without persecuting Wilkes, and who have neither known how to quiet or to quell him, prompt new violence, the nation will call out for Lord Chatham and Lord Temple, and the ministers will have leisure to repent the succession of blunders that they have committed. It is strange that men will not learn in every country that defensive measures are the only wise measures for an administration! For a little more power they risk what they possess, and never discover that the most absolute are those that reign in the hearts of the people. Were Cardinal Richelieu, Cromwell, or Louis XI more despotic than Mr. Pitt at the end of the last reign? And then he had the comfort of going to bed every night without the fear of being assassinated. What a blessed life does Count d'Oeyras<sup>3</sup> pass, who is forced to lock up himself and all his power at the end of his palace, with guards in every room, and with every door barred and bolted! As superior power cannot bestow superior wisdom or strength, nor destroy the real equality between man and man, is not it wonderful that any man should stake character, life, and peace of mind, against the odious prerogative of being feared? Hated alive, and reviled dead, they risk everything for the silly satisfaction of turning voluntary into trembling sycophants. Every minister is sure of flatterers enough: no, those flatterers must be slaves. Charles I was not satisfied with the servile adulation of his bishops; the Presbyterian ministers must burn incense too. Jesus! that men should still imagine that to be hated is the way to happiness—but here am I preaching on general topics, when I have something else to say to you.

<sup>3</sup> Prime Minister of Portugal. *Walpole.*

Your brother is very unhappy ; he had projected a match between his daughter and your sister Foote's eldest son<sup>4</sup>, and it was thought that the young couple liked one another. It is certain at least that the poor girl was caught. All on a sudden your nephew grew cold, and at last has owned that he scruples marrying his cousin-german. As she is a lovely girl, and your brother had promised to give her twenty thousand pounds, and forty if her brother dies, who is delicate and has an ugly swelling on his throat, your brother thinks the scruple arises from pride and from her being a natural daughter. I own I have a little of the same suspicion, as the scruple is so ridiculous an one ; and yet it is an honest young man, and full of scruples about his own profession of the law. I told your brother, that if the scruple is sincere, however ill-founded, it would be hard to punish a virtuous mind. Yet your brother resents this behaviour extremely. As your nephew Horace has only a daughter, and Lady Lucy miscarries frequently, your brother told me he had intended to *give his estate* after Horace, and on failure of his own son, whom he thinks he shall lose, to his daughter and young Foote. I did not ask what he meant by *his estate*, whether his own private fortune, or your father's, which he may fancy in his power, though Mr. Chute and I are confident, from what Gal used to say, that the latter is entailed on you. Still if it is not, he could not think of giving it to Horace, without its passing through you. He looks so young and so well, that you need not be in haste to trouble yourself which he meant. Still I wish this match had taken place, as it would have kept you all together, and your brother from carrying his views out of the family. He may now be tempted to scrape all he can together, in order to match his daughter more highly. How idle are

<sup>4</sup> George Talbot Hatley Foote, eldest son of Mann's elder sister,

wife of Francis Foote. The younger Foote died unmarried in 1821.

distant views, and how every day shows one the nothingness of them! Constant experience makes me such a philosopher, that I scarce care whether anything happens as I wish, or just the contrary; and the more so, as the contrary often proves as well as what I wished—There! there are moralities of all sorts for you! And yet not one of them would ever strike anybody that had not passed to them through the gate of experience. One can no more enjoy the fruits of another man's experience than of another man's land, without buying it.

1250. *TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD.*

March 24, 1769.

IF Mr. Palmer will not give in his accounts, I order Mr. Bedford to give in my accounts without them. I will connive at nothing, nor have any underhand dealings with Mr. Palmer or anybody else; but will have the business of my office done openly, fairly, and regularly, as it is my duty to do, and as I can justify to the Lords of the Treasury and to the public.

HOR. WALPOLE.

1251. *TO GEORGE MONTAGU.*

Strawberry Hill, Sunday, March 26, 1769.

I BEG your pardon; I promised to send you news, and I had quite forgot that we have had a rebellion—at least, the Duke of Bedford says so. Six or eight hundred merchants, English, Dutch, Jews, Gentiles, had been entreated to protect the Protestant succession, and consented. They set out on Wednesday noon in their coaches and chariots—chariots not armed with scythes like our Gothic ancestors. At Temple Bar they met several regiments of foot, dreadfully armed



with mud, who discharged a sleet of dirt on the loyal troop. Minerva, who had forgotten her dreadful Ægis, and who, in the shape of Mr. Boehm, carried the address, was forced to take shelter under a cloud in Nando's coffee-house<sup>1</sup>, being more afraid of Buckhorse than ever Venus was of Diomed—in short, it was a dismal day; and if Lord Talbot had not recollected the Patriot feats of his youth and recommenced bruiser, I don't know but the Duchess of Kingston<sup>2</sup>, who has so long preserved her modesty, from *both* her husbands, might not have been ravished in the Drawing Room. Peace is at present restored, and the rebellion adjourned to the thirteenth of April; when Wilkes and Colonel Luttrell<sup>3</sup> are to fight a pitched battle at Brentford, the Philippi of Antoninus. *Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi*, know nothing of these broils. You don't convert your ploughshares into falchions, nor the mud of Adderbury into gunpowder. I tremble for my painted windows, and write talismans of Number 45 on every gate and postern of my castle. Mr. Hume is writing the *Revolutions of Middlesex*, and a troop of barnacle geese are levied to defend the Capitol. These are melancholy times! Heaven send we do not laugh till we cry!

London, Tuesday, 28th.

Our ministers, like their Saxon ancestors, are gone to hold a Wittenagemot on horseback at Newmarket. Lord Chatham, we are told, is to come forth after the holidays and place himself at the head of the discontented. When I see it I shall believe it.

LETTER 1251.—<sup>1</sup> In Fleet Street.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, married to the Duke on March 8, 1769.

<sup>3</sup> Colonel Hon. Henry Lawes Luttrell (1743–1821), eldest son of first Baron Irnham, who was created Earl of Carhampton in 1785, and

whom he succeeded as second Earl in 1787. Luttrell was beaten at the election by 1,143 votes to 296, but by a resolution of the House of Commons he was declared elected. At the time of the election and for some time afterwards he was in considerable danger from the anger of the mob.

Lord Frederick Campbell is, at last, to be married this evening to the Dowager Countess of Ferrers. The Duchess of Grafton is actually Countess of Ossory. This is a short gazette; but, consider, it is a time of truce. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

1252. TO THOMAS CHATTERTON<sup>1</sup>.

SIR,

Arlington Street, March 28, 1769.

I cannot but think myself singularly obliged by a gentleman with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted, when I read your very curious and kind letter, which I have this minute received. I give you a thousand thanks for it, and for the very obliging offer you make me, of communicating your MSS. to me. What you have already sent me is very valuable, and full of information; but instead of correcting you, Sir, you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and without your learned notes should not have been able to comprehend Rowley's text.

As a second edition of my *Anecdotes* was published but last year, I must not flatter myself that a third will be wanted soon; but I shall be happy to lay up any notices you will be so good as to extract for me, and send me at your leisure; for, as it is uncertain when I may use them, I would by no means borrow and detain your MSS.

Give me leave to ask you where Rowley's poems are to be

LETTER 1252.—<sup>1</sup> Thomas Chatterton (1752–1770) the poet, then sixteen years old. He wrote to Horace Walpole in March 1769, under cover to Bathoe, Walpole's bookseller. 'Bathoe . . . brought me a packet left with him. It contained an Ode, or little poem of two or three stanzas in *alternate rhyme*, on the death of Richard the 1st, and I was told in

a very few lines that it had been found at Bristol with many other old poems; and that the possessor could furnish me with accounts of a series of great painters that had flourished at Bristol' (See *Letter to the Editor of the Miscellanies of Thomas Chatterton*, Works of Lord Orford, vol. iv. p. 220.)

found? I should not be sorry to print them; or at least, a specimen of them, if they have never been printed.

The Abbot John's verses that you have given me, are wonderful for their harmony and spirit, though there are some words I do not understand.

You do not point out exactly the time when he lived, which I wish to know, as I suppose it was long before John Ab Eyck's discovery of oil-painting. If so, it confirms what I had guessed, and have hinted in my *Anecdotes*, that oil-painting was known here much earlier than that discovery or revival.

I will not trouble you with more questions now, Sir, but flatter myself from the humanity and politeness you have already shown me, that you will sometimes give me leave to consult you. I hope, too, you will forgive the simplicity of my direction, as you have favoured me with no other.

I am, Sir,

Your much obliged

and obedient humble Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE<sup>2</sup>.

P.S. Be so good as to direct to Mr. Walpole in Arlington Street.

### 1253. TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR SIR,

Arlington Street, April 5, 1769.

I have read carefully and with great pleasure your two comedies, and will tell you sincerely my opinion of them.

<sup>2</sup> The following note, dated Berkeley Square, March 16, 1792, is printed in *Works of Lord Orford* (vol. iv. p. 289):—'A letter from me to Chatterton, dated March 28, 1769, appeared in the *European Magazine* for the past month of February. I believe it is a genuine one, and the first which

I wrote to him on his first application to me: though, not having seen the original now, nor since it was written, nor having kept any copy of it, I cannot at the distance of so many years say more than that I do believe it was genuine.'

The grave one pleases me the most, and made me shed tears. I think it wants very little improvement: none in the conduct, if any rather more comic, which you have confined too much to Flora and the footman. One point I think wants correction, which is Lucinda's neglect of inquiring after her father till the moment she is ready to depart. The greatest objection I believe could be made, is, that the story, at least the situations, have too much resemblance to *The Conscious Lovers*<sup>1</sup>. When I have spoken so frankly, I trust you will believe me too, when I assure you I think it an excellent comedy, and can see no objection you could have to letting it be acted, concealing the author, which I could not advise, after what I have said on that subject. So far from agreeing with Mr. Gray, I like the bastardy, and would have the governor, consistently with the good sense of his character, say more against the cruel prejudice that falls on the innocent instead of the guilty. I will not flatter you more about the other piece, the indelicacy of Lady Fitzharold's character I think too strong; and do not approve Lady Betty's being so easily drawn, contrary to the pride of her ideas, which you make her characteristic, into love for the supposed *valet de chambre*. His part pleases me extremely, is new and would have great effect upon the stage; there are many scenes very well worked up; but the play would want softening in the respects I have mentioned. Still I own the other is my favourite: it requires very little alteration, might easily be improved, and I am sure would please universally. If you concealed your name, I can conceive no objection to your letting it be acted, which I should very much wish to see.—I give you a thousand thanks for trusting them to me, and for the sight of the drawing, which lost nothing by my being prepared for it; besides the humour which is admirable, it

LETTER 1258.—<sup>1</sup> A comedy by Steele.



is excellent as a drawing. I enclose a short advertisement for Mr. Hoyland's<sup>2</sup> poems. I mean by it to tempt people to a little more charity, and to soften to him, as much as I can, the humiliation of its being asked for him; if you approve it, it shall be prefixed to the edition.

Forgive the freedoms I have taken with you, Sir; I should not, but from esteem, and from believing you above being offended with them. I shall see you, I flatter myself, before you go out of town.

Your most obedient

HOR. WALPOLE.

1254. TO DR. ROBERTSON.

[April 1769.]

GIVE me leave, Sir, without flattery, to observe to yourself, what is very natural to say to others. You are almost the single, certainly the greatest instance, that sound parts and judgement can attain every perfection of a writer, though it be buried in the privacy of retired life and deep study. You have neither the prejudices of a recluse, nor want any of the taste of a man of the world. Nor is this polished ease confined to your works, which parts and imitation might possibly seize. In the few hours I passed with you last summer I was struck with your familiar acquaintance with man, and with every topic of conversation. Of your Scottish History I have often said, that it seemed to me to have been written by an able ambassador, who had seen much of affairs. I do not expect to find less of that penetration in your Charles<sup>1</sup>. Why should I not say thus much to you? Why should the language of flattery forbid truth to speak its

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Francis Hoyland, a friend of Mason. His *Poems* were printed at Strawberry Hill in 1769.

LETTER 1254. — <sup>1</sup> Robertson's recently published *History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V.*

mind, merely because flattery has stolen truth's expressions? Why should you be deprived of the satisfaction of hearing the impression your merit has made? You have sense enough to be conscious that you deserve what I have said; and though modesty will forbid you to subscribe to it, justice to me and to my character, which was never that of a flatterer, will oblige you silently to feel, that I can have no motive but that of paying homage to superior abilities.

## 1255. SO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 14, 1769.

YESTERDAY, the day of expectation, is over: I mean the election at Brentford, for I must recollect that you have not been thinking of nothing else for a fortnight, as we have. It ended bloodless, both sides having agreed to keep the peace; chance ratified that compromise. Take notice, I engage no farther than for what is past. Wilkes triumphed, as usual, having a majority of between eight and nine hundred. The court candidate<sup>1</sup>, who had offered himself for the service, and who was as imprudently accepted, gave no proofs of the determined valour that he had promised. His friends exerted themselves as little; and though he was to have been convoyed by a squadron of many gentlemen, his troop did not muster above twenty, assembled in his father's garden, broke down the wall that they might steal a march, and yet were repulsed at Hyde Park Corner, where the commander lost his hat, and in self-defence rode over a foot-passenger. He polled under three hundred, and owed his safety to Wilkes's friends. This defeat the House of Commons are at this moment repairing—I believe I may add, by widening the breach;

LETTER 1255.—<sup>1</sup> Colonel Luttrell, eldest son of Lord Irnham. *Walpole*.

for, as they intend to reject Wilkes and accept Luttrell, they will probably make the county quite mad. In short, they have done nothing but flounder from one blunder into another, and, by an impartial mixture of rashness and timidity, have brought matters to a pass, which I fear will require at last very sharp methods to decide one way or other. We have no heads but wrong ones; and wrong heads on both sides have not the happy attribute of two negatives in making an affirmative. Instead of annihilating Wilkes by buying or neglecting him, his enemies have pushed the court on a series of measures that have made him excessively important; and now every step they take must serve to increase his faction, and make themselves more unpopular. The clouds all around them are many and big, and will burst as fast as they try violent methods. I tremble at the prospect, and suffer to see the abyss into which we are falling, and the height from whence we have fallen! We were tired of being in a situation to give the law to Europe, and now cannot give it with safety to the mob—for giving it, when they are not disposed to receive it, is of all experiments the most dangerous; and whatever may be the consequence in the end, seldom fails to fall on the heads of those who undertake it. I have said it to you more than once; it is amazing to me that men do not prefer the safe, amiable, and honourable method of governing the people as they like to be governed, to the invidious and restless task of governing them contrary to their inclinations. If princes or ministers considered, that despair makes men fearless, instead of making them cowards, surely they would abandon such fruitless policy. It requires ages of oppression, barbarism, and ignorance, to sink mankind into pusillanimous submission; and it requires a climate too that softens and enervates. I do not think we are going to try the experiment; but as I am sorry the people give

provocation, so I am grieved to see that provocation too warmly resented, because men forget from whence they set out, and mutual injuries beget new principles, and open to wider views than either party had at first any notion of. Charles I would have been more despotic, if he had defeated the republicans, than he would have dreamed of being before the Civil War; and Colonel Cromwell certainly never thought of becoming Protector, when he raised his regiment. The King lost his head, and the Colonel his rest; and we were so fortunate, after a deluge of blood, as to relapse into a little better condition than we had been before the contest; but if the son of either had been an active rogue, we might have lost our liberties for some time, and not recovered them without a much longer struggle.

I must now desire a favour of you. The Contessa Rena<sup>2</sup> is returned to Florence, and we hear has even been received at court, yet she is not satisfied without the countenance *del Signor Ministro d'Inghilterra*. As an Austrian court has not been squeamish, I think you need not be so: nay, I don't suspect you. Besides, as our representative, you may plead the precedent of her Grace of Kingston. But, without a joke, it will oblige me and two of my friends<sup>3</sup>, if you will take notice of her and show her civilities. She is a good-humoured inoffensive creature; I knew her myself; she has been at Strawberry, and lain there; *en tout bien et honneur, s'entend*; and it will oblige the above persons extremely, if she writes word, that *Monsù Menn* has distinguished her at my request. I would not ask this, if I thought it would put you under any difficulties: nor do I mean that you should neglect the emperor<sup>4</sup> for her.

<sup>2</sup> A Florentine who had long been in England; had originally been mistress (at Florence, where she was wife of a wine merchant) of Lord Pembroke, and afterwards here, of

the Earl of March, and occasionally of others. *Walpole*.

<sup>3</sup> Probably George Selwyn and Lord March.

<sup>4</sup> Joseph II, then in Italy.



Methinks, without stirring out of the street *de' Santi Apostoli*<sup>5</sup>, you have got acquainted with as many sovereigns as old Peterborough<sup>6</sup>, that bragged of having seen more kings and postilions than any man in Europe. I delight in the mock election of a Pope made to amuse Cæsar. How the Capitol must blush at such a Cæsar, and such an entertainment!

Luckily, I think the Capitol will see little more than mock elections.

Otranto<sup>7</sup>, I must tell you, is in the kingdom of Naples, not in Sicily. You will see by this paragraph that I have received a certain letter<sup>8</sup> from you, to which I do not care to say more by the post. Wherever Otranto is, I am glad I had no letter from thence.

Madame du Barri will certainly be presented yet. Whether she will be able to save Corsica, I don't know. Such nymphs are seldom born for the good of any country. Cannot you whisper Cæsar, that it would be as diverting to rescue Paoli, as to see a parcel of old fools acting the Holy Ghost, and showing him how it selects from a corporation of superannuated dotards the most decrepit amongst them to represent the Almighty? My dear Sir, it would be worthy of you to shuffle your two or three great and little princes together, and form a league that for once might have the good of mankind for its object. Adieu!

## 1256. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, April 15, 1769.

I SHOULD be very sorry to believe half your distempers. I am heartily grieved for the vacancy that has happened in

<sup>5</sup> In which Sir Horace Mann lived at Florence. *Walpole*.

<sup>6</sup> Charles Mordaunt, the famous Earl. *Walpole*.

<sup>7</sup> Mr. Walpole had written the Gothic story called *The Castle of*

*Otranto*. *Walpole*.

<sup>8</sup> Lord Bute, when at Florence, had talked to Sir Horace Mann (probably to please him) of writing to Mr. Walpole from Otranto. *Walpole*.

your mouth<sup>1</sup>, though you describe it so comically. As the only physic I believe in is prevention, you shall let me prescribe to you. Use a little bit of alum twice or thrice in a week, no bigger than half your nail, till it has all dissolved in your mouth, and been spit out. This has fortified my teeth, that they are as strong as the pen of Junius<sup>2</sup>. I learned it of Mrs. Grosvenor, who had not a speck in her teeth to her death. For your other complaints, I revert to my old sermon, temperance. If you will live in a hermitage, methinks it is no great addition to live like a hermit. Look in Sadeler's prints, they had beards down to their girdles; and with all their impatience to be in heaven, their roots and water kept them for a century from their wishes. I have lived all my life like an anchorite in London, and within ten miles, shed my skin after the gout, and am as lively as an eel in a week after. Mr. Chute, who has drunk no more wine than a fish, grows better every year. He has escaped this winter with only a little pain in one hand. Consider that the physicians recommend wine, and then can you doubt of its being poison? Medicines may cure a few acute distempers, but how should they mend a broken constitution? they would as soon mend a broken leg. Abstinence and time may repair it, nothing else can; for when time has been employed to spoil the blood, it cannot be purified in a moment.

Wilkes, who has been chosen member of Parliament almost as often as Marius was consul, was again re-elected on Thursday. The House of Commons, who are as obstinate as the county, have again rejected him. To-day they are to instate Colonel Luttrell in his place. What is to follow I cannot say, but I doubt grievous commotions. Both sides

LETTER 1256.—<sup>1</sup> Montagu had lost a front tooth.

<sup>2</sup> The first of the letters signed

'Junius' appeared in the *Public Advertiser* of Jan. 21, 1769.

seem so warm, that it will be difficult for either to be in the right. This is not a merry subject, and therefore I will have done with it. If it comes to blows, I intend to be as neutral as the gentleman that was going out with his hounds the morning of Edgehill. I have seen too much of parties to list with any of them.

You promised to return to town, but now say nothing of it. You had better come before a passport is necessary. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

### 1257. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, May 11, 1769.

You are so wayward, that I often resolve to give you up to your humours. Then something happens with which I can divert you, and my good nature returns. Did not you say you should return to London long before this time? At least, could you not tell me you had changed your mind? why am I to pick it out from your absence and silence, as Dr. Warburton found a future state in Moses's saying nothing of the matter? I could go on with a chapter of severe interrogatories; but I think it more cruel to treat you as a hopeless reprobate—yes, you are graceless, and as I have a respect for my own scolding, I shall not throw it away upon you.

Strawberry has been in great glory—I have given a *festino* there that will almost mortgage it. Last Tuesday all France dined there: Monsieur and Madame du Châtelet, the Duc de Liancour, three more French ladies<sup>1</sup>, whose names you will

LETTER 1257. — <sup>1</sup> Mesdames de Villegagnon, de la Vaupalière, and de Damas. Mme. de Villegagnon was the sister of M. Francis, French Chargé d'Affaires in London. She

married, in 1787, as his second wife, Hon. Thomas Walpole, Horace Walpole's first cousin, second son of first Baron Walpole of Wolterton.

find in the enclosed paper<sup>2</sup>, eight other Frenchmen, the Spanish and Portuguese ministers, the Holdernesses, Fitzroys, in short we were four-and-twenty. They arrived at two. At the gates of the castle I received them, dressed in the cravat of Gibbons's carving, and a pair of gloves embroidered up to the elbows that had belonged to James I. The French servants stared, and firmly believed this was the dress of English country gentlemen. After taking a survey of the apartments, we went to the printing-house, where I had prepared the enclosed verses, with translations by Monsieur de Lisle<sup>3</sup>, one of the company. The moment they were printed off, I gave a private signal, and French horns and clarionets accompanied the compliment. We then went to see Pope's grotto and garden, and returned to a magnificent dinner in the refectory. In the evening we walked, had tea, coffee, and lemonade in the gallery, which was illuminated with a thousand, or thirty candles, I forget which, and played at whisk and loo till midnight. Then there was a cold supper, and at one the company returned to town, saluted by fifty nightingales, who, as tenants of the manor, came to do honour to their lord.

I cannot say last night was equally agreeable. There was what they called a *ridotto al fresco* at Vauxhall, for which one paid half a guinea, though, except some thousand more lamps and a covered passage all round the garden, which took off from the gardenhood, there was nothing better than on a common night. Mr. Conway and I set out from his house at eight o'clock—the tide and torrent of coaches was so prodigious, that it was half an hour after nine before we got halfway from Westminster Bridge. We then alighted, and after scrambling under bellies of horses,

<sup>2</sup> These verses do not appear in the MS. They are printed in *Ann. Reg.* 1771, pp. 238–9.

<sup>3</sup> The Chevalier de Lille, an officer of dragoons, and a writer of *vers de société*.



through wheels, and over posts and rails, we reached the gardens, where were already many thousand persons. Nothing diverted me but a man in a Turk's dress and two nymphs in masquerade without masks, who sailed amongst the company, and, which was surprising, seemed to surprise nobody. It had been given out that people were desired to come in fancied dresses without masks. We walked twice round and were rejoiced to come away, though with the same difficulties as at our entrance; for we found three strings of coaches all along the road, who did not move half a foot in half an hour. There is to be a rival mob in the same way at Ranelagh to-morrow; for the greater the folly and imposition the greater is the crowd. I have suspended the *vestimenta* that were torn off my back to the god of repentance, and shall stay away. Adieu! I have not a word more to say to you.

Yours, &c.,  
H. W.

P.S. I hope you will not regret paying a shilling for this packet.

### 1258. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 11, 1769.

You know my exactitude, and therefore will have justly concluded from my silence that nothing material has happened since I wrote last.

The election of Colonel Luttrell, though it has given much offence, produced none of the disturbances that were expected. The supporters of the Bill of Rights<sup>1</sup> have, on the contrary, adopted a much more decent system; not with

LETTER 1258.—<sup>1</sup> 'The Society for supporting the Bill of Rights,' a political association formed in 1769.

the approbation of Wilkes, whose existence depending on heats and riots, has made him afraid of being dropped, and of seeing any grievances in question, except his own. The supporters, or London Tavern, as they are called from the place of their meeting, determined on a petition to the King, in which they have enumerated all the matters of complaint from the beginning of this reign. This has lain to be signed, and has been prodigiously signed by the freeholders of Middlesex for these three weeks; and it was expected would be presented a week ago. What has prevented it, I don't know; probably the sitting of the Parliament, which was to have risen last Tuesday was se'nnight; but on the preceding Saturday fifteen of Wilkes's friends petitioned against Luttrell. The House could not refuse to hear them; last Monday was appointed, when, after a debate that lasted till near three in the morning, Luttrell was confirmed by two hundred and twenty-one to one hundred and fifty-two. Sixty-nine was no shining majority. The next day George Grenville dined at a tavern with Lord Rockingham's friends, and this union will no doubt last—till next session. On Tuesday the Houses were prorogued; but as the King went to put an end to the session, the behaviour of the people was as offensive as it could be, without an actual tumult.

Lord Chatham, as I foretold, has, you find, not appeared. His friends still talk of his coming to town; I see not to what end now.

Well! Madame du Barri has been suddenly presented, when nobody thought of it. The King returning from Choisi, found the Duc de Richelieu reading a letter, who said, 'Sire, the Comtesse du Barri desires to have the honour of being presented to your Majesty.'—'With all my heart,' replied Solomon; 'when she will; to-morrow, if she likes it.' Presented she was accordingly, and at night gave a great supper; to which were invited Richelieu and all the

Duc de Choiseul's enemies. Richelieu, engaged in this plot with the King, looks very unfavourable for the minister. Everybody is now presented to her, and she has been publicly at Marly. The Mesdames scratched M. de Beauvilliers out of the list for that party on *his* being presented. But I should think such affronts would only render the mistress more eager to establish herself. I grieve that if the change should arrive, it will not be in time to save Paoli.

The Russians have begun with vivacity and seized Asoph; still the Empress makes me a Turk in my heart. Don't you love the Chinese? Czernichew, her sumptuous minister here, was named for the embassy to China, but the Emperor said he would not receive an ambassador from a murderess. How often what we call barbarians make Europe blush!

Oh, I forgot to tell you that the Comte du Barri, who has been acknowledged by Lord Barrymore<sup>2</sup>, insists on calling himself by that title. He was reported to be dead. The Duc de Chartres<sup>3</sup> said, 'C'est pour nous prouver qu'il est véritablement Comte du *Barrymort*.' I think the summer will be tolerably quiet here. Everybody is going to make hay and keep sheep, except the light troops that will skirmish in the newspapers. You, I hope, have got rid of your Emperors, and will have a little quiet too. When do your old folks at Rome intend to choose the last Pope? Does the Emperor design to dethrone St. Peter and restore Julius Cæsar? Or will Madame du Barri fatten up the Holy Ghost again only because M. de Choiseul had clipped its wings? Adieu!

<sup>2</sup> As a relation. *Walpole*.—Richard Barry (1745–1778), sixth Earl of Barrymore.

<sup>3</sup> Louis Philippe Joseph (1747–

1793), Duc de Chartres, son of the Duc d'Orléans, whom he succeeded in 1785. He was guillotined.

## 1259. TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR SIR,

Arlington Street, May 11, 1769.

I am more pleased than surprised at your kindness, and the hurry with which I answer your letter will, I hope, in some measure express my gratitude. I thank you for myself, not for my play<sup>1</sup>. I care little about the latter, in comparison of the satisfaction I receive from your friendship. I cannot think the play deserved the pains you have bestowed on it, but I am very willing to flatter myself that you felt some kindness for the author: and I doubt I am one of those selfish parents that love themselves better than their offspring.

I cannot think of the stage—I believe from pride—and I am weary of printing and publishing—I suppose from vanity, at least I am sure I have no better reasons for not making all possible use of your alterations, with which I am so much pleased that I shall correct my own copy by them. I am astonished to see with how few lines you have been able totally to change the canvas of a whole play, a play totally defective in the plan, and I believe not much better in the conduct, which you would not exert your judgement, or rather your chemistry, to prove; for I must repeat how surprised I am at the *solution* you have made with so little trouble. I own too my own want of judgement: I believe I was so pleased with what ought to have prevented my attempting the subject, which was the singularity of it. Unfrequent crimes are as little the business of tragedy, as singular characters are of comedy; it is inviting the town to correct a single person. You see, Sir, I am far from being incorrigible; on the contrary, I am willing to be corrected; but as Mr. Gray could tell you, I cannot correct



myself. I write I neither know how nor why, and always make worse what I try to amend. I have begged him a thousand times to no purpose to correct trifles I have written, and which I really could not improve myself. I am not so unreasonable or so imprudent as to ask the same favour of you, Sir; but I accept with great thankfulness what you have voluntarily been so good as to do for me; and should *The Mysterious Mother* ever be performed when I am dead, it will owe to you its presentation.

When I see Mr. Stonhewer, I will know if he would choose another edition of poor Mr. Hoyland's *Poems*. I doubt *not*, as when he sent for the last twenty, he said he believed he *could* get off them. I gladly adopt your corrections, but I cannot father your own goodness. It is to you, Sir, Mr. Hoyland owes everything.

Dodsley has published a dozen letters of Pope to Mrs. Blount; they are evidently real love-letters—and yet they are stiff and unnatural, though he affects negligence in them.

I forgot to reprove you for calling me *a poet*. I wish I had any pretensions to that title. It is true I early wished to be one, but soon found I was not; my prose was like speeches of the members of the House of Commons, who try to talk themselves into titles to which they were not born; you, Sir, who found your patent in your cradle, call me *My Lord*, as English peers condescend to give their own appellation to the peers of Ireland, though conscious that the latter are only commoners: for my part I give up all pretensions but to your esteem, with which you have flattered me, and which I beg you to continue by marks of friendship to, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

## 1260. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, May 25, 1769.

THOUGH it is incredible how little I have to say, I cannot refuse writing as you desired, to tell you that I have received your letter relating to the affairs of your family. It has given me entire satisfaction. There can be no doubt from the account of both your brothers of the estate being entailed on you. I fancy what we have heard lately was only an air of importance, and of which it is better to take no notice; especially as the contest can never happen with the person who assumed those airs. This is all it is necessary to say.

Everything here is perfectly calm; Wilkes so much forgotten, that he seems to have forgot himself. The Middlesex petition was at last presented yesterday, but as decently and respectfully as if it had come from Scotland. Opposition, I think, must set out upon some new fund, for even they themselves seem tired of the old.

The Duke of Grafton has already chosen a new wife, and is going to marry Miss Wrottesley<sup>1</sup>, a niece of the Duchess of Bedford. She is not handsome, but is quiet and reasonable, and has a very amiable character.

As I told you in my last, we shall be happy enough to be able to divert ourselves with foreign news, Turks, Pope, or Paoli. It is generally thought here that the last will be able to hold out, from the inaccessible fastnesses of his island, and from the almost impossibility that the French will have of supplying themselves with provisions; and that even if they should succeed, the expense will pass all bounds. I think the Duc de Choiseul not at all likely to live long enough in his ministerial capacity to see that conquest achieved. His successor, whoever it shall be, will

LETTER 1260.—<sup>1</sup>Elizabeth (d. 1822), second daughter of Rev. Sir Richard Wrottesley, seventh Baronet. The

Duke was divorced from his first wife in March 1769.

scarce compliment him with finishing his work at so dear and burdensome a rate.

So the Countess<sup>2</sup> is coming over, and the Countess is going back again! Why that is all that one has to say on her coming and going. I do not know whether she and her son will meet, but neither can meet with anybody less worth meeting.

Everybody is going into the country to recruit themselves with health, or money, or wit, or faction. This has been an expensive winter in all those articles. London is such a drain, that we seem annihilated in summer: at least the activity and events from the beginning of November to the beginning of June are so out of proportion to the other five months, that we are not the same nation in the one half-year and the other. Paris itself, compared to London, appeared to me a mere country town, where they live upon one piece of news for a month. When I lived in the country (which was but the three last summers of my father's life, for I don't call this place so), I used to be tired to death of the conversation on the price of oats and barley, and those topics that people talk about and about by their almanack, and which never do, and which never have occasion to come to a conclusion. I have been so used to think to a point, that the common conversation of the world about common things is insupportable to me; and to say the truth, I know less of the common affairs of the world than if I had lived all my days in a college. Elections, justice business, prices of commodities, and all matters of detail are Hebrew to me. Men that know every circumstance, and women that never know any, are equally good company to me. I had as willingly hear a story where everything is confounded, as where everything is detailed; the event of everything seeming to me all that is worth

<sup>2</sup> Lady Orford.—*Walpole*.

knowing; and then I want something new. As I have nothing new, I may as well finish my letter. Adieu!

## 1261. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

Arlington Street, May 27, 1769.

I HAVE not heard from you this century, nor knew where you had fixed your staff. Mr. Gray tells me you are still at Waterbeach. Mr. Granger has published his Catalogue of Prints and Lives down to the Revolution, and, as the work sells well, I believe, nay, do not doubt but we shall have the rest. There are a few copies printed but on one side of the leaf. As I know you love scribbling in such books as well as I do, I beg you will give me leave to make you a present of one set. I shall send it in about a week to Mr. Gray, and have desired him, as soon as he has turned it over, to convey it to you. I have found a few mistakes, and you will find more. To my mortification, though I have four thousand heads, I find, upon a rough calculation, that I still shall want three or four hundred.

Pray, give me some account of yourself, how you do, and whether you are fixed? I thought you rather inclined to Ely. Are we never to have the history of that cathedral? I wish you would tell me that you have any thoughts of coming this way; or that you would make me a visit this summer. I shall be little from home this summer till August, when I think of going to Paris for six weeks.

To be sure you have seen the History of British Topography<sup>1</sup>, which was published this winter, and it is a delightful book in our way. Adieu! dear Sir.

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

LETTER 1261.—<sup>1</sup> *Anecdotes of British Topography*, by Richard Gough (1735–1809).



## 1262. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR,

Strawberry Hill, June 14, 1769.

Among many agreeable passages in your last, there is nothing I like so well as the hope you give me of seeing you here in July. I will return that visit immediately—don't be afraid, I do not mean to incommode you at Waterbeach, but, if you will come, I promise I will accompany you back as far as Cambridge; nay, carry you on to Ely, for thither I am bound. The Bishop<sup>1</sup> has sent a Dr. Nichols to me, to desire I would assist him in a plan for the east window of his cathedral, which he intends to *benefactorate* with painted glass. The window is the most untractable of all Saxon uncouthnesses; nor can I conceive what to do with it, but by taking off the bottoms for arms and mosaic, splitting the Crucifixion into three compartments, and filling the five lights at top with prophets, saints, martyrs, or such like, after shortening the windows like the great ones. This I shall propose; however, I choose to see the spot myself, as it will be a proper attention to the Bishop after his civility; and I really would give the best advice I could. The Bishop, like Alexander VIII, feels that the clock has struck half an hour past eleven, and is impatient to be let depart in peace after his eyes shall have seen his vitrification; at least, he is impatient to give his eyes that treat—and yet it will be a pity to precipitate the work. If you can come to me first, I shall be happy; if not, I must come to you, that is, will meet you at Cambridge. Let me know your mind, for I would not press you unseasonably. I am enough obliged to you already, though, by mistake, you think it is you that are obliged to me. I do not mean to

LETTER 1262.—<sup>1</sup> Matthias Mawson, Bishop of Ely; d. 1770.

plunder you of any more prints; but shall employ a little collector to get me all that are *getable*; the rest, the greatest collectors of us all must want.

I am very sorry for the fever you have had; but, Goodman Frog, if you will live in the fens, do you expect to be as healthy as if you were a fat Dominican at Naples? You and your MSS. will all grow mouldy. When our climate is subject to no sign but Aquarius and Pisces, would one choose the dampest county under the heavens? I do not expect to persuade you, and so I will say no more. I wish you joy of the treasure you have discovered. Six Saxon bishops and a Duke of Northumberland<sup>2</sup>! You have had fine sport this season. Thank you much for wishing to see my name on a plate in the History—but, seriously, I have no such vanity. I did my utmost to dissuade Mr. Granger from the Dedication<sup>3</sup>, and took especial pains to get my *virtues* left out of the question, till I found he would be quite hurt if I did not let him express his gratitude, as he called it; so to satisfy him, I was forced to accept of his *present*, for I doubt I have few virtues but what he has presented me with; and in a dedication, you know one is permitted to have as many as the author can afford to bestow. I really have another objection to the plate, which is, the ten guineas. I have so many drafts on my extravagance for trifles that I like better than vanity, that I should not care to be at that expense. But I should think either the Duke or Duchess of Northumberland would rejoice at such opportunity of buying incense—and I will tell you what you shall do. Write to Mr. Percy, and vaunt the discovery of Duke Brythnoth's bones, and ask him to move their Graces to contribute a plate. They could not be

<sup>2</sup> Their remains were discovered by Cole during some alterations in Ely Cathedral.

<sup>3</sup> Granger's *Biographical History* was dedicated to Horace Walpole.

so unnatural as to refuse—especially if the Duchess knew the size of his thigh-bone.

I was very happy to show civilities to your friends, and should have asked them to stay and dine, but unluckily expected other company. Dr. Ewin<sup>4</sup> seems a very good sort of man, and Mr. Rawlinson a very agreeable one. Pray do not think it was any trouble to me to pay respect to your recommendation.

I have been eagerly reading Mr. Shenstone's<sup>5</sup> *Letters*, which, though containing nothing but trifles, amused me extremely, as they mention so many persons I know, particularly myself. I found there, what I did not know, and what I believe Mr. Gray himself never knew, that his Ode on my cat was written to ridicule Lord Lyttelton's Monody. It is just as true, as that the latter will survive, and the former be forgotten. There is another anecdote equally vulgar, and void of truth: that my father, *sitting in George's Coffee-House* (I suppose Mr. Shenstone thought that, after he quitted his place, he went to coffee-houses to learn news), was asked to contribute to a figure of himself that was to be beheaded by the mob. I do remember something like it, but it happened to myself. I met a mob, just after my father was out, in Hanover Square, and drove up to it to know what was the matter. They were carrying about a figure of my sister. This probably gave rise to the other story. That on my uncle I never heard, but it is a good story, and not at all improbable. I felt great pity on reading these letters for the narrow circumstances of the author, and the passion for fame that he was tormented with; and yet he had much more fame than his talents intitled him to. Poor man! he wanted to have all the world talk of him for the pretty place<sup>6</sup> he had made, and

<sup>4</sup> William Howell Ewin (d. 1804),  
a notorious usurer.

<sup>5</sup> William Shenstone (1714–1769).  
<sup>6</sup> The Leasowes.

which he seems to have made only that it might be talked of. The first time a company came to see my house, I felt his joy. I am now so tired of it, that I shudder when the bell rings at the gate. It is as bad as keeping an inn, and I am often tempted to deny its being shown, if it would not be ill-natured to those that come, and to my housekeeper. I own, I was one day too cross. I had been plagued all the week with staring crowds. At last it rained a deluge. 'Well!' said I, 'at least nobody will come to-day.' The words were scarce uttered, before the bell rang, a company desired to see the house—I replied, 'Tell them they cannot possibly see the house, but they are very welcome to walk in the garden.'

Observe; nothing above alludes to Dr. Ewin and Mr. Rawlinson; I was not only much pleased with them, but quite glad to show them how entirely you command my house, and your most sincere friend and servant

HOR. WALPOLE.

### 1263. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, June 14, 1769.

I THANK you for the history of the Pope<sup>1</sup> and his genealogy, or, rather, for what is to be his genealogy; for I suppose all those tailors and coachmen his relations will now found noble families. They may enrich their blood with the remaining spoils of the Jesuits, unless, which would not surprise me, his new Holiness should now veer about, and endeavour to save the order; for I think the Church full as likely to fall by sacrificing its janissaries, as by any attacks that can be made upon it. *Deme unum, deme etiam unum.*

If I care little about your Roman politics, I am not so

LETTER 1263.—<sup>1</sup> Clement XIV, recently elected.



indifferent about your Corsican<sup>2</sup>. Poor brave Paoli!—but he is not disgraced! We, that have sat still and seen him overwhelmed, must answer it to history. Nay, the Mediterranean will taunt us in the very next war. Choiseul triumphs over us and Madame du Barri: her star seems to have lost its influence. I do not know what another lady<sup>3</sup> will say to Choiseul on the late behaviour of his friend, the Ambassador, here. As the adventure will make a chapter in the new edition of Wiquefort<sup>4</sup>, and, consequently, will strike *you*, I will give you the detail. At the ball on the King's Birthday, Count Czernichew was sitting in the box of the foreign ministers next to Count Seilern, the Imperial Ambassador. The latter, who is as fierce as the spread eagle itself, and as stiff as the chin of all the Ferdinands, was, according to his custom, as near to Jupiter as was possible. Monsieur du Châtelet and the Prince de Masserano came in. Châtelet sidled up to the two former, spoke to them and passed behind them, but on a sudden lifted up his leg and thrust himself in between the two Imperials. The Russian, astonished and provoked, endeavoured to push him away, and a jostle began that discomposed the faces and curls of both; and the Russian even dropped the word *impertinent*. Czernichew, however, quitted the spot of battle, and the Prince de Masserano, in support of the family-compact, hobbled into the place below Châtelet. As the two champions retired, more words at the door. However, the Russian's coach being first, he astonished everybody by proposing to set Monsieur du Châtelet down at his

<sup>2</sup> Corsica was overrun in May by thirty thousand French troops, and was at this time almost entirely subdued. Paoli held out until surrounded by the enemy. He then, with a body of five hundred men, cut his way through the French troops, and after hiding for two

days, he escaped on an English ship, landing in Leghorn on June 16, 1769.

<sup>3</sup> The Czarina. *Walpole*.

<sup>4</sup> Abraham Wiquefort, author of a treatise called *L'Ambassadeur et ses Fonctions*.

own house. In the coach, *it is said*, the Frenchman protested he had meant nothing personal either to Count Czernichew, or to the Russian minister, but having received orders from his court to take place on all occasions *next* to the Imperial Ambassador, he had but done his duty. Next morning he visited Czernichew, and they are *personally* reconciled. It was, however, feared that the dispute would be renewed, for, at the King's next levee, both were at the door, ready to push in when it should be opened; but the Russian kept behind, and at the bottom of the room, without mixing with the rest of the foreign ministers. The King, who was much offended at what had passed, called Count Czernichew into the middle of the room, and talked to him for a very considerable time. Since then, the Lord Chamberlain has been ordered to notify to all the foreign ministers that the King looks on the ball at court as a private ball, and declares, *to prevent such disagreeable altercations for the future*, that there is no precedence there. This declaration is ridiculed, because the ball at court is almost the only ceremony observed there, and certainly the most formal, the Princes of the blood dancing first, and everybody else being taken out according to their rank. Yet the King, being the fountain of all rank, may certainly declare what he pleases, especially in his own palace. The public papers, which seldom spare the French, are warm for the Russian. Châtelet, too, is not popular, nor well at court. He is wrong-headed, and at Vienna was very near drawing his court into a scrape by his haughtiness. His own friends even doubt whether this last exploit will not offend at Versailles, as the Duc de Choiseul has lately been endeavouring to soften the Czarina, wishes to send a minister thither, and has actually sent an agent. Châtelet was to have gone this week, but I believe waits to hear how his behaviour is taken. Personally, I am quite on his side, though I think

him in the wrong; but he is extremely civil to me; I live much at his house, admire his wife exceedingly, and, besides, you know, have declared war with the Czarina; so what I say is quite in confidence to you, and for your information. As an Englishman, I am whatever Madam Great Britain can expect of me. As intimate with the Châtelets, and extremely attached to the Duchess of Choiseul, I detest Madame du Barri and her faction. You, who are a foreign minister, and can distinguish like a theologian between the *two natures*, perfectly comprehend all this; and, therefore, to the charity of your casuistry I recommend myself in this jumble of contradictions, which you may be sure do not give me any sort of trouble either way. At least I have not *three* distinctions, like Châtelet when he affronted Czernichew, but neither in his private nor public capacity.

This fracas happens very luckily, as we had nothing left to talk of; for of the Pope we think no more, according to the old saying, than of the Pope of Rome. Of Wilkes there is no longer any question, and of the war under the pole we hear nothing. Corsica, probably, will occasion murmurs, but they will be preserved in pickle till next winter. I am come hither for two months, very busy with finishing my round tower, which has stood still these five years, and with an enchanting new cottage that I have built, and other little works. In August I shall go to Paris for six weeks. In short, I am delighted with having bid adieu to Parliament and politics, and with doing nothing but what I like all the year round.

Your brother called on me t'other day, and desired I would recommend to you three English gentlemen who are going to France. He gave me their names, but I have lost them. No matter; you are civil to all three and all three hundred English. You will find out these by their being men of Kent and your brother's acquaintance, and therefore don't

betray me. You are so good to all, that these will easily believe your attentions are particularly addressed to them on your brother's recommendation. Adieu !

# 1264. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Monday, June 26, 1769.

OH, yes, yes, I shall like Thursday or Friday, 6th or 7th, exceedingly. I shall like your staying with me two days exceedingly<sup>er</sup>; and longer exceedingly<sup>est</sup>: and I will carry you back to Cambridge on our pilgrimage to Ely. But I should not at all like to be caught in the glories of an installation<sup>1</sup>, and find myself a Doctor, before I knew where I was. It will be much more agreeable to find the whole *caput* asleep, digesting turtle, dreaming of bishoprics, and humming old catches of Anacreon and scraps of Corelli. I wish Mr. Gray may not be set out for the north, which is rather the case than setting out for the summer. We have no summers, I think, but what we raise, like pine-apples, by fire. My hay is an absolute *water-soochy*, and teaches me how to feel for you. You are quite in the right to sell your fief in Marshland. I should be glad if you would take one step more, and quit Marshland. We live, at least, on terra firma in this part of the world, and can saunter out without stilts. *Then* we do not wade into pools, and call it going upon the water, and get sore throats. I trust yours is better; but I recollect this is not the first you have complained of. Pray be not incorrigible, but come to shore.

Be so good as to thank Mr. Smith, my old tutor, for his corrections. If ever the *Anecdotes* are reprinted, I will certainly profit of them.

LETTER 1264.—<sup>1</sup> The installation of the Duke of Grafton as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, which took place in July 1769.



I joked, it is true, about Joscelin de Louvain<sup>2</sup> and his Duchess; but not at all in advising you to make Mr. Percy pimp for the plate. On the contrary, I wish you success, and think this an infallible method of obtaining the benefaction. It is right to lay vanity under contribution, for then both sides are pleased.

It will not be easy for you to dine with Mr. Granger from hence, and return at night. It cannot be less than six- or seven-and-twenty miles to Shiplake. But I go to Park Place to-morrow, which is within two miles of him, and I will try if I can tempt him to meet you here. Adieu!

Dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

#### 1265. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Arlington Street, July 8, 1769.

WHEN you have been so constantly good to me, my dear Lord, without changing, do you wonder that our friendship has lasted so long? Can I be insensible to the honour or pleasure of your acquaintance? When the advantage lies so much on my side, am I likely to alter the first? Oh, but it will last now! We have seen friendships without number born and die. Ours was not formed on interest, nor alliance; and politics, the poison of all English connections, never entered into ours. You have given me a new proof by remembering the chapel of Luton<sup>1</sup>. I hear it is to be preserved; and am glad of it, though I might have been the better for its ruins.

I should have answered your Lordship's last post, but was

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Northumberland, who assumed the name of Percy in consequence of his marriage to a Percy heiress, as did Joscelin de

Louvain on his marriage to Agnes de Percy.

LETTER 1265.—<sup>1</sup> Luton Hoo, Lord Bute's seat in Bedfordshire.

at Park Place. I think Lady Ailesbury quite recovered; though her illness has made such an impression that she does not yet believe it.

It is so settled that we are never to have tolerable weather in June, that the first hot day was on Saturday—hot by comparison; for I think it is three years since we have really felt the feel of summer. I was, however, concerned to be forced to come to town yesterday on some business; for, however the country feels, it looks divine, and the verdure we buy so dear is delicious. I shall not be able, I fear, to profit of it this summer in the loveliest of all places, as I am to go to Paris in August. But next year I trust I shall accompany Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury to Wentworth Castle. I shall be glad to visit Castle Howard and Beverley; but neither would carry me so far, if Wentworth Castle was not in the way.

The Châtelets are gone, without any more battles with the Russians. The papers say the latter have been beaten by the Turks; which rejoices me, though against all rules of politics: but I detest that murderess, and like to have her humbled. I don't know that this piece of news is true: it is enough to me that it is agreeable. I had rather take it for granted, than be at the trouble of inquiring about what I have so little to do with. I am just the same about the City and Surrey petitions. Since I have *dismembered*<sup>2</sup> myself, it is incredible how cool I am to all politics.

London is the abomination of desolation; and I rejoice to leave it again this evening. Even Pam has not a levee above once or twice a week. Next winter, I suppose it will begin to be a fashion to remove into the City: for, since it is the mode to choose aldermen at this end of the town, the Maccaronis will certainly adjourn to Bishopsgate Street,

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Walpole means, since he quitted Parliament. *Walpole.*

for fear of being fined for sheriffs. Mr. James<sup>3</sup> and Mr. Boothby will die of the thought of being aldermen of Grosvenor Ward and Berkeley Square Ward. Adam and Eve in their paradise laugh at all these tumults, and have not tasted of the tree that forfeits paradise; which I take to have been the tree of politics, not of knowledge. How happy you are not to have your son Abel knocked on the head by his brother Cain at the Brentford election! You do not hunt the poor deer and hares that gambol around you.—If Eve<sup>4</sup> has a sin, I doubt it is angling; but as she makes all other creatures happy, I beg she would not impale worms nor whisk carp out of one element into another. If she repents of that guilt, I hope she will live as long as her grandson Methuselah. There is a commentator that says *his* life was protracted for never having boiled a lobster alive. Adieu, dear couple, that I honour as much as I could honour my first grandfather and grandmother!

Your most dutiful

HOR. JAPHET.

# 1266. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Friday, July 7, 1769.

You desired me to write, if I knew anything particular. How particular will content you? Don't imagine I would send you such hash as the Livery's petition<sup>1</sup>. Come; would the apparition of my Lord Chatham satisfy you? Don't be frightened; it was not his ghost. He, he himself *in propriâ personâ*, and not in a strait-waistcoat, walked into the King's levee this morning, and was in the closet twenty minutes after the levee; and was to go out of town to-night

<sup>3</sup> Probably Haughton James, a West India proprietor.

<sup>4</sup> Lady Strafford.

the Livery of London, delivered to the King by the Lord Mayor, Beckford, and three others, on July 5, 1769.

LETTER 1266.—<sup>1</sup> The petition of

again. The deuce is in it if this is not news. Whether he is to be king, minister, lord mayor, or alderman, I do not know: nor a word more than I have told you. Whether he was sent for to guard St. James's Gate, or whether he came alone, like Almanzor, to storm it, I cannot tell: by Beckford's violence I should think the latter. I am so indifferent what he came for, that I shall wait till Sunday to learn: when I lie in town on my way to Ely. You will probably hear more from your brother before I can write again. I send this by my friend Mr. Granger<sup>2</sup>, who will leave it at your park gate as he goes through Henley home. Good night! it is past twelve, and I am going to bed.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

### 1267. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

Strawberry Hill, July 15, 1769.

YOUR fellow travellers, Rosette<sup>1</sup> and I, got home safe, perfectly contented with our expedition, and wonderfully obliged to you. Pray receive our thanks and barkings, and pray say and bark a great deal for us to Mr. and Mrs. Bentham<sup>2</sup>, and all that good family.

After gratitude, you know, always comes a little self-interest, for who would be at the trouble of being grateful, if he had no further expectations? *Imprimis*, then, here are the directions for Mr. Essex<sup>3</sup> for the piers of my gates<sup>4</sup>. Bishop Luda<sup>5</sup> must not be offended at my converting his tomb into a gateway. Many a saint and confessor, I doubt,

<sup>2</sup> Author of the *Biographical History of England*. Walpole.

LETTER 1267.—Incomplete in C.; now first printed entire from original in British Museum.

<sup>1</sup> Horace Walpole's dog.

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Bentham (1708–1778), Alderman of Cambridge and printer to that University. His wife was

Anne, sister of George Roste, of Cambridge.

<sup>3</sup> James Essex (1722–1784), architect. He was much employed at Cambridge and Ely.

<sup>4</sup> The garden gate, engraved in the *Description of Strawberry Hill*.

<sup>5</sup> William de Luda, Bishop of Ely, 1290–99.



will be glad soon to be *passed through*, as it will, at least, secure his being *passed over*. When I was directing the east window at Ely, I recollected the lines of Prior,

How capricious were Nature and Art to poor Nel!

She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell.

Adorning cathedrals when the religion itself totters, is very like poor Nel's mishap. But to come to Mr. Essex.

The width of the iron gates is 6 feet 2, and they are 7 feet 10 high. Each pilaster is one foot wide: the whole width, with the interstices, is 8 feet 10. The ornament over the gates is 4 feet 4 to the point. Perhaps you will understand me from this scrawl<sup>6</sup>.

The piers should certainly, I think, be a little, and not much higher than the ornament over the gates, but Mr. Essex will judge better of the proper proportion. I would not have any bas-relief or figures in the bases. The tops to be in this manner. Nothing over the gates themselves.

My next job is a list of some heads, which I beg you will give to Mr. Jackson; at his leisure he will try if he can pick them up for me.

Frances Bridges, Countess of

Exeter. (You will think me very gluttonous about this.)

D. of Bucks by Faithorne, in the manner of Mellan.

Sir John Hoskins<sup>7</sup>.

Sir Robert Viner.

Wharton.

Mrs. Cooper.

Sleidan<sup>8</sup>.

Sir Bevil Granville<sup>9</sup>.

Prince Eugene, young.

D. of Ormond, do.

Mrs. Wellers.

Gouge<sup>10</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> Two rough drawings appear in the original letter.

<sup>7</sup> Sir John Hoskins or Hoskyns, second Baronet (1634-1705), Master in Chancery, and President of the Royal Society, 1682-83. The print of him was begun by Faithorne and finished by White.

<sup>8</sup> Johann Sleiden or Sleidanus

(1506-1556). Faithorne engraved six prints for the English edition of his *History of the Reformation in Germany*.

<sup>9</sup> Sir Bevil Grenville or Granville (1596-1643), killed at Lansdowne, near Bath, during the Civil War.

<sup>10</sup> Dr. William Gouge (1578-1653), Puritan divine.

Lady Paston<sup>11</sup>.

Hannah Wooley<sup>12</sup>.

Lady Harrington.

Venner<sup>13</sup>.

Glanville<sup>14</sup>.

Maria Langham<sup>15</sup>.

Lady Rooke.

Frontispiece to Academy of  
Eloquence.

Do. to History of Ch. I by H. L.

Hen. Maria before the Queen's Closet opened.

Do. See Granger, vol. i. p. 2, p. 335.

Ch. 2<sup>d</sup>, Sheldon<sup>16</sup>, and Shaftsbury before old editions of  
*Chamberlain's Present State*.

Qu. Eliz., Burleigh, and Walsingham, Frontisp. to Sir  
Dudley Digges's *Compleat Ambassador*.

N.B. All the above are by Faithorne or by his son in  
mezzotinto. I shall not mind paying for books, to get the  
prints. Here are a few others.

Sir Tho. Armstrong<sup>17</sup> in a print with other heads. Lady  
Mary Airmine. Catherine Bolein. Charles Blount Lord  
Montjoy. George Earl of Berkeley. Ld. Brounker. Mary  
Duchess of Beaufort<sup>18</sup>. Madam Sophia Bulkeley<sup>19</sup>. Lady  
Brandon. Arthur Lord Chichester. Giovanni Dudley  
Duca di Northumberland. Lady Anastatia Digby. Ld.  
Dartmouth<sup>20</sup>. Lady Falconberg<sup>21</sup>. Humphrey D. of

<sup>11</sup> Wife of Sir William Paston, first Baronet (d. 1662), of Paston and Oxnead, Norfolk.

<sup>12</sup> Mrs. Hannah Wooley, who wrote in the seventeenth century on cookery, needlework, and household management. Her portrait (sometimes stated not to represent her but a Mrs. Gilly) was engraved by Faithorne.

<sup>13</sup> Tobias Venner (1577-1660), medical writer. His portrait, engraved by Faithorne, was prefixed to one of the editions of his work entitled *Via Recta ad Vitam Longam*.

<sup>14</sup> Joseph Glanvill (1636-1680), whose portrait was prefixed to his *Philosophical Considerations touching Witches and Witchcraft*.

<sup>15</sup> Mary, daughter of Sir Edward

Alston, and wife of Sir James Langham.

<sup>16</sup> Gilbert Sheldon (1598-1677), Archbishop of Canterbury.

<sup>17</sup> Sir Thomas Armstrong, Knight (d. 1684), executed for participation in the Rye House Plot.

<sup>18</sup> Hon. Mary Capel, eldest daughter of first Baron Capel of Hadham, and wife of first Duke of Beaufort.

<sup>19</sup> Hon. Sophia Stewart, daughter of Hon. Walter Stewart, second son of first Baron Blantyre, and wife of Hon. Henry Bulkeley, fourth son of first Viscount Bulkeley.

<sup>20</sup> George Legge (1647-1691), first Baron Dartmouth.

<sup>21</sup> Mary, daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and wife of first Earl Fauconberg; d. 1718.

Gloster. Countess of Hertford. Sir John Hotham<sup>22</sup>. *Jacob Hall*<sup>23</sup>. Theoph. Earl of Huntingdon<sup>24</sup>. Eliz. Countess of Kent. Louisa Princess Palatine<sup>25</sup>. D. and Dss. of Newcastle and children at table by Diepenbecke<sup>26</sup>. Sir John Perrot<sup>27</sup>. Percy<sup>28</sup>, gunpowder conspirator. Tobias Rustat<sup>29</sup>. Alex. E. of Stirling<sup>30</sup>. Eliz. Countess of Southampton<sup>31</sup>. Lady Eliz. Shirley<sup>32</sup>, by Hollar. Earl of Tyrconnel. Lady Mary Vere. Sir H. Vane<sup>33</sup> *the elder*. Sir Tho. Wyat. *Edw.* E. of Warwick.

I will trouble you with no more at present, but to get from Mr. Lort<sup>34</sup> the name of the Norfolk monster, and to give it to Jackson. Don't forget the list of English heads in Dr. Ewin's book for Mr. Granger, particularly the Duchess of Chevreux. I will now release you, only adding my compliments to Dr. Ewin, Mr. Tyson<sup>35</sup>, Mr. Lort, Mr. Essex, and once more to the Bentham's. Adieu, dear Sir! Yours  
H. W.

Remember to ask me for acacias, and anything else with which I can pay some of my debts to you.

<sup>22</sup> Sir John Hotham, first Baronet, Governor of Hull; d. 1645.

<sup>23</sup> A rope-dancer, who flourished in the reign of Charles II.

<sup>24</sup> Theophilus Hastings (1650-1701), seventh Earl of Huntingdon.

<sup>25</sup> Probably Louisa Hollandia, daughter of Frederick, Count Palatine and King of Bohemia, by Elizabeth, daughter of James I of England. The Princess Louisa was Abbess of Maubuisson, near Paris.

<sup>26</sup> See letter to Gray of Nov. 19, 1765.

<sup>27</sup> Probably Sir John Perrot, Knight (d. 1592), Lord Deputy of Ireland.

<sup>28</sup> Thomas Percy (1560-1605).

<sup>29</sup> Tobias Rustat (d. 1694), benefactor to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

<sup>30</sup> William Alexander (d. 1640), first Earl of Stirling, poet and colonist.

<sup>31</sup> Lady Elizabeth Leigh, daughter of first Earl of Chichester, and second wife of Thomas Wriothesley, fourth Earl of Southampton.

<sup>32</sup> In the list of prints by Hollar given in the *Anecdotes of Painting* Horace Walpole mentions 'Lady Elizabeth Shirley the Persian.' This was probably Teresia, daughter of a Circassian nobleman and wife of Sir Robert Shirley, Envoy to England from Persia. Her portrait was engraved by Hollar.

<sup>33</sup> Sir Henry Vane, Knight (1589-1655).

<sup>34</sup> Dr. Michael Lort (1725-1790), antiquary; Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, 1759-71; Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1779-83.

<sup>35</sup> Rev. Michael Tyson (1740-1780), antiquary and amateur artist.

## 1268. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 19, 1769.

You will possibly wonder you have not heard from me, when the public papers must have raised your curiosity and impatience. The reappearance of Lord Chatham, after so long a seclusion of himself, is no indifferent event. It has opened all eyes and mouths from hence to Madrid. I am not apt to neglect such eras. In truth, I wished to be able to tell you more than mere conjectures. *Venit, vidit*,—the *vicit* is to come. He was twenty minutes alone with the King; but what passed, neither of their Majesties has been pleased to tell. *General conversation only*, is the word given out. That the Earl is perfectly well, that is, *compos mentis*, and grown fat, is certain. That the moment of his appearance, i. e. so immediately after the petition of the Livery of London, set on foot and presented by his friend Alderman Beckford, has a hostile look, cannot be doubted. That he was *not* sent for—is, I believe, still more true. Farther this deponent saith not. If petitioning had caught and run briskly, to be sure it might have been necessary to call in so great a fireman to stop the flame, as apothecaries give rhubarb to check a looseness. But London, for the first time in its life, has not dictated to England. Essex and Hertfordshire have refused to petition; Wiltshire and Worcester say they will petition, and Yorkshire probably will. But London has so *outdone its usual outdoings*<sup>1</sup>, that the example is not tempting, especially as they did not venture to sign their own petition. They have attacked ministers, judges, and Parliament itself. The latter, in all likelihood, will ask them some questions next winter.

LETTER 1268.—<sup>1</sup> An expression of Cibber on Mrs. Oldfield in his preface to *The Provoked Husband*, that

was much ridiculed at the time. *Walpole*.



Lord Holland has already asked one of the Lord Mayor<sup>2</sup>; who chose to shift the blame from himself<sup>3</sup>. It has stirred up a controversy which is not likely to end so. The world is persuaded that there are two factions in the ministry,—if there were not, it would be the only place void of them. The East India Company is all faction and gaming. Such fortunes are made and lost every day as are past belief. Our history will appear a gigantic lie hereafter, when we are shrunk again to our own little island. People trudge to the other end of the town to vote who shall govern empires at the other end of the world. Panchaud, a banker from Paris, broke yesterday for seventy thousand pounds, by buying and selling stock; and Sir Laurence Dundas *paid in* an hundred and forty thousand pounds for what he had bought. The Company have more and greater places to give away than the First Lord of the Treasury. Riches, abuse, cabals, are so enormously overgrown, that one wants conception and words to comprehend or describe them. Even Jewish prophets would have found Eastern hyperboles deficient, if Nineveh had been half so extravagant, luxurious, and rapacious as this wicked good town of London. I expect it will set itself on fire at last, and light the match with India bonds and bank bills. As I pass by it and look at it, I cannot help talking to it, as Ezekiel would do, and saying, ‘With all those combustibles in thy bowels, with neither government, police, or prudence, how is it that thou still existest?’ Well! I am going to a little quiet town, where they have had nothing but one whore to talk of for this twelvemonth,—I mean Paris. Madame du Barri gains ground, and yet Monsieur de Choiseul carries

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Thomas Harley.

<sup>3</sup> In the petition from the freeholders of Middlesex Lord Holland was described as *the defaulter for unaccounted millions*. He wrote to

the Lord Mayor to complain of the aspersion. The Lord Mayor replied that he was not answerable for the contents of the petition.

all his points. He has taken Corsica, bought Sweden, made a Pope, got the Czarina drubbed by the Turks, and has restored the Parliament of Bretagne, in spite of the Duc d'Aiguillon,—for revenge can make so despotic and ambitious a man as Choiseul even turn patriot,—and yet at this moment I believe he dreads my Lord Chatham more than Madame du Barri.

I shall set out on the fifteenth of next month, and return the first week in October. During that interval I think you had better not write to me, as you know with what difficulty I got your letters there.

I am much concerned that the journeyings and sojournings of your little court are so expensive to you. Nor do I know what to advise. I rather am against your buying annuities. Pray do not go and game in India stock. I am now so out of the world and so absolutely out of all politics, that my interest is no better than my advice. My hopes are, that your court will soon grow older. The frisks of a young reign never last. Princes take root in their capital after their first vagaries are over. Ministers do not love to gallop about; and if these peregrinations are burdensome to you, what must they be to the court itself? The finances will fail, and they have no Bengal to draw upon. There will come lectures from Vienna, and you will sit down quietly again in *Via de' Santi Apostoli*. There is my trust: in the meantime I am heartily sorry for the inconvenience you suffer, and wish it was in my power to remedy.

My Lady Orford, I hear, is stopped short at Milan, and does not talk of coming these six months. If she has tapped a new city, I shall not wonder if she never comes. Adieu! I have been writing in the dark, and do not know whether you can read my letter; I find I cannot read it myself.

## 1269. TO THOMAS CHATTERTON.

SIR,

I do not see, I must own, how those precious MSS., of which you have sent me a few extracts, should be lost to the world by my detaining your letters. Do the originals not exist, from whence you say you copied your extracts, and from which you offered me more extracts? In truth, by your first letter I understood that the originals themselves were in your possession by the free and voluntary offer you made me of them, and which you know I did not choose to accept. If Mr. Barrett (who, give me leave to say, cannot know much of antiquity if he believes in the authenticity of those papers) intends to make use of them, would he not do better to have recourse to the originals, than to the slight fragments you have sent me? You say, Sir, you know them to be genuine; pray let me ask again, of what age are they? and how have they been transmitted? In what book of any age is there mention made either of Rowley or of the poetical monk, his ancient predecessor in such pure poetry? poetry, so resembling both Spenser and the moderns, and written in metre invented long since Rowley, and longer since the monk wrote. I doubt Mr. Barrett himself will find it difficult to solve these doubts.

For myself, I undoubtedly will never print those extracts as genuine, which I am far from believing they are. If you want them, Sir, I will have them copied, and will send you the copy. But having a little suspicion that your letters may have been designed to laugh at me, if I had fallen into the snare, you will allow me to preserve your

original letters, as an ingenious contrivance, however unsuccessful. This seems the more probable, as any man would understand by your first letter, that you either was possessed of the original MSS. or had taken copies of them; whereas now you talk as if you had no copy but those written at the bottom of the very letters I have received from you.

I own I should be better diverted, if it proved that you have chosen to entertain yourself at my expense, than if you really thought these pieces ancient. The former would show you had little opinion of my judgement; the latter, that you ought not to trust too much to your own. I should not at all take the former ill, as I am not vain of it; I should be sorry for the latter, as you say, Sir, that you are very young, and it would be pity an ingenious young man should be too early prejudiced in his own favour<sup>1</sup>.

### 1270. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 12, 1769.

I WAS in town yesterday and found the parcel arrived very safe. I give you a thousand thanks, dear Sir, for all the contents, but when I sent you the list of heads I wanted, it was for Mr. Jackson, not at all meaning to rob you: but your generosity much outruns my prudence, and I must be upon my guard with you. The Catherine Bolen was particularly welcome; I had never seen it; it is a treasure, though I am persuaded not genuine, but taken from a French print of the Queen of Scots, which I have. I wish you could tell

<sup>1</sup> The following note was appended by Horace Walpole to this letter:—  
'N.B. The above letter I had begun to write to Chatterton on his redemanding his MSS., but not choosing

to enter into a controversy with him, I did not finish it, and, only folding up his papers, returned them.'



me whence it was taken, I mean from what book: I imagine the same in which are two prints, which Mr. Granger mentions, and has himself (with Italian inscriptions too), of a Duke of Northumberland and an Earl of Arundel. Mr. Barnardiston I never saw before, and do not know in what reign he lived, I suppose lately; nor do I know the era of the Master of Bennet<sup>1</sup>. When I come back, I must beg you to satisfy these questions. The Countess of Kent is very curious, too; I have lately got a very dirty one, so that I shall return yours again. Mrs. Wooley I could not get high nor low—but there is no end of thanking you—and yet I must for Sir J. Finett<sup>2</sup>, though Mr. Hawkins gave me a copy a fortnight ago. I must delay sending them till I come back. Be so good as to thank Mr. Tyson for his prints and notes; the latter I have not had time to look over, I am so hurried with my journey, but I am sure they will be very useful to me. I hope he will not forget me in October. It will be a good opportunity of sending you some young acacias, or anything you want from hence—I am sure you ought to ask me for anything in my power, so much I am in your debt. I must beg to be a little more, by entreating you to pay Mr. Essex whatever he asks for his drawing, which is just what I wished. The iron gates I have.

With regard to a history of Gothic architecture, in which he desires my advice, the plan, I think, should lie in a very simple compass. Was I to execute it, it should be thus. I would give a series of plates, even from the conclusion of Saxon architecture, beginning with the round Roman arch, and going on to show how they plastered and zigzagged it, and then how better ornaments crept in, till the beautiful

LETTER 1270.—<sup>1</sup> John Barnardiston, D.D., Master of Bene't (Corpus Christi) College, Cambridge, 1764–78.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Finet or Finett, Knight (1571–1641), Master of the Ceremonies to James I.

Gothic arrived at its perfection; then how it deceased in Henry the Eighth's reign, Archbp. Warham's tomb at Canterbury being, I believe, the last example of unbastardized Gothic. A very few plates more would demonstrate its change. Holbein embroidered it with some morsels of true architecture; in Queen Elizabeth's reign there was scarce any architecture at all; I mean no pillars, or seldom; buildings then becoming quite plain. Under James a barbarous composition succeeded. A single plate of something of Inigo Jones, in his heaviest and worst style, should terminate the work, for he soon stepped into the true and perfect Grecian.

The next part, Mr. Essex can do better than anybody, and is perhaps the only person who can do it. This should consist of observations on the art, proportions and method of building, and the reasons observed by the Gothic architects for what they did. This would show what great men they were, and how they raised such aërial or stupendous masses, though unassisted by half the lights now enjoyed by their successors. The prices and the wages of workmen, and the comparative value of money and provisions at the several periods, should be stated, as far as it is possible to get materials.

The last part (I don't know whether it should not be the first part) nobody can do so well as yourself. This must be to ascertain the chronologic period of each building—and not only of each building, but of each tomb, that shall be exhibited, for you know the great delicacy and richness of Gothic ornaments was exhausted on small chapels, oratories, and tombs. For my own part, I should wish to have added detached samples of the various patterns of ornaments; which would not be a great many, as, excepting pinnacles, there is scarce one which does not branch from the trefoil; quatrefoils, cinquefoils, &c., being but various modifications

of it. I believe almost all the ramifications of windows are so: and of them there should be samples too.

This work, you see, could not be executed by one hand. Mr. Tyson could give great assistance. I wish the plan was drawn out, and better digested. This is a very rude sketch, and first thought. I should be very glad to contribute what little I know, and to the expense too, which would be considerable: but I am sure we could get assistance: and it had better not be undertaken than executed superficially. Mr. Tyson's history of fashions and dresses would make a valuable part of the work, as in elder times especially much must be depended on tombs for dresses. I have a notion the King might be inclined to encourage such a work; and, if a proper plan was drawn out, for which I have not time now, I would endeavour to get it laid before him, and his *patronage* solicited. Pray talk this over with Mr. Tyson and Mr. Essex. It is an idea worth pursuing.

You was very kind to take me out of the scrape about the organ<sup>3</sup>, and yet if my insignificant name could carry it to one side, I would not scruple to lend it. Thank you, too, for St. Alban<sup>4</sup> and Noailles<sup>5</sup>. The very picture<sup>6</sup> the latter describes was in my father's collection, and is now at Worksop. I have scarce room to crowd in my compliments to the good house of Bentham, and to say, yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> At Ely.

<sup>4</sup> Incidents similar to those which suggested to Horace Walpole the plot of *The Mysterious Mother* were noticed by Cole in a Latin MS. life of St. Alban.

<sup>5</sup> An extract from the *Négociations*

(published in 1768) of François de Noailles (1519-1585), Bishop of Dax, and French Ambassador in England in the reign of Queen Mary.

<sup>6</sup> A picture of the Earl of Surrey leaning on a broken column.

## 1271. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

August 18, 1769.

As I have heard nothing of you since the Assyrian calends, which is much longer ago than the Greek, you may perhaps have died in Media, at Ecbatana, or in Chaldæa, and then, to be sure, I have no reason to take it ill that you have forgotten me. There is no post between Europe and the Elysian fields, where I hope in the Lord Pluto you are ; and for the letters that are sent by Orpheus, Æneas, Sir George Villiers<sup>1</sup>, and such accidental passengers, to be sure, one cannot wonder if they miscarry. You might indeed have sent one a *scrawl* by Fanny, as Cock Lane is not very distant from Arlington Street ; but, when I asked her, she scratched the ghost of a no, that made one's ears tingle again. If, contrary to all probability, you should still be above ground, and if, which is still more improbable, you should repent of your sins while you are yet in good health, and should go strangely farther, and endeavour to make atonement by writing to me again, I think it conscientiously right to inform you, that I am not in Arlington Street, nor at Strawberry Hill, nor even in Middlesex—nay, not in England. I am—I am—guess where—not in Corsica—nor at Spa—stay, I am not at Paris yet—but I hope to be there in two days. In short, I am at Calais, having landed about two hours ago, after a tedious passage of nine hours. Having no soul with me but Rosette, I have been amusing myself with the arrival of a French officer and his wife in a berlin,

LETTER 1271.—Addressed to Adderbury and endorsed :

'Forwarded from Dover the 21 Aug. 1769.

Your most obedient and  
humble servants,

Minet and Fector.'

<sup>1</sup> For an account of the apparition of Sir George Villiers see Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Bk. I.



which carried their ancestors to one of Molière's new plays : as Madame has no maid with her, she and Monsieur very prudently untied the trunks, and disburthened the venerable machine of all its luggage themselves ; and then with a proper resumption of their quality, Monsieur gave his hand to Madame, and conducted her in much ceremony through the yard to their apartment.—Here ends the beginning of my letter—when I have nothing else to do, perhaps I may continue it. You cannot have the confidence to complain, if I give you no more than my *momens perdus* ; have you deserved any better of me ?

Saturday morning.

Having just recollected that the whole merit of this letter will consist in the surprise, I hurry to finish it, and send it away by the captain of the packet, who is returning. You may repay me this surprise by answering my letter, and by directing yours to Arlington Street, from whence Mary will forward it to me. You will not have much time to consider, for I shall set out on my return from Paris the first of October, according to my solemn promise to Strawberry—and you must know, I keep my promises to Strawberry much better than you do. Adieu ! Boulogne hoy !

1272. TO JOHN CHUTE.

Paris, Aug. 30, 1769.

I HAVE been so hurried with paying and receiving visits, that I have not had a moment's worth of time to write. My passage was very tedious, and lasted near nine hours for want of wind.—But I need not talk of my journey ; for Mr. Maurice, whom I met on the road, will have told you that I was safe on terra firma.

Judge of my surprise at hearing four days ago, that my Lord Dacre and my Lady were arrived here. They are

lodged within a few doors of me. He is come to consult a Doctor Pomme<sup>1</sup> who has prescribed wine, and Lord Daere already complains of the violence of his appetite. If you and I had *pommed* him to eternity, he would not have believed us. A man across the sea tells him the plainest thing in the world; that man happens to be called a doctor; and happening for novelty to talk common sense, is believed, as if he had talked nonsense! and what is more extraordinary, Lord Daere thinks himself better, *though* he is so.

My dear old woman<sup>2</sup> is in better health than when I left her, and her spirits so increased, that I tell her she will go mad with age. When they ask her how old she is, she answers, 'J'ai soixante et mille ans.' She and I went to the Boulevard last night after supper, and drove about there till two in the morning. We are going to sup in the country this evening, and are to go to-morrow night at eleven to the puppet-show. A protégé of hers has written a piece for that theatre. I have not yet seen Madame du Barri, nor can get to see her picture at the *Exposition* at the Louvre, the crowds are so enormous that go thither for that purpose. As royal curiosities are the least part of my *virtù*, I wait with patience. Whenever I have an opportunity I visit gardens, chiefly with a view to Rosette's<sup>3</sup> having a walk. She goes nowhere else, because there is a distemper among the dogs.

There is going to be represented a translation of *Hamlet*; who when his hair is cut, and he is curled and powdered, I suppose will be exactly *Monsieur le Prince Oreste*. T'other night I was at *Mérope*. The Dumenil was as divine as Mrs. Porter; they said her familiar tones were those of a *poissonnière*. In the last act, when one expected the catastrophe, Narbas, more interested than anybody to see

LETTER 1272. — <sup>1</sup> Pierre Pomme (1735-1812).

<sup>2</sup> Madame du Deffand. *Walpole*.

<sup>3</sup> A favourite dog of Mr. Walpole's. *Walpole*.

the event, remained coolly on the stage to hear the story. The Queen's maid of honour entered without her handkerchief, and with her hair most artfully undressed, and reeling as if she was maudlin, sobbed out a long narrative, that did not prove true; while Narbas, with all the good breeding in the world, was more attentive to her fright than to what had happened. So much for propriety. Now for probability. Voltaire has published a tragedy, called *Les Guèbres*. Two Roman colonels open the piece: they are brothers, and relate to one another, how they lately in company destroyed, by the Emperor's mandate, a city of the Guèbres, in which were their own wives and children; and they recollect that they want prodigiously to know whether both their families did perish in the flames. The son of the one and the daughter of the other are taken up for heretics, and, thinking themselves brother and sister, insist upon being married, and upon being executed for their religion. The son stabs his father, who is half a Guèbre, too. The high-priest rants and roars. The Emperor arrives, blames the pontiff for being a persecutor, and forgives the son for assassinating his father (who does not die) because—I don't know why, but that he may marry his cousin. The grave-diggers in *Hamlet* have no chance, when such a piece as the *Guèbres* is written agreeably to all rules and unities. Adieu, my dear Sir! I hope to find you quite well at my return.

Yours ever,  
HOR. WALPOLE.

1273. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Paris, Sept. 7, 1769.

YOUR two letters flew here together in a breath. I shall answer the article of business first. I could certainly buy

many things for you here, that you would like, the reliques of the last age's magnificence; but since my Lady Holderness invaded the Custom House with an hundred and fourteen gowns, in the reign of that twopenny monarch George Grenville, the ports are so guarded, that not a soul but a smuggler can smuggle anything into England; and I suppose you would not care to pay seventy-five per cent. on second-hand commodities. All I transported three years ago was conveyed under the cannon of the Duke of Richmond. I have no interest in our present representative<sup>1</sup>; nor if I had, is he returning. Plate, of all earthly vanities, is the most impassable: it is not counterband in its metallic capacity, but totally so in its personal; and the officers of the Custom House not being philosophers enough to separate the substance from the superficies, brutally hammer both to pieces, and return you—only the intrinsic; a compensation which you, who are no member of Parliament, would not, I trow, be satisfied with. Thus I doubt you must retrench your generosity to yourself, unless you can contract it into an Elzevir size, and be content with anything one can bring in one's pocket.

My dear old friend<sup>2</sup> was charmed with your mention of her, and made me vow to return you a thousand compliments. She cannot conceive why you will not step hither. Feeling in herself no difference between the spirits of twenty-three and seventy-three, she thinks there is no impediment to doing whatever one will, but the want of eyesight. If she had that I am persuaded no consideration would prevent her making me a visit at Strawberry Hill. She makes songs, sings them, remembers all that ever were made; and, having lived from the most agreeable to the most reasoning age, has all that was amiable in the last, all

LETTER 1273.—<sup>1</sup> Earl Harcourt.<sup>2</sup> Madame du Deffand.



that is sensible in this, without the vanity of the former, or the pedant impertinence of the latter. I have heard her dispute with all sorts of people, on all sorts of subjects, and never knew her in the wrong. She humbles the learned, sets right their disciples, and finds conversation for everybody. Affectionate as Madame de Sévigné, she has none of her prejudices, but a more universal taste; and, with the most delicate frame, her spirits hurry her through a life of fatigue that would kill me, if I was to continue here. If we return by one in the morning from suppers in the country, she proposes driving to the Boulevard or to the Foire St. Ovide, because it is too early to go to bed. I had great difficulty last night to persuade her, though she was not well, not to sit up till between two or three for the comet; for which purpose she had appointed an astronomer to bring his telescopes to the Président Hénault's, as she thought it would amuse me. In short, her goodness to me is so excessive, that I feel unashamed at producing my withered person in a round of diversions, which I have quitted at home. I tell a story; I do feel ashamed, and sigh to be in my quiet castle and cottage; but it costs me many a pang, when I reflect that I shall probably never have resolution enough to take another journey to see this best and sincerest of friends, who loves me as much as my mother did! but it is idle to look forward—what is next year?—a bubble that may burst for her or me, before even the flying year can hurry to the end of its almanack! To form plans and projects in such a precarious life as this, resembles the enchanted castles of fairy legends, in which every gate was guarded by giants, dragons, &c. Death or diseases bar every portal through which we mean to pass; and, though we may escape them and reach the last chamber, what a wild adventurer is he that centres his hopes at the end of such an avenue! I sit contented with

the beggars at the threshold, and never propose going on, but as the gates open of themselves.

The weather here is quite sultry, and I am sorry to say, one can send to the corner of the street and buy better peaches than all *our* expense in kitchen gardens produces. Lord and Lady Dacre are a few doors from me, having started from Tunbridge more suddenly than I did from Strawberry Hill, but on a more unpleasant motive. My Lord was persuaded to come and try a new physician. His faith is greater than mine! but, poor man! can one wonder that he is willing to believe? My Lady has stood her shock, and I do not doubt will get over it.

Adieu, my t'other dear old friend! I am sorry to say I see you almost as seldom as I do Madame du Deffand. However, it is comfortable to reflect that we have not changed to each other for some five-and-thirty years, and neither you nor I haggle about naming so ancient a term. I made a visit yesterday to the Abbess of Panthemont, General Oglethorpe's niece, and no chicken. I inquired after her mother, Madame de Mezières, and thought I might to a spiritual votary to immortality venture to say that her mother must be very old—she interrupted me tartly, and said, no, her mother had been married extremely young. Do but think of its seeming important to a saint to sink a wrinkle of her own through an iron grate! Oh, we are ridiculous animals; and if angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them!

1274. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Paris, Sept. 8, 1769.

T'OTHER night, at the Duchess of Choiseul's at supper, the *Intendant* of Rouen asked me, if we have roads of communication all over England and Scotland?—I suppose he thinks

that in general we inhabit trackless forests and wild mountains, and that once a year a few legislators come to Paris to learn the arts of civil life, as to sow corn, plant vines, and make operas. If this letter should contrive to scramble through that *desert* Yorkshire, where your Lordship has *attempted* to improve a dreary hill and uncultivated vale, you will find I remember your commands of writing from this capital of the world, whither I am come for the benefit of my country, and where I am intensely studying those laws and that beautiful frame of government, which can alone render a nation happy, great, and flourishing; where *lettres de cachet* soften manners, and a proper distribution of luxury and beggary ensures a common felicity. As we have a prodigious number of students in legislature of both sexes here at present, I will not anticipate their discoveries; but, as your particular friend, will communicate a rare improvement on nature, which these great philosophers have made, and which would add considerable beauties to those parts which your Lordship has already recovered from the waste, and taught to look a little like a Christian country. The secret is very simple, and yet demanded the effort of a mighty genius to strike it out. It is nothing but this: trees ought to be educated as much as men, and are strange awkward productions when not taught to hold themselves upright or bow on proper occasions. The academy *de Belles-Lettres* have even offered a prize for the man that shall recover the long-lost art of an ancient Greek, called *le sieur Orphée*, who instituted a dancing-school for plants, and gave a magnificent ball on the birth of the Dauphin of Thrace, which was performed entirely by forest-trees. In this whole kingdom there is no such thing as seeing a tree that is not well-behaved. They are first stripped up and then cut down; and you would as soon meet a man with his hair about his ears as an oak or an ash. As the

weather is very hot now, and the soil chalk, and the dust white, I assure you it is very difficult, powdered as both are all over, to distinguish a tree from a hair-dresser. Lest this should sound like a travelling hyperbole, I must advertise your Lordship, that there is little difference in their heights ; for, a tree of thirty years' growth being liable to be marked as royal timber, the proprietors take care not to let their trees live to the age of being enlisted, but burn them, and plant others as often almost as they change their fashions. This gives an air of perpetual youth to the face of the country, and if adopted by us would realize Mr. Addison's visions, and

Make our bleak rocks and barren mountains smile<sup>1</sup>.

What other remarks I have made in my indefatigable search after knowledge must be reserved to a future opportunity ; but as your Lordship is my friend, I may venture to say without vanity to you, that Solon nor any of the ancient philosophers who travelled to Egypt in quest of religions, mysteries, laws, and fables, never sat up so late with the ladies and priests and *présidents de parlement* at Memphis, as I do here—and consequently were not half so well qualified as I am to new-model a commonwealth. I have learned how to make remonstrances, and how to answer them. The latter, it seems, is a science much wanted in my own country—and yet it is as easy and obvious as their treatment of trees, and not very unlike it. It was delivered many years ago in an oracular sentence of my namesake—'Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.' You must drive away the vulgar, and you must have an hundred and fifty thousand men to drive them away with—that is all. I do not wonder the Intendant of Rouen thinks we are still

LETTER 1274.—<sup>1</sup> 'And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.' Letter to Lord Halifax.



in a state of barbarism, when we are ignorant of the very rudiments of government.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond have been here a few days, and are gone to Aubigné. I do not think him at all well, and am exceedingly concerned for it; as I know no man who has more estimable qualities. They return by the end of the month. I am fluctuating whether I shall not return with them, as they have pressed me to do, through Holland. I never was there, and could never go so agreeably; but then it would protract my absence three weeks, and I am impatient to be in my own cave, notwithstanding the wisdom I imbibe every day. But one cannot sacrifice one's self wholly to the public: Titus and Wilkes have now and then lost a day. Adieu, my dear Lord! Be assured that I shall not disdain yours and Lady Strafford's conversation, though you have nothing but the goodness of your hearts, and the simplicity of your manners, to recommend you to the more enlightened understanding of your old friend,

HOR. WALPOLE.

### 1275. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Paris, Sunday night, Sept. 17, 1769.

I AM heartily tired; but, as it is too early to go to bed, I must tell you how agreeably I have passed the day. I wished for you; the same scenes strike us both, and the same kind of visions has amused us both ever since we were born.

Well then! I went this morning to Versailles with my niece Mrs. Cholmondeley, Mrs. Hart<sup>1</sup>, Lady Denbigh's sister, and the Count de Grave, one of the most amiable, humane, and obliging men alive. Our first object was to

LETTER 1275.—<sup>1</sup> Jane, eldest daughter of Sir John Cotton, sixth Baronet; m. Thomas Hart, of Warfield,

Berkshire. Her sister Mary was the wife of the sixth Earl of Denbigh.

see Madame du Barri. Being too early for mass, we saw the Dauphin and his brothers at dinner. The eldest is the picture of the Duke of Grafton, except that he is more fair, and will be taller. He has a sickly air, and no grace. The Count de Provence has a very pleasing countenance, with an air of more sense than the Count d'Artois, the genius of the family. They already tell as many *bons mots* of the latter as of Henri Quatre and Louis Quatorze. He is very fat, and the most like his grandfather of all the children. You may imagine this royal mess did not occupy us long. Thence to the chapel, where a first row in the balconies was kept for us. Madame du Barri arrived over against us below, without rouge, without powder, and indeed *sans avoir fait sa toilette*; an odd appearance, as she was so conspicuous, close to the altar, and amidst both court and people. She is pretty, when you consider her; yet so little striking, that I never should have asked who she was. There is nothing bold, assuming, or affected in her manner. Her husband's sister was along with her. In the tribune above, surrounded by prelates, was the amorous and still handsome King. One could not help smiling at the mixture of piety, pomp, and carnality. From chapel we went to the dinner of the elder Mesdames. We were almost stifled in the ante-chamber, where their dishes were heating over charcoal, and where we could not stir for the press. When the doors are opened, everybody rushes in, Princes of the blood, *cordons bleus*, abbés, housemaids, and the Lord knows who and what. Yet, so used are their Highnesses to this trade, that they eat as comfortably and heartily as you or I could do in our own parlours.

Our second act was much more agreeable. We quitted the court and a reigning mistress, for a dead one and a cloister. In short, I had obtained leave from the Bishop of Chartres to enter *into* St. Cyr; and, as Madame du Deffand

never leaves anything undone that can give me satisfaction, she had written to the abbess to desire I might see everything that could be seen there. The Bishop's order was to admit me, Monsieur de Grave, *et les dames de ma compagnie*. I begged the abbess to give me back the order, that I might deposit it in the archives of Strawberry, and she complied instantly. Every door flew open to us: and the nuns vied in attentions to please us. The first thing I desired to see was Madame de Maintenon's apartment. It consists of two small rooms, a library, and a very small chamber, the same in which the Czar<sup>2</sup> saw her, and in which she died. The bed is taken away, and the room covered now with bad pictures of the royal family, which destroys the gravity and simplicity. It is wainscoted with oak, with plain chairs of the same, covered with dark blue damask. Everywhere else the chairs are of blue cloth. The simplicity and extreme neatness of the whole house, which is vast, are very remarkable. A large apartment above (for that I have mentioned is on the ground-floor), consisting of five rooms, and destined by Louis Quatorze for Madame de Maintenon, is now the infirmary, with neat white linen beds, and decorated with every text of Scripture by which could be insinuated that the foundress was a Queen. The hour of vespers being come, we were conducted to the chapel, and, as it was *my* curiosity that had led us thither, I was placed in the Maintenon's own tribune; my company in the adjoining gallery. The pensioners, two and two, each band headed by a man, march orderly to their seats, and sing the whole service, which I confess was not a little tedious. The young ladies, to the number of two hundred and fifty, are dressed in black, with short aprons of the same, the latter and their stays bound with blue, yellow, green or red, to distinguish the classes; the captains and lieutenants have

<sup>2</sup> Probably Peter the Great, who visited Paris in 1717.

knots of a different colour for distinction. Their hair is curled and powdered, their coiffure a sort of French round-eared caps, with white tippets, a sort of ruff and large tucker: in short, a very pretty dress. The nuns are entirely in black, with crape veils and long trains, deep white handkerchiefs, and forehead cloths, and a very long train. The chapel is plain but very pretty, and in the middle of the choir, under a flat marble, lies the foundress. Madame de Cambis, one of the nuns, who are about forty, is beautiful as a Madonna. The abbess has no distinction but a larger and richer gold cross: her apartment consists of two very small rooms. Of Madame de Maintenon we did not see fewer than twenty pictures. The young one looking over her shoulder has a round face, without the least resemblance to those of her latter age. That in the royal mantle, of which you know I have a copy, is the most repeated; but there is another with a longer and leaner face, which has by far the most sensible look. She is in black, with a high point head and band, a long train, and is sitting in a chair of purple velvet. Before her knees stands her niece Madame de Noailles<sup>3</sup>, a child; at a distance a view of Versailles or St. Cyr, I could not distinguish which. We were shown some rich *reliquaires*, and the *corpo santo* that was sent to her by the Pope. We were then carried into the public room of each class. In the first, the young ladies, who were playing at chess, were ordered to sing to us the choruses of *Athalie*<sup>4</sup>; in another, they danced minuets and country-dances, while a nun, not quite so able as St. Cecilia, played on a violin. In the others, they acted before us the proverbs or conversations written by Madame de Maintenon for their instruction—for she was not only their foundress but their saint, and their adoration of her memory has quite eclipsed

<sup>3</sup> Françoise d'Aubigné, daughter of the Comte d'Aubigné; m. (1698)

Adrien Maurice, Duc de Noailles.

<sup>4</sup> Racine's *Athalie*.



the Virgin Mary. We saw their dormitory, and saw them at supper; and at last were carried to their archives, where they produced volumes of her letters, and where one of the nuns gave me a small piece of paper with three sentences in her handwriting. I forgot to tell you that this kind dame, who took to me extremely, asked me if we had many convents and relics in England. I was much embarrassed for fear of destroying her good opinion of me, and so said we had but few now. Oh! we went too to the *apothecairie*<sup>5</sup>, where they treated us with cordials, and where one of the ladies told me inoculation was a sin, as it was a voluntary detention from mass, and as voluntary a cause of eating *gras*. Our visit concluded in the garden, now grown very venerable, where the young ladies played at little games before us. After a stay of four hours we took our leave. I begged the abbess's blessing; she smiled, and said she doubted I should not place much faith in it. She is a comely old gentlewoman, and very proud of having seen Madame de Maintenon.—Well! was not I in the right to wish you with me? could you have passed a day more agreeably?

I will conclude my letter with a most charming trait of Madame de Mailly, which cannot be misplaced in such a chapter of royal concubines. Going to St. Sulpice, after she had lost the King's heart, a person present desired the crowd to make way for her. Some brutal young officers said, '*Comment, pour cette catin-là!*' She turned to them, and with the most charming modesty said, '*Messieurs, puisque vous me connoissez, priez Dieu pour moi.*'—I am sure it will bring the tears into your eyes. Was she not the Publican and Maintenon the Pharisee? Good night; I hope I am going to dream of all I have been seeing. As my impressions and my fancy, when I am pleased, are apt to be strong, my night perhaps may still be more productive

<sup>5</sup> So in MS.

of ideas than the day has been. It will be charming indeed if Madame de Cambis is the ruling tint. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

1276. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Calais, Oct. 8, 1769.

YOU see, my dear Sir, I am impatient to gather up the thread of our correspondence, which my journey to Paris interrupted. I have not, in truth, all the merit I could wish in beginning my letter two or three days before it can set out (for I intend it shall not be fit to send from hence), but here I am, locked up by a favourable wind, a very tantalizing circumstance. . . .<sup>1</sup> In short, this favourable gale keeps all the vessels on the other coast, and will not suffer a single one to step and fetch me. However, I shall wait here, and not return to Paris, like my Lady Orford. Do you know, that she has literally been here twice, and whether from fear, or from illness, as she pretended, went back to Paris, and, I believe, before I left it, was on her return to Italy. I heard of nobody that saw her, but my cousin the minister<sup>2</sup>, and Madame Geoffrin, who was not at all flattered with this wise woman from the East coming to worship her, but gave me a ridiculous account of the *empressement* and homage of the Countess, who kissed her all over with a pilgrim's fervour. She described, too, a poor emaciated, low-spirited knight of St. Stephen<sup>3</sup>, who is said to be a *savant*, but who, Madame Geoffrin thinks, wasted in the occult sciences. Who is this poor Paladin? and did you ever hear of a more absurd expedition?

LETTER 1276.—<sup>1</sup> Passage omitted.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Walpole, fourth son of Horatio, first Lord Walpole, Chargé

des Affaires at Paris. *Walpole.*

<sup>3</sup> Cavalier Mozzi. *Walpole.*

The absurdity of the French is not inferior. Instead of vaunting his military prowess, they cry down Paoli as a rank coward. I own I think he has not dignified the catastrophe of his story, and I shall admire him still less, if it is true, as the French say, that he has secured a great fortune on the Continent! but sure it is not their business to lower their own conquest. The Prince de Beauvau<sup>4</sup>, who is by no means the amiable man we thought he would prove, but at once full of all the pride and meanness of Versailles, told me that the Emperor, in a letter, had said of Paoli, *minuit praesentia famam*. I do not believe it; in the first place, because even a commonplace quotation is a pitch above an emperor, and, in the second place, because you told me with what esteem the Emperor had spoken of him. By our papers, I find that his *praesentia* has not at all *minuted* his *famam chez nous*. You shall know more about him when I arrive. As yet I have not heard whether he joins Wilkes, or is enlisted by the ministry against my Lord Chatham.

To be serious, I doubt affairs wear a very unpromising aspect; at least, I, who have heard nothing in my absence, collect so much from the newspapers; and if they strike me in that light, what effect will they have upon you at a greater distance! I lament this the more deeply, as I come from a place where I have seen how much we are hated, and where I am certain there are such bad designs against us. The Duc de Choiseul will never forgive his inferiority in the late war: his ambition is unbounded: and if the times resemble those of Charles I, we shall find in him another Richelieu. I have no doubt of his having already tampered with Wilkes; but, as he dreads the predominant star of Lord Chatham, I dropped, as by accident,

<sup>4</sup> Son to the Prince de Craon, where the Prince de Beauvau was President of the Council at Florence, brought up. *Walpole*.

to a confidant of the Duc's, that if the latter did not wish a war, nothing could be so imprudent as to encourage Wilkes, whose faction would bring back Lord Chatham; and Lord Chatham, war.

You do not doubt, I suppose, of the restless ambition of Choiseul. Every step he takes marks that it is pointed at us. He has settled the limits of their several dominions both with Sardinia and the Empress-Queen; consequently avoided those rocks of offence. He has poured the Turks on Russia; and he is so fond of that exploit, that before me at his own house, he sent for a French gazette which he had dictated himself, and read it—it was to assert the advantages gained by the Ottomans. To his levity, in truth, I trust much. It is equal to his daring, and composes it. He is every instant on the point of falling by provoking Madame du Barri; and forgetting that his predecessor, the Cardinal de Bernis, was the sacrifice of his own insolence by insulting Madame de Pompadour. The Duc de Choiseul treads in the same steps. The present journey to Fontainebleau will, I think, decide the victory, unless the Duc bends; that is not without probability: a fortnight ago the mistress sent for him to ask a favour for a dependant. He replied, she might come to him. She insisted, and he went; and stayed above an hour; and yet did not grant what she asked. However, the length of the visit did not look hostile. It is true, his sister, Madame de Grammont, and the Princess de Beauvau were absent. As their violence has blown up this flame, they will not easily suffer him to make his peace, by which their pride must be sacrificed; and as they will all be together at Fontainebleau (and yet the Choiseul-women will not see or King or mistress), it is a thousand to one but some *éclat* happens.

Madame de Mirepoix<sup>5</sup> is the soul of the opposite cabal;

<sup>5</sup> Sister of the Prince de Beauvau. *Walpole*.



no hatred ever transcended that between her and her sister Beauvau. The Prince does not see his sister ; but though so submissive a husband, trims, and is not ill with the mistress. May these gentle dames continue their animosities ! I have a little hope in the Emperor, and that he will not be a quiet spectator of the ascendant France is re-assuming. We heard at Paris that some Austrian squadrons are marching into Poland, in consequence, it was thought, of the interview with the King of Prussia. How emperors fall in love with this man ! I hope the Empress-Queen will not deprive him of another friend, as the Russian Empress did of the first. It hurts me to be forced to wish success to this latter Semiramis ; but it is one of the curses of politics to couple one with those one hates ; and what have I to do with politics ? I have done with them, and am going back to trifle at Strawberry. Paris revived in me that natural passion, the love of my country's glory ; I must put it out ; it is a wicked passion, and breathes war. It is self-love and vanity at bottom, and insolence easily rekindles it. Well ! I will go home, love my neighbour, and pray for peace. One does not pray heartily, when one prays against one's inclination ; but there is more merit ; and besides, Christianity delights in making one contradict oneself. Adieu ! till London.

Arlington Street, Oct. 13th.

I arrived the night before last ; and do not find any reason to change my opinion on the state of this country. It approaches by fast strides to some great crisis, and to me never wore so serious an air, except in the Rebellion. Not professing prophecy from interested views, I shall be happy to be mistaken.

Paoli is much approved here. The court have artfully adopted him, and at least crushed one egg on which faction,

and her brood-hen, Mrs. Macaulay, would have been very glad to have sat. He prefers being well with the Government that protects him.

I found here the letter you sent to Mr. Morrice for me.

There is no confirmation of Austrian squadrons entering Poland, but the Russians have certainly beaten the Turks considerably, before Prince Gallitzin's recall arrived. Part of their fleet is on the coast of Yorkshire. Sir Edward Hawke has no doubt of its mastering Constantinople at once, if it arrives there. The plan is said to be the Empress's own, against the opinion of her council. Adieu! pray for the peace of Jerusalem.

#### 1277. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 16, 1769.

I ARRIVED at my own Louvre last Wednesday night, and am now at my Versailles. Your last letter reached me but two days before I left Paris, for I have been an age at Calais and upon the sea. I could execute no commission for you, and, in truth, you gave me no explicit one; but I have brought you a bit of china, and beg you will be content with a little present, instead of a bargain. Said china is, or will be soon, in the Custom House; but I shall have it, I fear, long before you come to London.

I am sorry those boys<sup>1</sup> got at my tragedy. I beg you would keep it under lock and key; it is not at all food for the public—at least not till I am *food for worms*, good Percy. Nay, it is not an age to encourage anybody, that has the least vanity, to step forth. There is a total extinction of all taste: our authors are vulgar, gross, illiberal: the theatre swarms with wretched translations, and ballad operas, and we have nothing new but improving abuse.

LETTER 1277.—<sup>1</sup> Some guests of Montagu's, with whom he had read *The Mysterious Mother*.

I have blushed at Paris, when the papers came over crammed with ribaldry, or with Garrick's insufferable nonsense about Shakspeare. As that man's writings will be preserved by his name, who will believe that he was a tolerable actor? Cibber wrote us bad odes, but then Cibber wrote *The Careless Husband* and his own *Life*, which both deserve immortality. Garrick's prologues and epilogues are as bad as his Pindarics and Pantomimes.

I feel myself here like a swan, that, after living six weeks in a nasty pool upon a common, is got back into its own Thames. I do nothing but plume and clean myself, and enjoy the verdure and silver waves. Neatness and greenth are so essential in my opinion to the country, that in France, where I see nothing but chalk and dirty peasants, I seem in a terrestrial purgatory that is neither town nor country. The face of England is so beautiful, that I do not believe Tempe or Arcadia were half so rural; for both lying in hot climates, must have wanted the turf of our lawns. It is unfortunate to have so pastoral a taste, when I want a cane more than a crook. We are absurd creatures; at twenty, I loved nothing but London.

Tell me when you shall be in town. I think of passing most of my time here till after Christmas. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

# 1278. TO THE COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY.

Arlington Street, Oct. 26, 1769.

Who would have thought, Madam, that your Ladyship would thank me for having a tolerable memory! Is there any merit in remembering for a twelvemonth that the most agreeable woman in the world was always partial and good to me? Is it extraordinary that I should wish for her coming to town that I may again have the honour of seeing

her often, which I hope she will allow? I am certainly the most meritorious person in the world, if these things are merits. Nay, I will believe so: good Christians expect infinite rewards for the smallest portion of desert that they can screw together, and sift from all the chaff of their whole lives; and therefore, Madam, *when two or three are gathered together in thy name*, and talk of thee, I am not only rejoiced that you acknowledge it, but trust that you will reward them in the fullness of time, by letting them see a great deal of you this winter. You cannot imagine how pleased I shall be, to be witness to your happiness, which undoubtedly does not surprise me. I have for some time known the goodness and good sense of Lord Ossory, and your Ladyship must be very partial to him indeed, before I shall think your affection ill-placed.

I am much obliged to your Ladyship for the two epistles of Voltaire, though I had seen them before. I own I think that to Boileau one of the best things he ever wrote. Better judges like the *last* best; I am sorry to say they have not convinced me. There are three separate lines in the two epistles that strike me as perfection itself. The first is on Cardinal Fleury—

*Et qui n'affecta rien que le pouvoir suprême.*

The second is the end of the same epistle,

*S'ils ont les préjugés, j'en guérirai les ombres.*

The third is in the *Trois Imposteurs*,

*Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer.*

The two last are inimitably bold and sublime. The first includes more wit and reflection than one almost ever saw couched in so small a compass. At the same time, while one admires such talents, can one help feeling a little con-



tempt for the author? Is it not creating himself the pope of impiety to excommunicate the author of *Les Trois Imposteurs*, as if none but the head of any Church ought to dare to be an unbeliever? His low jealousy, too, against Boileau, whose ghost he is always nipping and pinching when he can, with his own almost ghostly fingers, is unworthy of a man who does not want such little arts to secure fame.

When I have been mentioning such great names, how shall I have the confidence, Madam, to shift the subject to myself? I will hurry over it as fast as I can. When I have the honour of seeing you, you will give me your commands, and they shall be obeyed.

I am lingering in town with Lord Hertford and Mr. Conway, the latter of whom stays to see the event of poor Mrs. Harris's<sup>1</sup> illness. They have despaired of her for some days: yesterday she took James's powder, and as it had effect, there were faint hopes last night. I have just heard her night was bad, but as the medicine has been repeated I do not yet totally despair, having such confidence in those powders that I almost believe they would cure anything but the villainy of physicians. It reconciles me to the gout that it has no occasion for them. There is a little dignity, too, in it that consoles me; an insignificant man that grows old, wants something to give him a little importance; and with my meagre figure, what with its being a little respectable, and what with its being a little comical, I find the gout does not at all succeed ill with me. People pity me at a distance, and smile when they see me, and as I am not apt to be out of humour, altogether I am very well contented. This last attack passed off in ten days, and I hope your Ladyship's pity did not last longer. Not being Lord Privy Seal, forgive me, Madam, if I am only your Ladyship's, &c.

LETTER 1278.—<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Harris lived until 1774.

## 1279. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 6, 1769.

BEFORE I receive your answer about him, I must tell you that I have seen your friend Paoli. I found him last week at court, and could not believe it when I was told who he was. I had stood close by him for some minutes, taking him for an English, at least for a Scotch officer. Nobody sure ever had an air so little foreign! He was dressed in scarlet and gold, and the simplicity of his whole appearance had not given me the slightest suspicion of anything remarkable in him. Afterwards, in the circle, as he again stood by me, he asked me some indifferent question, without knowing me. I told him, without naming myself, that you was my particular friend. He said he had written many letters to you, but believed they had all been intercepted. I replied, I would do him justice and tell you so. The King and Queen both took great notice of him. He has just made a tour to Bath, Oxford, &c., and was everywhere received with much distinction; so Mrs. Macaulay, it seems, has not laid him under an interdict.

I know not what to say to you upon politics. The imprudence of postponing the Parliament till after Christmas has given time for a large number of petitions, and more perhaps will follow, yet I do not think the general spirit so violent as it should seem from these appearances. It is impossible but some mob may be assembled everywhere to sign a petition, and then such petition is called the sense of the county, though in many it is nothing less; and besides the Scotch counties, the majority have not petitioned. The court will, nay must, resist the dissolution of the Parliament, and, if the members are not frightened for their re-elections, they must be strongly against such a

measure: their seats have too recently cost them more than they can afford. A dissolution would be big with every evil imaginable. Yet I fear the tempest is mounted too high to evaporate without some serious mischief. The City of London is full of faction. In short, the evils of vast wealth, luxury, licence, and ambition, are ripened to a head. These natural causes have operated more to our present disorders than any specific reason. The times have produced the crisis, not particular men. They are times out of which considerable men will grow—some great—I hope some good: but few, I think, of the present actors will be the better for the confusions we have in prospect. I sit on the beach and contemplate the storm, but have not that apathy of finding that

*Suave mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis, &c.*

I love the constitution I am used to, and wish to leave it behind me; and Roman as my inclinations are, I do not desire to see a Cæsar on the stage, for the pleasure of having another Brutus; especially as Cæsars are more prolific than Brutuses.

I seemed to have judged right, when I thought Fontainebleau would produce some crisis in the French ministry too. The letters from Paris look as if the mistress gained ground. The turn in favour of the Russians is another heavy blow to the Duc de Choiseul. We persuade ourselves that nothing can stop the Czarina's progress by land. I have not so extraordinary an opinion of what her fleet will do. But seven of her ships have yet arrived on our coasts. They are sailed away to the Mediterranean. But I have not much faith in crusadoes; and yet I think they will do more than if *they* had faith.

I hear *ma belle sœur*<sup>1</sup> is at Lyons, and intends to visit

LETTER 1279.—<sup>1</sup> The Countess of Orford, Margaret Rolle. *Walpole*.

us in the spring. I do not know why she should think the sea less tremendous in May than in September. Lord Pembroke is not yet returned, though replaced in the King's Bedchamber. As he was turned out for running away with one young woman of fashion, I suppose he was restored for carrying off another<sup>2</sup>.

Lord Bute is said to be extremely ill again, and to be again going abroad. The public will think his illness of the nature of Lord Holland's, a fever raised by the petitions. It is a proverb, that gold may be bought too dear. Favour and gold both cost dear at present. Wilkes and Madame du Barri are violent lessons of what the most unthought-of objects may bring about. Who, that saw either of them in a bagnio seven years ago, expected that England and France would talk of nothing else? Great men see nothing but the great that are in their way. Lord Bute, on the late King's death, apprehended nobody but Lord Chatham. Methinks it would make a pretty Persian tale. Sultan Nourmanzor, a very potent monarch, was yet kept in continual alarms by the King of the Black Mountain, which hung over his territories, and from which he was threatened with daily invasion. He determined to deliver himself from so formidable an enemy, and assembling a mighty army, resolved to make himself master of the mountain. As he marched at the head of his troops, for he was a very brave Prince, he stumbled over a small pebble that lay in his way, and being unwieldy and encumbered with his robes, he could not recover himself, but falling flat on his face, a prodigious diamond that was set in front of his turban was beaten into his forehead, and occasioned a dan-

<sup>2</sup> 'Lord Pembroke was again made a Lord of the Bedchamber in 1769, without applying; and exactly at a time when he was said to have carried off another woman, a young

Venetian bride (he was then at Venice), the very night of her wedding.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 330.)



gerous wound. The unskilfulness of the surgeons rendered it mortal. The pebble was picked up and presented to the monarch of the mountain, and, by the superstition of the mountaineers, was reckoned an amulet, and preservative against all the dangers of the state, nor would they exchange it for the diamond that was the more immediate cause of the death of their enemy. The pebble could not have hurt him, if he had not possessed the diamond. Adieu!

1280. *TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.*

Strawberry Hill, Tuesday, Nov. 14, 1769.

I AM here quite alone, and did not think of going to town till Friday for the Opera, which I have not yet seen. In compliment to you and your Countess, I will make an effort, and be there on Thursday: and will either dine with you at your own house, or at your brother's; which you choose. This is a great favour, and beyond my Lord Temple's journey to dine with my Lord Mayor<sup>1</sup>. I am so sick of the follies of all sides, that I am happy to be at quiet here, and to know no more of them than what I am forced to see in the newspapers; and those I skip over as fast as I can.

The account you give me of Lady — was just the same as I received from Paris. I will show you a very particular letter I received by a private hand from thence; which convinces me that I guessed right, contrary to all the wise, that the journey to Fontainebleau would upset Monsieur de Choiseul. I think he holds but by a thread, which will snap soon. I am labouring hard with the Duchess<sup>2</sup> to procure the Duke of Richmond satisfaction in the favour

LETTER 1280. — <sup>1</sup> In the second mayoralty of William Beckford. <sup>2</sup> The Duchess of Choiseul. *Walpole.*

he has asked about his duchy<sup>3</sup>; but he shall not know it till it is completed, if I can be so lucky as to succeed. I think I shall, if they do not fall immediately.

You perceive how barren I am, and why I have not written to you. I pass my time in clipping and pasting prints; and do not think I have read forty pages since I came to England. I bought a poem called *Trinculo's Trip to the Jubilee*<sup>4</sup>; having been struck with two lines in an extract in the papers,

There the ear-piercing fife,  
And the ear-piercing wife——

Alas! all the rest, and it is very long, is a heap of unintelligible nonsense, about Shakspeare, politics, and the Lord knows what. I am grieved that, with our admiration of Shakspeare, we can do nothing but write worse than ever he did. One would think the age studied nothing but his *Love's Labour Lost* and *Titus Andronicus*. Politics and abuse have totally corrupted our taste. Nobody thinks of writing a line that is to last beyond the next fortnight. We might as well be given up to controversial divinity. The times put me in mind of the Constantinopolitan empire; where, in an age of learning, the subtlest wits of Greece contrived to leave nothing behind them, but the memory of their follies and acrimony. Milton did not write his *Paradise Lost* till he had outlived his politics. With all his parts, and noble sentiments of liberty, who would remember him for his barbarous prose? Nothing is more true than that extremes meet. The licentiousness of the press makes us as savage as our Saxon ancestors, who

<sup>3</sup> Of Aubigné. *Walpole*. — 'Le duc de Richmond m'a parlé avec beaucoup de confiance . . . de son duché; les difficultés qu'il trouve, ou plutôt l'impossibilité de faire enregistrer au parlement ses lettres ou

patentes de pairie à cause de sa religion.' (Madame du Deffand to Horace Walpole, Nov. 2, 1769.)

<sup>4</sup> The Stratford Jubilee took place in Sept. 1769.

could only set their marks; and an outrageous pursuit of individual independence, grounded on selfish views, extinguishes genius as much as despotism does. The public good of our country is never thought of by men that hate half their country. Heroes confine their ambition to be leaders of the mob. Orators seek applause from their faction, not from posterity; and ministers forget foreign enemies, to defend themselves against a majority in Parliament. When any Cæsar has conquered Gaul, I will excuse him for aiming at the perpetual dictatorship. If he has only jockeyed somebody out of the borough of Veii or Falernum, it is too impudent to call himself a patriot or a statesman. Adieu!

## 1281. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 30, 1769.

IF I had writ to you last week, I should have told you that the scene brightens up for the court, that the petitions begin to grow ridiculous, and that the opposition have succeeded lately in no one material point. But as our climate is changeable, some new clouds have appeared in the sky. The Irish are the new actors, and will give trouble; though they began their session with a complaisance not much expected from them, considering how wrong their heads are. After voting the very necessary augmentation of three thousand men, they have thrown out a money bill, and it is a question whether their Parliament must not be prorogued with a high hand. As any national calamity is a gain to aspiring patriots, this *contretemps* is very pleasing to ours. Then the talk of a war has done my Lord Chatham more good than hellebore. It is worth putting off a fit of madness, when one has a chance of being distracted upon a larger

scale. I do not seriously think France ready for war, but we are strangely tempting; and as they outsee everything they hear, they will be apt to think us in greater confusion than we are. Yet, if they have tolerable intelligence, they must know that we have a fleet to make their hearts ache. Our navy never was so formidable, and in such brilliant order.

By the letters you must have received, you will have found how punctual I have been from the moment of my return. I believe I have received all yours. The last shocked me with the account of the French barbarities in Corsica. Why are they not trumpeted all over Europe? Cowardice in the attack was too naturally followed by cruelty after conquest—yet we call Iroquois barbarians! I believe Choiseul thoroughly exasperated, but did not think he had so feminine a mind. Nothing has answered but their diminutive triumph over the poor Corsicans. They are totally baffled in Sweden; and nothing ever answered worse than the holy Turkish war they have excited against the Czarina—yet methinks I wish her fleet was not so long hobbling into the Mediterranean! If the Pope has disappointed France and Spain, he has done no more than I foretold. He imitated the lowly virtues of Sixtus Quintus before his exaltation too much, not to end a Jesuit. Is it true that he cites the King of Prussia as an intercessor for the order?

The Duc de Choiseul maintains his ground against the mistress. She has lately been so well bred as, when at whist with the King, to make faces at the minister, if he was her partner. Solomon thought this a little too strong, and has reprimanded his beloved. Yet, considering that he loves canticles better than war, I should think she would recover her advantages if the minister should involve the pacific monarch in another war.



You may imagine we have no kind of news but politics, considering how much we have of the latter. It is our meat, drink, and clothing—meat to our printers, drink to our ministers, who settle all over a bottle, and is intended for clothing to our Patriots. We have always talked of the goodness of our constitution. It must be a very tough one, if it can stand all its distempers and all its physicians. The latter have not even the modesty of the Pharisees. None of them blush to cast the first stone at a sister sinner: nor does the sister obey the precept, ‘Go, and sin no more.’

I have heard the true history of a certain Countess’s uncertain wanderings. It seems, there is a Cavalier Mozzi, who, you must know, attends her peregrinations, as Cytheris did Antony’s; but who not having it so much in his power to contribute to her pleasures, pleads very bad health, though even beyond the truth. I should not have thought her likely to be governed by an *épuisé*—but so it is. He has enriched himself to her cost, and fearing that her son might cross his interest, dragged her back twice from Calais. This came from a physician who accompanied them, and is now here; and who affirms that the cavalier often pressed him to be of parties at houses of pleasure, inconsistent with the fidelity of a true knight.

I believe I did not tell you how I was diverted at Paris with Monsieur d’Aubeterre<sup>1</sup>, their late Ambassador at Rome. I was taking notice that all the new houses at Paris were built *à la grecque*. He said, with all the contempt that ignorance feels when it takes itself for knowledge, ‘Bon! there is nothing in that; it is all stolen from the frieze of the Pantheon.’ With much difficulty I discovered that he thought the Doric fret comprehended all Greek architecture. This was after passing six years

LETTER 1281.—<sup>1</sup> Joseph Henri Bouchard d’Esparbes (1714–1788), Marquis d’Aubeterre.

at Rome. As all other nations observe most what they have never seen before, the French never look but at what they have been used to see all their lives. If something foreign arrives at Paris, they either think they invented it, or that it has always been there. It is lucky for us that D'Aubeterres are common among them. Adieu!

## 1282. TO THE COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY.

Arlington Street, Dec. 5, 1769.

I HAD too great regard to your Ladyship's amusement to send you, though you ordered me, such old trash as my writings, which are too trifling and careless to deserve a second reading. When you come to town, which I trust will be sooner than you announce, I will look out for anything your Ladyship wants, if you still should believe you want any; but it is impossible in cold blood to make up a packet of one's own rubbish, and send it deliberately into the country. If there was anything new, but what never is new, political pamphlets, I would send it. Voltaire's pieces I return with thanks, and beg pardon for having forgotten them. George Selwyn is, I think, the only person remaining who can strike wit out of the present politics. On hearing Calcraft wanted to be Earl of Ormond, he said it would be very proper, as no doubt there had been many *Butlers* in his family.

Crauford is actually gone to Paris, only I suppose that he may not be back in time for the meeting of the Parliament, unless Lord Holland drives him home. Mrs. George Grenville<sup>1</sup> is supposed to be dead by this time, as the express of yesterday said she was given over. Dr. Duncan went down, but with no hopes. Lady Betty Germain<sup>2</sup> is very

LETTER 1282.—<sup>1</sup> She died on Dec. 5, 1769.<sup>2</sup> She died on Dec. 16, 1769.

near it too, and I suppose the hopes and fears of her legatees are on tiptoe.

There is a new comedy at Covent Garden, called *The Brothers*<sup>3</sup>, that has great success, though I am told it is chiefly owing to the actors; an obligation I should not have thought any play would have had to the present actors at either house. From the operas I am almost beaten out. As if either the Guadagni or the Zamparin had a voice, there are two parties arisen who alternately encore both in every song, and the operas last to almost midnight. What a charm there must be in contradiction, when it can prevent one's being tired of what one is tired to death.

Monsieur de Châtelet is expected this evening with the olive branch in his mouth. Madame does not come yet, which I am very sorry for, being so unpopular as to like her extremely,—but I choose to be unpopular, lest I should be chosen alderman for some ward or other, and there is one just now vacant. I hope they will elect Mrs. Macaulay. I believe I have told your Ladyship all the news except politics, and those I endeavour to know as little of as I can, having nothing to do any longer with either dissolution or resurrection; nor a grain of virtue that I intend to carry to market, and which I think is the only commodity that sells as dear at second-hand as it did when it was first exposed for sale. I think of Patriots and statesmen alike, and pretty much as Voltaire does of authors in the last two lines of the enclosed—

*Entre les beaux esprits on verra l'union,  
Mais qui pourra jamais souper avec Fréron?*

I hope I need say nothing to convince Lord Ossory of my regard. If I do, your Ladyship, I am sure, can best add anything that is wanted to make it agreeable to him, to increase that regard, he must bring your Ladyship soon to London.

<sup>3</sup> By Richard Cumberland.

## 1283. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, Dec. 14, 1769.

I CANNOT be silent, when I feel for you. I doubt not but the loss of Mrs. Trevor is very sensible to you, and I am heartily sorry for you. One cannot live any time, and not perceive the world slip away, as it were, from under one's feet. One's friends, one's connections drop off, and indeed reconcile one to the same passage—but why repeat these things? I do not mean to write a fine consolation; all I intended was to tell you that I cannot be indifferent to what concerns you.

I know as little how to amuse you. News there are none but politics, and politics there will be as long as we have a shilling left. They are no amusement to me, except in seeing two or three sets of people worry one another, for none of whom I care a straw.

Mr. Cumberland has produced a comedy called *The Brothers*. It acts well, but reads ill, though I can distinguish strokes of Mr. Bentley in it. Very few of the characters are marked, and the serious ones have little nature, and the comic ones are rather too much marked—however, the three middle acts diverted me very well.

I saw the Bishop of Durham<sup>1</sup> at Carlton House, who told me he had given you a complete suit of armour. I hope you will have no occasion to lock yourself in it, though, between the fools and the knaves of the present time, I don't know but we may be reduced to defend our castles.

If you retain any connections with Northampton, I should be much obliged to you if you could procure thence a print of an Alderman Backwell<sup>2</sup>. It is valuable for nothing but its rarity, and is not to be met with but there. I would give eight or ten shillings rather than not have it.

LETTER 1283.—<sup>1</sup> Hon. Richard Trevor.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Backwell (d. 1688), Alderman and goldsmith.



When shall you look towards us? how does your brother John? make my compliments to him. I need not say to you how much I am yours ever,

H. W.

1284. TO LADY MARY COKE.

Arlington Street, Dec. 14th, 1769.

LADY Betty Mackinsy tells me, Madam, that you have asked what is become of me, and why nobody mentions me. I cannot wonder they do not, but I am extremely flattered with your inquiring. When one is far from being a novelty, or when one creates no novelties, one is easily forgotten in such a world as London. I write no libels, want no place, and occasion no divorce. What rights have I then to occupy a paragraph in a letter? Quiet virtues or small faults are drowned in the noise and nonsense of the times. But this is more than was necessary. I hope it will procure me a considerable return of information about yourself, Lady Mary. I hear you have seen Voltaire and learned many particulars about Madame de Sévigné and the Grignans. I am ready to print all you shall impart. If any draughtsmen grow in that part of the world, pray bring over a drawing of Grignan. You should visit Avignon and inquire after good King René, the father of Margaret of Anjou, and his portrait and his paintings; and you must read the life of Petrarch in three quartos, and make a pilgrimage to the Sainte Baume<sup>1</sup>. These journeys will amuse you more than Aix. Then you may learn all you can about the Parliaments of Love and the Provençal poets. Such pursuits are much more amusing than *Intendants* and *Intendantes*, and their awkward imita-

LETTER 1284.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. 193, n. 1.

<sup>1</sup> A famous convent and place of

pilgrimage in the mountains of Sainte-Baume in Provence (now in the department of Var). It was destroyed during the Revolution.

tions of the manners of Paris. I do not attempt to tell you any news, as your sisters are such excellent correspondents. Lady Strafford looks particularly well: Lady Ailesbury I think quite recovered. Our box is rarely inhabited, the two last being but just arrived, and your sister ready to return. The operas are commended and deserted. I desert but cannot commend them. Lady Betty Germain, I should think, would be dead before you can receive this. Our loo parties are receiving a great loss by the departure of Mello<sup>2</sup>, who is suddenly recalled to fill a chief place in the ministry, on the death of Monsieur d'Oyras's brother. Everybody regrets him, and he, I believe, will regret us. Madame du Châtelet is returned with her husband; but take notice, Madam, I do not announce this to you as good news. Such a scanty letter as this is scarce worth sending so far, yet as it is embalmed in gratitude, I trust it will keep sweet. A month hence there will be news enough, but as there will probably be none that will do us honour, I am rather glad to write during the least interval of folly: one does not blush while one's letter is opened at a foreign bureau. Poor Mrs. Harris, though out of danger, does not recover her strength. She spoke to me in the warmest terms t'other night of your Ladyship's goodness to her. I hope you are well guarded with James' powders. When I have so little to say for myself, you will not wonder, Madam, nobody said anything for me, but I could not help expressing my obligations and assuring you that

I am always

Lady Mary's

Most devoted

Humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Portuguese Ambassador in London.

## 1285. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR,

Arlington Street, Dec. 14, 1769.

This is merely a line to feel my way, and to know how to direct to you. Mr. Granger thinks you are established at Milton, and thither I address it. If it reaches you, you will be so good as to let me know, and I will write again soon.

Yours ever.

## 1286. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR,

Arlington Street, Dec. 21, 1769.

I am very grateful for all your communications and for the trouble you are so good as to take for me. I am glad you have paid Jackson, though he is not only dear (for the prints he has got for me are very common), but they are not what I wanted, and I do not believe were mentioned in my list. However, as paying him dear for what I do *not* want may encourage him to hunt for what I *do* want, I am very well content he should cheat me a little. I take the liberty of troubling you with a list I have printed (to avoid copying it several times), and beg you will be so good as to give it to him, telling him these are exactly what I do want, and no others. I will pay him well for any of these, especially those marked thus x; and still more for those with double or treble marks. The print I want most is the Jacob Hall. I do not know whether it is not one of the 'London Cries,' but he must be very sure it is the right. I will let you know certainly when Mr. West comes to town, who has one.

I shall be very happy to contribute to your garden; and if you will let me have exact notice in February how to send

the shrubs, they shall not fail you; nor anything else by which I can pay you any part of my debts. I am much pleased with the Wolsey and Cromwell, and beg to thank you and the gentleman from whom they came. Mr. Tyson's etchings will be particularly acceptable. I did hope to have seen or heard of him in October. Pray tell him he is a visit in my debt, and that I will trust him no longer than to next summer. Mr. Bentham<sup>1</sup>, I find, one must trust and trust without end. It is a pity so good a sort of man should be so faithless. Make my best compliments, however, to him, and to my kind host and hostess.

I found my dear old blind friend at Paris perfectly well, and am returned so myself. London is very sickly, and full of bilious fevers, that have proved fatal to several persons, and in my Lord Gower's family have even seemed contagious. The weather is uncommonly hot, and we want frost to purify the air.

I need not say, I suppose, that the names scratched out in my list are of such prints as I have got since I printed it, and therefore what I no longer want. If Mr. Jackson only stays at Cambridge till the prints drop into his mouth, I shall never have them. If he would take the trouble of going to Bury, Norwich, Ely, Huntingdon, and such great towns, nay, look about in inns, I do not doubt but he would find at least some of them. He would be no loser by taking pains for me; but I doubt he chooses to be a great gainer without taking any. I shall not pay for any that are not in my list—but I ought not to trouble you, dear Sir, with these particulars. It is a little your own fault, for you have spoiled me.

LETTER 1286.—<sup>1</sup> Rev. James Bentham (1708–1794), Minor Canon of Ely; at this time Vicar of Feltwell St. Nicholas in Norfolk. Horace Walpole probably refers to the delay

in the publication of Bentham's *History of Ely Cathedral*, which was begun in 1756, and published in 1771.



Mr. Essex distresses me by his civility. I certainly would not have given him that trouble, if I had thought he would not let me pay him. Be so good as to thank him for me, and to let me know if there is any other way I could return the obligation. I hope, at least, he will make me a visit at Strawberry Hill, whenever he comes westward. I shall be very impatient to see you, dear Sir, both there and at Milton.

Your faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1287. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 31, 1769.

I WROTE to you on the first of this month, and am now going to write on the last of it, to close a year that has laid so many ominous eggs. Whether the next will crush or hatch them, we shall soon have some chance of foreseeing. In some respects, the prospect is a little mended. The petitions have contracted an air of ridicule from the ridiculous undertakers that have been forced to parade into different counties to supply the place of all the gentlemen, who have disdained to appear and countenance them. Lord Chatham, however, who is so necessitous that he is forced to put to sea again, and to hope for a storm, dresses out the cause in as big words as he can; but as Wilkes's *virtue* is more in fashion than his Lordship's *eloquence*, and as that martyr has quarrelled, in print, with both Demosthenes and Cicero, Chatham and Grenville, the two latter gain no popularity. The riots, that were so hopefully nursed up against the execution of the weavers, were very near falling on the heads of the tribunes, Townshend<sup>1</sup> and Sawbridge<sup>2</sup>;

LETTER 1287.—<sup>1</sup> James Townshend  
(d. 1787), M.P. for West Looe.

<sup>2</sup> John Sawbridge (d. 1795), M.P.  
for Hythe. He was an ardent sup-

and they were glad at the second to pacify the waves; *praestat componere*. Ireland, that was on the point of falling into the last confusion by a prorogation of the Parliament, which the opposition had incurred the penalty of, by rejecting a trifling money bill before the capital money bills were passed, is saved by the prorogation being prudently deferred till this great object was carried, and a prorogation now would have very little consequence.

It is not less fortunate that the extreme distress of France prevents her from interfering (take notice I say *openly*) in our confusions. Monsieur du Châtelet is returned, as mild and pacific as if Sir Edward Hawke was lying before Brest with our late thunderbolt in his hand. Their distress for money is certainly extreme. Dinvaux (Choiseul's favourite Comptroller-General) has been forced to resign, *re infectâ*, and it is said that the Duc declined to name another, urging, that having recommended the two last to no purpose, he desired the Chancellor might find one. As Maupeou<sup>3</sup> is of the opposite faction, his naming the new Comptroller-General has but an ill look for the minister—at least it is plain that Choiseul sees the impossibility of making brick without straw, and chooses to miscarry no more. I have been told here that even their army is unpaid. I may add, to the amendment of our prospect, that the City itself has taken alarm, and does not care to give itself up to the new levellers. The latter having attempted to change the Common Council this Christmas, have not succeeded in carrying above eight new members.

This is all mighty well: symptoms are comforts, not

porter of Wilkes, and as Sheriff of London returned him five times as member for Middlesex. Sawbridge was Lord Mayor in 1775-6. At the execution of two weavers, condemned for destroying looms, Sawbridge as-

sured the populace that he had done all in his power to save the criminals.

<sup>3</sup> René Nicolas Charles Auguste de Maupeou (1714-1792). He was generally detested, and was disgraced and exiled in 1774.

cures. Opposition threatens, grave men shake their heads ; many fancy they fear, and many do fear. The best observers see no attention, no system, and truly very slender abilities in the opposite scale ! yet I think the ferment will dissipate. I have seen the Pretender at Derby, the House of Lords striding to aristocracy at the end of the last reign, the crown making larger steps at the beginning of this. The mob are now led on to the destruction of the constitution : why should the people, the least formidable part, though the most impetuous in the onset, be more successful than the other branches ? The whole legislature, too, is now engaged in one cause.

Methinks these various vibrations of the scale show how excellently well the constitution is poised. But what signifies anticipating what nine days will give some light into ? Yet, administration has a difficult game to play, when both great firmness and great temper are absolutely necessary. The licentiousness of abuse surpasses all example. The most savage massacre of private characters passes for sport ; but we have lately had an attack made on the King himself, exceeding the *North Briton*. Such a paper has been printed by the famous Junius, whoever he is, that it would scarce have been written before Charles I was in Carisbrook Castle. The Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland are as little spared ; the former for having taken a wife for himself—so says the *North Briton* ; observe, I do not say so ; and the latter, for having taken another man's—for opposite actions are equally criminal in the spectacles of opposition, the two glasses of which are always made, the one to see black as white, the other white as black, and also both to see that white and black are both black. To be sure, the younger Highness has had the mishap of being surprised, at least *once*, with my Lady Grosvenor, who is actually discarded by her Lord. Indeed there was none of that proof which my

Lady Townshend once said there was in another case, when, being asked if there was any proof, she said, 'Lord, child, she was all over proof.' In the present case the lovers were *only* locked into a room together.

Well! we are not singular. Another Junius has appeared in Portugal. There it seems they write satires with a club—the first instance, I suppose, of thrashing a King<sup>4</sup>. His Majesty received two blows on his shoulder and his arm, intended, *à la Junienne*, at his head. The Queen instantly called for a gun to shoot the bruiser herself. 'No,' said the King, 'arrest him.' They tell a melancholy story for the assassin; that, having lost a commission, he gave a memorial to the King, who bade him give it to the Secretary at War, which the poor creature did not think a likely method of redress. He was then prosecuted for not paying his tax out of nothing. Despair carried him to the fountain head; yet I doubt M. d'Oeyras will discover a plot; and lop some more noble heads. I have often said, and oftener think, *that this world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those that feel*—a solution of why Democritus laughed and Heraclitus wept. The only gainer is History, which has constant opportunities of showing the various ways in which men can contrive to be fools and knaves. The record pretends to be written for instruction, though to this hour no mortal has been the better or wiser for it. Adieu!

P.S., Jan. 2, 1770.

Last night we heard that the Lord Lieutenant has pro-rogued the Irish Parliament for three months; but, fortunately, the money bills were passed first.

<sup>4</sup> Joseph I; d. 1777.



## 1288. TO LORD HAILES.

SIR,

Arlington Street, Jan. 1, 1770.

I have read with great pleasure and information your History of Scottish Councils. It gave me much more satisfaction than I could have expected from so dry a subject. It will be perused, do not doubt it, by men of taste and judgement; and it is happy that it will be read without occasioning a controversy. The curse of modern times is, that almost everything does create controversy, and that men who are willing to instruct or amuse the world have to dread malevolence and interested censure, instead of receiving thanks. If your part of our country is at all free from that odious spirit, you are to be envied. In our region we are given up to every venomous mischievous passion, and as we behold all the public vices that raged in and destroyed the remains of the Roman Commonwealth, so I wish we do not experience some of the horrors that brought on the same revolution. When we see men who call themselves patriots and friends of liberty attacking the House of Commons, to what, Sir, can you and I, who are really friends of liberty, impute such pursuits, but to interest and disappointed ambition? When we see, on one hand, the prerogative of the crown excited against Parliament, and on the other, the King and royal family traduced and insulted in the most shameless manner, can we believe that *such* a faction is animated by honesty or love of the constitution? When, as you very sensibly observe, the authors of grievances are the loudest to complain of them, and when those authors and their capital enemies shake hands, embrace, and join in a common cause, which set can we believe most or least sincere? And when *every* set of men have acted *every* part, to whom shall

the well-meaning look up? What can the latter do, but sit with folded arms and pray for miracles? Yes, Sir, they may weep over a prospect of ruin too probably approaching, and regret a glorious country nodding to its fall, when victory, wealth, and daily universal improvements, might make it the admiration and envy of the world! Is the crown to be forced to be absolute! Is Cæsar to enslave us, because he conquered Gaul! Is some Cromwell to trample on us, because Mrs. Macaulay approves the army that turned out the House of Commons, the necessary consequence of such mad notions! Is eloquence to talk or write us out of ourselves? or is Catiline to save us, *but so as by fire*? Sir, I talk thus freely, because it is a satisfaction, in ill-looking moments, to vent one's apprehensions in an honest bosom. You will not, I am sure, suffer my letter to go out of your own hands. I have no views to satisfy or resentments to gratify. I have done with the world, except in the hopes of a quiet enjoyment of it for the few years I may have to come; but I love my country, though I desire and expect nothing from it, and I would wish to leave it to posterity, as secure and deserving to be valued, as I found it. Despotism, or unbounded licentiousness, can endear no nation to any honest man. The French can adore the monarch that starves them, and banditti are often attached to their chief; but no good Briton can love any constitution that does not secure the tranquillity and peace of mind of all.

### 1289. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 10, 1770.

THE great day<sup>1</sup> is over, and you will not be sorry to hear the event of it in both Houses. Without doors everything was quiet, except some cries in favour of Wilkes. Lord

LETTER 1289.—<sup>1</sup> The opening of Parliament on Jan. 9, 1770.

Chatham, who, *Lord Temple* said, was grown so violent that he could not moderate him, made his appearance and two long speeches, but, like an old beauty in an unfashionable dress, which became her in her youth, he found that his charms are no longer killing. Lord Mansfield answered his first speech, and Lord Sandwich defied any lord in the House to make sense out of the second. The object of the day was to create a breach between the two Houses, by an amendment proposed by Lord Chatham to the address in which the House should inquire into the grievance of the Middlesex election. Their Lordships were so little disposed to quarrel with their good brethren the Commons, though the Chancellor<sup>2</sup> himself laboured the point *against* the court, that at ten at night the motion was rejected by an hundred to thirty-six. Old Myra, in her fardingale, will probably not expose herself again to neglect this session.

The other House sat till one in the morning, where the court also triumphed; though Lord Granby and the Solicitor-General Dunning deserted to the minority; yet the latter were but 138 to 254. Thus ends the mighty bluster of petitions; which, notwithstanding all the noise and labour bestowed on them, have not yet been presented from about nine or ten counties of the fifty-two. They would come limping now to very little purpose. The most serious part is the defection of Lord Granby; for though he has sunk his character by so many changes, a schism in the army would be very unpleasant, especially as there are men bad enough to look towards rougher divisions than Parliamentary. I hope the ministers will have sense and temper enough to stop the progress of this wound. I shall not think them very wise if they dismiss the Chancellor<sup>2</sup>. Such union in the whole legislature will reduce the present factions to insignificance, if not attended by presumption

<sup>2</sup> Lord Camden. *Walpole*.

and excess of confidence. The clouds that hung over us are certainly dispelled by the success of yesterday ; but, as folly assembled them, it may assemble them again. Yet, when I say clouds are dispersed, you will understand only those vapours drawn up into petitions. Where so many caldrons full of passions are boiling, they are not extinguished by one wet sheet of votes.

Still it is most fortunate that France is so utterly unable to profit of our difficulties. Dinvaux, M. de Choiseul's favourite Comptroller-General, has been obliged to resign ; yet I believe the defect of resources was more in their circumstances than in the man. Madame du Barri has been raining honours and preferments on her creatures : Madame de Mirepoix has obtained *les grandes entrées* ; so has the Comte de Broglie ; and Monsieur de Castries has had a new military post created for him. These look to me as signals fixed to warn the minister to resign.

Much, I own, I do not expect from the Russian fleet, though I do not believe in the great naval force which, the French pretend, is prepared at Constantinople. It will be unlucky for the faithful, if the Czarina does demolish the Ottoman Empire, that the present generation will not trouble themselves to prove this era foretold by the Revelations. The abasement of the Pope is a terrible counterpart to such a triumph.

Friday, 12th.

Though the court is singing Io Pæans, the campaign is far from being at an end. A most unheard-of attack has been made on the House of Commons. Sir George Savile, a man of great fortune, spotless character, and acute though injudicious head, has twice told them to their faces that they sit illegally, having betrayed their trust, and that he was ready to receive the punishment for telling them so. Burke, not quite so rich, nor immaculate, but of better



abilities, has twice said as much, and allowed that he ought to be sent to the Tower for what he said, but knew their guilt was too great to let them venture to commit him. Hitherto this language has been borne; but as there is not so great a mule as a martyr, I have no doubt but these two saints will insist on receiving the crown of glory; and, it is said, many more will demand the honour of sharing their cross. This will be a more respectable rubric than Wilkes's. We shall see whether Saints Simon and Jude or St. Beelzebub will have most followers. Nay, but this is very unpleasant! It urges fast to sanguinary decision. I hear too that the victors will certainly dismiss the Chancellor, and that Lord Granby will resign<sup>3</sup> in consequence. More and more madness! What has the ministry and Parliament to do, but to lie by and let all the provocation take its rise from the opposite faction? Is it wise to furnish sedition with reasons?

There is a tolerable episode opened in Ireland, where the Lord Lieutenant has been forced to prorogue the Parliament for three months; so nearly do we tread in the steps of 1641! I sit by, unconnected with all parties, but viewing the whole with much concern, and wishing I could put my trust in any for delivering us out of these calamities; but I doubt it is too far gone to subside without a convulsion; and in what *can* a convulsion end but in the destruction of our constitution? What hopes has liberty, whether Charles or Oliver prevail? As some revolution may happen any day, be cautious for your own sake what you reply to me. I always say less than I could, because I consider how many post-house ordeals a letter must pass; and I am not desirous our enemies should know more than it is vain to attempt to keep from them. Adieu!

<sup>3</sup> He was Master-General of the Ordnance.

## 1290. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 18, 1770.

AFFAIRS are so serious, and in so critical a situation, that I am sure you would not think my letters too frequent if I wrote every post. Nothing proves the badness of generals, like an ill use of a great victory. Ours have not hurt their own success by neglecting to pursue it, but by pursuing it too far. Lord Huntingdon was turned out the next day, not for having joined the enemy, but merely for having absented himself: for him, he has played the fool; he has no strength of his own, and had no support but the King; and so falls unpitied. Lord Bristol was immediately transferred from the Privy Seal to be Groom of the Stole. Lord Coventry, already more than wavering towards the opposition, seized that pretence of quarrelling, and resigned his post in the Bedchamber.

A more unlucky event is the resignation of the Duke of Beaufort, who took up the same minute for giving up his Mastership of the Horse to the Queen, because he could not wrench the lieutenancy of two Welsh counties from Morgan of Tredegar, the old Whig enemy of his house, and the more potent in Parliament. However, as the Duke was the first convert of his family from Jacobitism, his defection is to be lamented, and may carry back some of the Tories.

But the most imprudent step has been the dismissal of the Chancellor, and that before any preparation was made for a successor. The Seals were indeed privately offered to Lord Mansfield, who refused them, but published the offer; and then to Mr. Yorke; but the Chancellor heard the news by common report, before he had received the least notification of his disgrace. Though I believe he did not intend to remain in office, these slights will not have soothed him.

They have hurried on, too, the resignation of Lord Granby, who yesterday gave up the command of the army and the Ordnance, only reserving his regiment of Blues.

You may imagine how these events have raised the spirits and animosity of the opposition; but the greatest blow is yet to come. Mr. Yorke, the night before last, absolutely declined the Seals, though the great object of his life and of his variations; but terror and Lord Rockingham pulled more forcibly the other way. There is nobody else; the Chief Justice Wilmot's health will not allow him to take them, and the Attorney-General<sup>1</sup> cannot be spared from the House of Commons, where it is supposed Dunning, the Solicitor-General, will follow his friend the Chancellor, especially as he spoke on the same side the first day. When the Seals go a-begging, and the army is abandoned by the popular general, you will not think the circumstances of administration very flourishing. Well! you will not be more astonished than I was yesterday, at four o'clock, to hear that Mr. Yorke had just accepted, and is Chancellor. The rage of the opposition speaks the importance of this acquisition to the court. It will be great indeed if it stops the tide of resignations. The ministers have gained still more time by an accident; the Speaker<sup>2</sup> has been seized with a paralytic disorder, and is thought dying. Yesterday he sent his resignation and mace to the House, which is accordingly adjourned to next Monday to consider of a successor, by which time, I suppose, the vacant employments will be filled up. No fewer than four earls have asked to be Master of the Horse to the Queen, Essex, Carlisle, Waldegrave, and Powis; a proof that things are not thought desperate. That the opposition are so, and intend to make the nation so, is but too evident. Their speeches are out-

LETTER 1290.—<sup>1</sup> Sir William de Grey.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Cust. *Walpole*. — He died on Jan. 24, 1770.

rageous, and it is not their fault that some of them have not been sent to the Tower. In short, the option seems to lie between the greatest violences, or a change of administration and a dissolution of Parliament, the latter of which, I think, would not let in all other evils upon us.

Friday, 19th.

I had not time yesterday to finish my letter. The court has recovered from its consternation and is taking measures of defence. Another great thorn is drawn out of its side, Sir Fletcher Norton, who vomited fire and flame on Yorke's promotion, having consented to be Speaker of the House of Commons. I do not yet hear whether the opposition will set up a candidate for the chair against him. Nothing can exceed the badness of his character even in this bad age; yet I think he can do less hurt in the Speaker's chair than anywhere else. He has a roughness and insolence, too, which will not suffer the licentious speeches of these last days, and which the poor creature his predecessor did not dare to reprimand. As sedition is the word, perhaps it is not unlucky that some capital rogues should be opposed to others; they know each other's weak parts.

A country is undone before people distinguish between affected and real virtue, and Cato is dead before anybody minds him. I could write a volume of reflections or comparisons, but to what purpose? Writings impel, but can restrain nobody. Every Clodius of the hour takes the name of Cato to himself, and bestows his own name on his enemy. Truth surmounts but an hundred years afterwards; is then entombed in history, and appears as flat as, or less interesting than, the lies with which it is surrounded and has been overwhelmed. Everybody talks of the constitution, but all sides forget that the constitution is extremely well, and would do very well, if they would but let it alone. Indeed



it must be a strong constitution, considering how long it has been quacked and doctored. If it had a fever, it was a slow one. Its present physicians imitate the faculty so servilely, that they seem to think the wisest step is to convert the slow fever into a high one; then, you know, the patient is easily cured—or killed.

Considering how much I have seen, perhaps I ought not to be so easily alarmed, but a bystander is more apt to be serious than those who are heated and engaged in the game. I have the weakness of loving national glory; I exulted in the figure we made in the last war; but as I am connected with neither court nor opposition, I enjoy the triumphs of neither, which are made at the expense of the whole. Their squabbles divert us from attention to greater interests, and their views are confined to the small circle of themselves and friends. If the quarrel becomes very serious, one knows, whichever side prevails, the crown in the long run must predominate; and what matters it which party or faction shall then be uppermost?

I will enliven this grave letter with a *bon mot*, that, like a bawdy epilogue to a tragedy, shall send you away smiling. Lord Chatham, lying on his couch before the Parliament met, declared he would at all events go to the House of Lords, and if he could not stand, would speak, he said, in that *horizontal posture*. Mrs. Ann Pitt, his sister, not his friend, asked Lord Chesterfield if he designed to go and hear her brother speak in a *horizontal posture*? 'No! Madam,' replied he, 'but I would if I was not seventy-five and deaf, for the most agreeable things I ever heard in my life were from persons in a *horizontal posture*.' What gaiety and spirit at seventy-five, and how prettily expressed! It contains the cheerfulness of the wars of the Fronde in France. I cannot say our commotions are often so enlivened. Adieu!

## 1291. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Monday, Jan. 22, 1770.

WHAT a strange event! Though my letters tread on each other's heels, they can scarce keep up with the rapid motion of the times. Mr. Yorke is dead!—yes, the new Chancellor! He kissed the King's hand for the Great Seal on Wednesday night, and expired between five and six on Saturday evening. It was Semele perishing by the lightnings she had longed for. When you have recovered your surprise, you will want to know the circumstances. I believe the following are nearly the truth. To be the second Chancellor in succession in his own house had been the great object of Mr. Yorke's life; and his family were not less eager for it. This point had occasioned much uncertainty in their conduct. In general, they were attached to Lord Rockingham, but being decent, and naturally *legal*, they had given in to none of the violences of their party, particularly on the petitions, all the brothers absenting themselves on the first day of the session. When the Great Seal, on the intended dismissal of Lord Camden, was offered to Mr. Yorke, his connections, and dread of abuse, weighed so strongly against his ambition, that he determined to refuse it. Some say that his brother Lord Hardwicke advised; others, that he dissuaded the acceptance. Certain it is, that he had given a positive refusal both to the King and the Duke of Grafton, and that the Earl had notified it to Lord Rockingham. Within two hours after, the King prevailed on Yorke to accept.

The conflict occasioned in his mind by these struggles, working on a complexion that boiled over with blood, threw him into a high fever on Wednesday night, and a vomiting ensuing on Thursday morning, he burst a blood-

vessel, and no art could save him. The Cerberus of Billingsgate had opened all its throats, but must shut them, for the poor man had accepted handsomely, without making a single condition for himself; I do not reckon the peerage<sup>1</sup>; as a Chancellor must have it, or is a mute at the head of the House of Lords. The blow is heavy on the administration. The Chief Justice Wilmot, it is thought, will be prevailed upon to accept the Seals, but at present they must be put into commission, for the Chancery cannot stand still.

You are a sort of man whom virtue can comfort under ill success, and therefore I will tell you what will charm you. The King offered the Mastership of the Ordnance, on Lord Granby's resignation, to Mr. Conway, who is only Lieutenant-General of it. He said he had lived in friendship with Lord Granby, and would not profit of his spoils; but, as he thought he could do some essential service in the office, where there are many abuses, if his Majesty would be pleased to let him continue as he is, he would do the business of the office without accepting the salary. The King replied, 'You are a phenomenon! I can satisfy nobody else, and you will not take even what is offered to you.' I believe his Majesty would not find the same difficulty with many Patriots. As extremes meet, even Sir Fletcher Norton acts moderation. He was destined for Speaker of the House of Commons. On Yorke's death, it was expected that he would again push to be Chancellor. No such thing: he says he will not avail himself of the distresses of Government; but, having consented to be Speaker, will remain so; and is to be installed to-day, the opposition not being able to find a concurrent. There!—there is Cassius as self-denying as Brutus! Lord Walde-

LETTER 1291.—<sup>1</sup> The patent for Mr. Yorke's creation as Baron Mor- den was awaiting his signature in the room in which he died.

grave<sup>2</sup> is Master of the Horse to the Queen: the other employments are not yet filled; but, as I begin my letter to-day, and it is not to set out till to-morrow, I may have half a volume more to write, if the times keep up the same tone of vivacity.

Tuesday.

Sir Fletcher Norton is Speaker. Two or three of the opposition, only to mark their disgust to him, proposed the younger Thomas Townshend, one as little qualified for the office as you are, and whose consent they had not asked. He disavowed them, and Sir Fletcher was chosen by 237 to 121: exactly the same majority as on the first day; so that the court maintains its strength, notwithstanding so many unfavourable accidents. The same day, Lord Rockingham wretchedly, and Lord Chatham in his old brilliant style, moved to inquire into the state of the nation, which was not opposed, and is to be discussed on Thursday.

In the meantime, resignations revive. Dunning, the Solicitor-General; Hussey, Attorney-General to the Queen; James Grenville, Vice-Treasurer to the Queen, and two Lords of the Admiralty, have given up their places; and, what is worse, no Chancellor is to be found. Lord Chatham, who, four years and a half ago, was turned out of Lord Rockingham's house, has been to wait on the latter, and they are the best friends in the world, as far as common hostility can make them; but the Marquis is firm in insisting on the Treasury, which the Grenvilles will not waive. It is a most distracted scene! People cry, where will it end? I say, where will it begin? I know where it will end; in the destruction of this free constitution.

Should anything happen, I shall write to you with more circumspection. I condemn both sides, or rather, all sides. I have not a connection with anything called minister;

<sup>2</sup> John, third Earl of Waldegrave. *Walpole*.



but as the well-being of the House of Commons depends on this administration, I must wish their success. If the House of Commons is blasted by authority, what is left? Must we pass through a mob Parliament to confusion, and thence to absolute power? I tremble. Adieu!

P.S. If the Parliament is dissolved, Lord Chatham and Lord Rockingham may separately flatter themselves, but the next Parliament will be Wilkes's.

## 1292. TO LORD HAILES.

SIR,

Arlington Street, Jan. 23, 1770.

I have not had time to return you the enclosed sooner, but I give you my honour that it has neither been out of my hands, nor been copied. It is a most curious piece, but though affecting art, has very little; so ill is the satire disguised. I agree with you in thinking it ought not to be published yet, as nothing is more cruel than divulging private letters which may wound the living. I have even the same tenderness for the children of persons concerned; but I laugh at delicacy for grandchildren, who can be affected by nothing but their pride—and let that be hurt if it will. It always finds means of consoling itself.

The rapid history of Mr. Yorke is very touching. For himself, he has escaped a torrent of obloquy, which this unfeeling and prejudiced moment was ready to pour on him. Many of his survivors may, perhaps, live to envy him! Madness and wickedness gain ground—and you may be sure borrow the chariot of virtue. Lord Chatham, not content with endeavouring to confound and overturn the legislature, has thrown out, that *one member more ought to be added to each county*; so little do ambition and indigence scruple to strike at fundamentals! Sir George Savile and

Edmund Burke, as if envying the infamous intoxication of Wilkes, have attacked the House of Commons itself, in the most gross and vilifying language. In short, the plot thickens fast, and Catilines start up in every street. I cannot say Ciceros and Catos arise to face them. The phlegmatic and pedants in history quote King William's and Sacheverel's times to show the present is not more serious; but if I have any reading, I must remember that the repetition of bad scenes brings about a catastrophe at last! It is small consolation to living sufferers to reflect that history will rejudge great criminals; nor is that sure. How seldom is history fairly stated! When do all men concur in the same sentence? Do the guilty dead regard its judicature, or they who prefer the convict to the judge? Besides, an ape of Sylla will call himself Brutus, and the foolish people assist a proscription before they suspect that their hero is an incendiary. Indeed, Sir, we are, as Milton says—

On evil days fallen and evil tongues!

I shall be happy to find I have had too gloomy apprehensions. A man, neither connected with ministers nor opponents, may speculate too subtly. If all this is but a scramble for power, let it fall to whose lot it will! It is the attack on the constitution that strikes me. I have nothing to say for the corruption of senators; but if the senate itself is declared vile by authority, that is by a dissolution, will a re-election restore its honour? Will Wilkes, and Parson Horne<sup>1</sup>, and Junius (for *they* will name the members) give us more virtuous representations than ministers have done? Reformation must be a blessed work in the hands of such reformers! Moderation, and

LETTER 1292.—<sup>1</sup> Rev. John Horne (1736–1812), afterwards Horne-Tooke. He was the founder of the 'Society for supporting the Bill of Rights.'

He was at this time a warm supporter of Wilkes, but quarrelled with him in 1771.

attachment to the constitution, are my principles. Is the latter to be risked rather than endure any single evil? I would oppose, that is restrain, by opposition check, each branch of the legislature that predominates in its turn;—but if I detest Laud, it does not make me love Hugh Peters.

Adieu, Sir! I must not tire you with my reflections; but as I am flattered with thinking I have the sanction of the same sentiments in you, it is natural to indulge even unpleasing meditations when one meets with sympathy, and it is as natural for those who love their country to lament its danger. I am, Sir, &c.

1293. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 30, 1770.

I do not know how the year will end, but, to be sure, it begins with as many events as ever happened to any one of its predecessors. The Duke of Grafton has resigned: in a very extraordinary moment indeed; in the midst of his own measures, in the midst of a session, and undefeated. It is true, his last victory was far from being as complete as the former; and hence, as Horatio says<sup>1</sup>, *have the talkers of this populous city* taken occasion to impute this sudden retreat to as sudden a panic. You must know, that last Friday, upon a question on that endless topic the Middlesex election, the court had a majority, at past three in the morning, of only four and forty. The expulsion of the Chancellor<sup>2</sup>, the resignation of Lord Granby, and of so many others, and much maladroitness in stating the question on the court side, easily accounted for that diminution in the numbers; and yet, though I believe that that defalcation determined this step, I know it was not

LETTER 1293.—<sup>1</sup> In *The Fair Penitent*. Walpole.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Camden.

a new thought. Whenever the current did not run smooth, his Grace's first thought has been to resign. When Mr. Yorke refused to accept, the fit returned violently: when he did accept, the wind changed; and I believe I gave you an obscure hint of the extreme importance of that acceptance. Mr. Yorke's precipitate death unhinged all again; the impossibility of finding another Chancellor fixed the wind in the resigning corner, and the slender majority overset the vessel quite. In short, it is over. A very bad temper, no conduct, and obstinacy always ill-placed, have put an end to his Grace's administration.

What will follow is impossible to say. In the meantime Lord North is First Minister. He is much more able, more active, more assiduous, more resolute, and more fitted to deal with mankind. But whether the apparent, nay, glaring timidity of the Duke may not have spread too general an alarm, is more than probable; and there is but the interval of to-day to take any measures, as the question of Friday<sup>3</sup> must be reported to the House to-morrow; whence, at least, the lookers-out may absent themselves till the trump is turned up. The fear of a dissolution of Parliament may keep a large number together, and the fluctuation of probability between Lord North, Lord Chatham, and Lord Rockingham, may occasion a confusion of which the Government may profit. The King, in the meantime, is much to be pitied; abandoned where he had most confidence, and attacked on every other side. I write to-day, because the post goes out, and I choose to give you the earliest intelligence of such a material event; but the letter I shall certainly send you on Friday will tread upon a little firmer ground.

<sup>3</sup> Apparently a slip for Thursday, Jan. 25, on which day Dowdeswell moved 'that the House of Commons is bound to follow the laws of the

land and the usage of Parliament, which is part thereof.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. iv. p. 42.)



I have received an odd indirect overture myself, not from administration nor opposition, but from France. M. de Choiseul has a great desire that I should be Ambassador at that court. As no man upon earth is less a Frenchman, as you know, than I am, I did not at all taste the proposal, nay, not his making it. I sent him word in plain terms that he could not have desired a person that would suit him less; that whatever private connections or friendships I have in France, however grateful I may be for the kindness I have met with there, yet, the moment I should be Ambassador, he would find me more haughty and inflexible than all the English put together; and that though I wish for peace between the two countries, I should be much more likely to embroil them than preserve union, for that nothing upon earth could make me depart from the smallest punctilio, in which the honour of my nation should be concerned. I do not think he will desire me to be sent thither.

As this letter is but a prologue to the ensuing scenes, you will excuse my making it short. You may depend on my frequency till things are settled into some system. Adieu!

#### 1294. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Friday, Feb. 2, 1770.

WEDNESDAY<sup>1</sup>, the very critical day, is over, and the administration stands. The opposition flattered themselves with victory, and the warmest friends of the court expected little better than a drawn battle, yet the majority for the latter was forty. Few enough in conscience for triumph,

LETTER 1294.—<sup>1</sup> Jan. 31, 1770, on which day Lord North appeared for the first time in the House of Commons as Prime Minister. The House went into Committee on the state of the nation. The question was 'that

a person eligible by law cannot by expulsion be rendered incapable of being re-chosen, unless by Act of Parliament.' The ministry was victorious by 226 to 186.

but sufficient to make a stand with. Lord North pleased all that could bring themselves to be pleased: he not only spoke with firmness and dignity, but with good-humour; and fairly got the better of Colonel Barré, who attacked him with rudeness and brutality. Lord North has very good parts, quickness, great knowledge, and, what is as much wanted, activity. The impracticability of the Duke of Grafton's temper had contributed more to the present crisis than all the labours of all the factions. His friends were more discontented with him than even his enemies were. It was impossible to choose a more distressful moment than he selected for quitting; and had the scale turned on Wednesday, I do not know where we should have been. The House of Commons contradicting itself, a reversal of the Middlesex election, a dissolution of Parliament, or the King driven to refuse it in the face of a majority! I protest I think some fatal event must have happened. Let the constitution but be saved, the factions may squabble as they please. They are engaged at this moment at the House of Lords, but that is a very bloodless scene: my Lord Chatham will make as little impression there as in his expeditions to the coast of France.

The people are perfectly quiet, and seem to have delegated all their anger to their representatives—a *proof that their representatives had instructed their constituents to be angry*. Wilkes is never mentioned, but as his name occurs in the debates on the Middlesex election. Yet am I far from thinking this administration solidly seated. Any violence, or new provocation, may dislodge it at once. When they could reduce a majority of an hundred and sixteen to forty, in three weeks, their hold seems to be very slippery.

In the meantime, what a figure do we make in Europe! Who can connect with us? Nobody will. Nay, who can treat with us? Is every secret of every court to pass

through the hands of every cabal in England? This goes to my heart, who, you know, wish to dictate to all the world, and to sit, a private citizen, in the Capitol, with more haughtiness than an Asiatic monarch. All public ambition is lost in personal. It would soothe my pride a thousand times more to be great *by* my country than *in* it. It would flatter me more to walk on foot to Paris, and be revered as an Englishman, than go thither Ambassador, with the Garter. This might have been! but it [is] past; and what signifies all the rest? I was born with Roman insolence, and live *in faece Romuli*!

The vivacity of this last month has so multiplied my letters, that their number must excuse the shortness of them.

If the present system settles into any stability, I shall relapse into my *monthly family-duty*. Should fresh changes happen, you are sure of being advertised. That strange event, Mr. Yorke's death, is already history, that is, forgotten. We give few things time to grow stale.

Where is the Russian fleet? The ships drop in, one by one, like schoolboys after their holidays: and none of them, I doubt, perfect in their lesson.

Our schoolboys, at least those just come from school, are much more expeditious.

The gaming at Almack's, which has taken the *pas* of White's, is worthy the decline of our Empire, or Commonwealth, which you please. The young men of the age lose five, ten, fifteen thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Stavordale<sup>2</sup>, not one-and-twenty, lost eleven thousand there, last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard: he swore a great oath,—'Now, if I had been playing *deep*, I might have won millions.' His cousin,

<sup>2</sup> Eldest son of Stephen Fox, first Earl of Ilchester. *Walpole*.—He

succeeded his father in 1776, and died in 1802.

Charles Fox, shines equally there and in the House of Commons. He was twenty-one yesterday se'nnight; and is already one of our best speakers. Yesterday he was made a Lord of the Admiralty. We are not a great age, but surely we are tending to some great revolution. Adieu!

## 1295. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 27, 1770.

It is very lucky, seeing how much of the tiger enters into the human composition, that there should be a good dose of the monkey too. If Æsop had not lived so many centuries before the introduction of masquerades and operas, he would certainly have anticipated my observation, and worked it up into a capital fable. As we still trade upon the stock of the ancients, we seldom deal in any other manufacture; and, though nature, after new combinations, lets forth new characteristics, it is very rarely that they are added to the old fund; else how could so striking a remark have escaped being made, as mine, on the joint ingredients of tiger and monkey? In France the latter predominates, in England the former; but, like Orozmales and Arimanius<sup>1</sup>, they get the better by turns. The bankruptcy in France, and the rigours of the new Comptroller-General<sup>2</sup>, are half forgotten, in the expectation of a new opera at the new theatre. Our civil war has been lulled asleep by a subscription masquerade, for which the House of Commons literally adjourned yesterday. Instead of Fairfaxes and Cromwells, we have had a crowd of Henrys the Eighth, Wolseys, Vandykes, and Harlequins; and because Wilkes

LETTER 1295.—<sup>1</sup> So in MS. for Oromasdes and Arimanes.

<sup>2</sup> The Abbé Joseph Marie Terray (1715-1778), who 'immediately set out with a violence and rigour beyond example, not only lessening pensions

and grants by the half, but striking at the interest on the debt; and was on the point of blowing up the credit of France entirely, especially with foreign countries.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. iv. p. 16.)



was not mask enough, we had a man dressed like him, with a visor, in imitation of his squint, and a cap of liberty on a pole. In short, sixteen or eighteen young lords have given the town a masquerade; and politics, for the last fortnight, were forced to give way to habit-makers. The ball was last night at Soho; and, if possible, was more magnificent than the King of Denmark's. The bishops opposed: he of London<sup>3</sup> formally remonstrated to the King, who did not approve it, but could not help him. The consequence was, that four divine vessels belonging to the holy fathers, *alias* their wives, were at this masquerade. Monkey again! A fair widow<sup>4</sup>, who once bore my whole name, and now bears half of it, was there, with one of those whom the newspapers call *great personages*—he dressed like Edward the Fourth, she like Elizabeth Woodville, in grey and pearls, with a black veil. Methinks it was not very difficult to find out the meaning of those masks.

As one of my ancient passions, formerly, was masquerades, I had a large trunk of dresses by me. I dressed out a thousand young Conways<sup>5</sup> and Cholmondeleys<sup>6</sup>, and went with more pleasure to see them pleased than when I formerly delighted in that diversion myself. It has cost me a great headache, and I shall probably never go to another. A symptom appeared of the change that has happened in the people.

The mob was beyond all belief: they held flambeaux to the windows of every coach, and demanded to have the masks pulled off and put on at their pleasure, but with extreme good humour and civility. I was with my Lady Hertford and two of her daughters, in their coach: the mob

<sup>3</sup> Richard Terrick.

<sup>4</sup> Maria Walpole, Countess Dowager of Waldegrave; secondly married to William Henry, Duke of Gloucester. Edward IV married the widow Lady Gray. *Walpole*

<sup>5</sup> Sons of Francis, Earl of Hertford, Mr. Walpole's cousin-german. *Walpole*.

<sup>6</sup> Mr. Walpole's nephews. *Walpole*.

took me for Lord Hertford, and huzzaed and blessed me! One fellow cried out, 'Are you for Wilkes?' another said, 'Damn you, you fool, what has Wilkes to do with a masquerade?'

In good truth, that stock is fallen very low. The court has recovered a majority of seventy-five in the House of Commons; and the party has succeeded so ill in the Lords, that my Lord Chatham has betaken himself to the gout, and appears no more. What Wilkes may do at his enlargement in April, I don't know, but his star is certainly much dimmed. The distress of France, the injustice they have been reduced to commit on public credit, immense bankruptcies, and great bankers hanging and drowning themselves, are comfortable objects in our prospect; for one tiger is charmed if another tiger loses his tail.

There was a stroke of the monkey last night that will sound ill in the ears of your neighbour the Pope. The heir-apparent<sup>7</sup> of the house of Norfolk, a drunken old mad fellow, was, though a Catholic, dressed like a Cardinal: I hope he was scandalized at the wives of our bishops.

So you agree with me, and don't think that the crusado from Russia will recover the Holy Land! It is a pity; for, if the Turks keep it a little longer, I doubt it will be the Holy Land no longer. When Rome totters, poor Jerusalem! As to your Count Orloff's denying the murder of the late Czar, it is no more than every felon does at the Old Bailey. If I could write like Shakespeare, I would make Peter's ghost perch on the dome of Sancta Sophia, and, when the Russian fleet comes in sight, roar, with a voice of thunder that should reach to Petersburg,

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

We have had two or three simpletons return from Russia,

<sup>7</sup> Charles Howard; afterwards Duke of Norfolk. *Walpole*.

charmed with the murderess, believing her innocent, *because* she spoke graciously to *them* in the Drawing-room. I don't know what the present Grand Signior's name is, Osman, or Mustapha, or what, but I am extremely on his side against Catharine of Zerbst; and I never intend to ask him for a farthing, nor write panegyrics on him for pay, like Voltaire and Diderot; so you need not say a word to him of my good wishes. Benedict XIV deserved my friendship, but being a sound Protestant, one would not, you know, make all Turk and pagan and infidel princes too familiar. Adieu!

## 1296. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 15, 1770.

THE troubles that seemed to have a little subsided, or that were, at least, repelled by the vigorous majorities in Parliament, have again broken out, and (like flames blown backward) with redoubled violence. As a prelude to what was to follow, rather as the word of battle, Lord Chatham some days ago declared to the Lords, that there is a *secret influence* (meaning the Princess) more mighty than Majesty itself, and which had betrayed or clogged every succeeding administration. His own had been sacrificed by it. In consequence of this denunciation, papers, to which the *North Britons* were milk and honey, have been published in terms too gross to repeat. *The Whisperer* and *The Parliamentary Spy* are their titles. Every blank wall at this end of the town is scribbled with the words, 'Impeach the King's Mother'; and, in truth, I think her person in danger.

But the manifesto on which all seems to turn, is the Remonstrance<sup>1</sup> from the City. You will have seen it in the public papers, and certainly never saw a bolder declaration both against King and Parliament. Sixteen aldermen have

LETTER 1296.—<sup>1</sup> See *Ann. Reg.* 1770, p. 199.

protested against it, but could not stop it. The King, after some delay, received it yesterday on his throne. It was brought by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, accompanied by an immense multitude, decently however, except in hissing as they passed Carlton House<sup>2</sup>. A few days ago, when the sheriffs went to demand the acceptance of it, both Townshend and Sawbridge, it is said, behaved with provoking disrespect. The King read his answer with great dignity and calmness, and it was indeed drawn with extreme temper and firmness. Had as prudent an answer been given to the petitions, instead of mocking the people<sup>3</sup> with that nonsense on the horned cattle, much ill-humour had been prevented.

The crisis is now tremendous. Should the House of Commons, or both Houses, fall on the Remonstrance as it in a manner dares them to do, it is much to be apprehended that not only the Lord Mayor and sheriffs will uphold their act, but that many lords and members will avow them, and demand to be included in the same sentence. The Tower, crammed with such proud criminals, will be a formidable scene indeed. The petitioning counties will certainly turn remonstrants. An association among them is threatened, and a general refusal by the party of paying the land-tax. In short, rebellion is in prospect, and in everybody's mouth. I, you know, have long foretold, that if some lenient measures were not applied, the confusion would grow too mighty to be checked.

It is not yet, I hope, too late for wisdom and temper to step in. I sigh when I hear any other language. The English may be soothed—I never read that they were to be frightened. The experience of ten years has shown that harshness, and standing on the letter of defence, has but added to the ill-humour of the times. I have a great opinion

<sup>2</sup> The residence of the Princess Dowager in Pall Mall. *Walpole*.

<sup>3</sup> In the King's Speech. *Walpole*.



of Lord North's prudence, and by the answer to the Remonstrance, I conceive that he sees the true and only means of quieting those distempers, *it being much easier for a King of England to disarm the minds of his subjects than their hands.* This is my creed, and all our history supports it.

Friday, 16th.

I was interrupted yesterday, since when the die is cast. Sir Thomas Clavering<sup>4</sup> moved to address the King to lay the Remonstrance and his Answer before the House. The Lord Mayor, the two sheriffs, and Alderman Trecothick<sup>5</sup> avowed the hand they had had in that outrageous paper. Fortunately, no more members took the same part, and some of the best condemned it. The House, you may imagine, was full of resentment, and at eleven at night the Address was carried by 271 to 108: a vast majority in the present circumstances, and composed, as you may guess, of many who abandoned the opposition. The great point is still in suspense—what to do with the offenders. The wisest, because the most temperate, method that I have heard suggested is, to address the King to order a prosecution by the Attorney-General. Two others that have been mentioned are big with every mischief—the Tower, or expulsion. Think of the three first magistrates of the City in prison, or of a new election for London! I pray for temper, but what can one expect when such provocation is given? I will write to you again next week, and I wish to send you better news. I forget whether it was King David or King Solomon said it, but I often think of the wisdom of that expression, 'A soft word turneth away anger.'

Pray be upon your guard against the person who told you

<sup>4</sup> Sir Thomas Clavering, eighth Baronet, of Axwell Park, Durham; M.P. for Durham county; d. 1794.

<sup>5</sup> Barlow Trecothick, M.P. for the City of London.

that Johnson was the author of the *False Alarm*. I believe he is ; but the person<sup>e</sup> who told you so is a most worthless and dangerous fellow, and capable of any mischief. Adieu !

## 1297. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 23, 1770.

OUR storms rather loiter than disperse ; but they have deceived me so often, that if I thought them blown over, I should be cautious of saying so. Lord North's temper and prudence has prevailed over much rash counsel ; and will, I hope, at last, defeat the madness of both sides. There has not been much heat in the House of Commons. The Rockingham faction has left Lord Chatham's aground, and would not defend the indecency of the Remonstrance. This alarmed my Lord Mayor, and, though he affected to keep up his spirit, it sunk visibly. The House, you may be sure, resented the insult offered to them, and the majorities have been very great ; yet has there been no personal punishment or censure, no dubbing of martyrs. The country gentlemen have even declared that they will support the court in no violence. This is very happy, at a time when the first overt act of violence on either side may entail long bloodshed upon us. The disavowal has given Lord Chatham a real or political fit of the gout ; and he neither appeared yesterday in the House of Lords, when an address to the King against the Remonstrance was voted, nor at a sumptuous dinner and ball, given to the opposition by the Lord Mayor. They passed in solemn procession, escorted by the Liverymen of London on horseback, from the Thatched House Tavern, near St. James's, to the Mansion House, amidst thousands of people. At night, a small drunken mob, consisting, I believe, chiefly of glaziers and

tallow-chandlers, obliged some houses at Charing Cross to put out some lights, and broke some windows, but dispersed of themselves in a quarter of an hour. These follies, however, exasperate; and both sides, I fear, grow too angry not to be glad to be enraged at any trifle: the chiefs of both not considering that, like other projectors, the first inventors of mischief never reap the profit. Laud, Strafford, Hampden, Pym, all perished before their manufactures were crowned with success. Cromwell and Clarendon, who came into their shops, got all the business.

Our weather is as perverse as the rest of the season. We have had a hard frost above this fortnight, which they say has killed all the peas and beans; but so they say every year, and of the fruit too. I suppose, if so much was not destroyed, we should be devoured by peas, beans, and apricots.

Lord Beauchamp has desired I would trouble you with a commission; it is to send him about six dozen of wine of Aleatico, and four dozen of the white Verdea. I knew you would undertake it with pleasure; you must draw upon me for the money, and I will pay your brother.

You know I have always some favourite, some successor of Patapan<sup>1</sup>. The present is a tanned black spaniel, called Rosette. She saved my life last Saturday night, so I am sure you will love her too. I was undressing for bed. She barked and was so restless that there was no quieting her. I fancied there was somebody under the bed, but there was not. As she looked at the chimney, which roared much, I thought it was the wind, yet wondered, as she had heard it so often. At last, not being able to quiet her, I looked to see what she barked at, and perceived sparks of fire falling from the chimney, and on searching farther perceived it in flames. It had not gone far, and we easily extinguished it.

LETTER 1297.—<sup>1</sup> A favourite dog Mr. Walpole brought from Rome. *Walpole.*

I wish I had as much power over the nation's chimney.  
Adieu !

## 1298. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, March 31, 1770.

I SHALL be extremely obliged to you for Alderman Backwell. A scarce print is a real present to me, who have a table of weights and measures in my head very different from that of the rich and covetous.

I am glad your journey was prosperous. The weather here has continued very sharp, but it has been making preparations for April to-day, and watered the streets with some soft showers. They will send me to Strawberry to-morrow, where I hope to find the lilacs beginning to put forth their little noses. Mr. Chute mends very slowly, but you know he has as much patience as gout.

I depend upon seeing you whenever you return this wayward. You will find the round chamber far advanced, though not finished, for my undertakings do not stride with the impetuosity of my youth. This single room has been half as long in completing as all the rest of the castle. My compliments to Mr. John, whom I hope to see at the same time.

Yours ever,

H. W.

## 1299. TO GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN.

DEAR GEORGE,

Thursday morning.

After you was gone last night, I heard it whispered about the room that a bad representation had been made at the Queen's House against the unhappy young man<sup>1</sup>. Do not

LETTER 1299.—Not in C.; reprinted from *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, ed. 1882, vol. ii. p. 392.

<sup>1</sup> Matthew Kennedy, who was con-

demned to death on April 12, 1770, for the murder of a watchman. For the reasons which induced Walpole and Selwyn to interest themselves in



mention this, as it might do hurt; but try privately, without talking of it, if you cannot get some of the ladies to mention the cruelty of the case; or what do you think of a hint by the German women<sup>2</sup> if you can get at them?

Yours, &c.,

H. W.

### 1300. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Thursday, April 19, 1770.

THE day so much apprehended of Wilkes's enlargement is passed without mischief. He was released late the night before last, and set out directly for the country. Last night several shops and private houses were illuminated, from affection, or fear of their windows, but few of any distinction, except the Duke of Portland's. Falling amidst the drunkenness of Easter week, riots were the more to be expected; yet none happened. Great pains had been taken to station constables, and the Light Horse were drawn nearer to town, in case of emergency. The Lord Mayor had enjoined tranquillity—as Mayor. As Beckford, his own house in Soho Square was embroidered with '*Liberty*,' in white letters three feet high. Luckily, the evening was very wet, and not a mouse stirred.

However, this delivery may give date to a fresh era. Wilkes has printed manifestoes against the House of Commons, designs to be sworn in alderman, and, they say, to demand his seat in Parliament. An approaching event will favour his designs. Lord Sandys has been overturned, and fractured his skull. The succession of his son<sup>1</sup> to the title vacates the seat of the latter for Westminster, and opens a new scene of rioting. Wilkes will not stand

the affair see *Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. iv. pp. 110-1.

<sup>2</sup> The Queen's German attendants, Mesdames Schwollenberg and Hage-

dorn.

LETTER 1300.—<sup>1</sup> Edwin Sandys (1726-1797), second Baron Sandys.

himself, adhering to his pretensions for Middlesex, but may name whom he pleases. The court, I should think, would not oppose his nominee; and in that case there may be the less tumult.

Well, we must see now what turn this man's destiny will take: whether he will persist, and if he does, what the event will be; or whether he will not be abandoned by degrees, and sink into obscurity. Except as a mere tool of faction, he has lost all hold but with the lower part of the people, while his own vanity and obstinacy makes him most important in his own eyes, and may in reality have made him an enthusiast. Monsieur de la Chalotais, a man of real principles, does not triumph less. He has driven his tyrant, the Duc d'Aiguillon, to demand a trial, and it is now going on before the King at Versailles; an unprecedented compliment, and evidence of the Duke's favour. Yet he is fallen into a jaundice with vexation, after receiving a noble rebuff from the oppressed. Duclos was sent with the offer of 400,000 livres, of erecting his estate into a marquisate, and of ensuring the place of Procureur-Général<sup>2</sup> to his son. La Chalotais was in bed when Duclos drew his curtains; he said immediately, 'Mon ami, j'espère que vous ne venez pas me proposer des bassesses?' He refused everything; said he would persist in pursuing his oppressor for his own vindication till he had not a *sillon* left, and hoped his children would have spirit enough to go on with the suit. Such offers speak the innocence of the sufferer; and yet, having read the procedure, I think there is not the least probability in one of the charges, that of an attempt to have La Chalotais poisoned. It is glorious, however, to find that even in France the loftiest criminals cannot escape from the cry of the public!

<sup>2</sup> Procureur-Général of the Parliament of Bretagne. *Walpole*.

One of the King's daughters<sup>3</sup> is gone into a convent of Carmelites—the youngest. The King refused his consent for three months. Had he had as much more sense as was necessary, he should have abolished the order *in terrorem*, for I take for granted this is a machine played off by Mother Church to revive her credit.

Do you know that I am much scandalized at a paragraph in your last, where you say the Czarina was reduced to murder her husband by the option between that crime and a great empire? Is it possible that you can have given credit to the tales of her very accomplices? There was not a shadow of probability that the Czar intended to put her to death. His nature was most humane and beneficent, and her antecedent and subsequent murders too glaring and horrid proofs of her blackness, to leave one any doubt. There is great reason to believe she poisoned the late Czarina; and none but such simpletons as we have sent to Petersburg can be imposed on by the gross denial of her hand in the massacre of the Czar John.

My dear Sir, leave it to Voltaire and the venal learned to apologize for that wretched woman. I am not dazzled with her code of laws, nor her fleets in the Archipelago. La Chalotais, in prison or exile, is venerable. Catharine will be detestable, though she should be crowned in St. Sophia, and act a farce of Christianity there. Pray deny her place in so pure a heart as your own. The proper punishment of mighty criminals is their knowing that they are, and must be for ever despised by the good. Adieu!

1301. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, May 6, 1770.

I DON'T know whether Wilkes is subdued by his imprisonment, or waits for the rising of Parliament, to take the

<sup>3</sup> Madame Louise. Walpole.

field; or whether his dignity of alderman has dulled him into prudence, and the love of feasting; but hitherto he has done nothing but go to City banquets and sermons, and sit at Guildhall as a sober magistrate. What an inversion of the proverb, 'Si ex quovis Mercurio fit lignum'! What do you Italians think of Harlequin Podestà? In truth, his party is crumbled away strangely. Lord Chatham has talked on the Middlesex election till nobody will answer him; and Mr. Burke (Lord Rockingham's governor) has published a pamphlet<sup>1</sup> that has sown the utmost discord between that faction and the supporters of the Bill of Rights. Mrs. Macaulay has written against it. In Parliament their numbers are shrunk to nothing, and the session is ending very triumphantly for the court. But there is another scene opened of a very different aspect. You have seen the accounts from Boston. The tocsin seems to be sounded to America. I have many visions about that country, and fancy I see twenty empires and republics forming upon vast scales over all that continent, which is growing too mighty to be kept in subjection to half a dozen exhausted nations in Europe. As the latter sinks, and the others rise, they who live between the eras will be a sort of Noahs, witnesses to the period of the Old World and origin of the New. I entertain myself with the idea of a future senate in Carolina and Virginia, where their Patriots will harangue on the austere and incorruptible virtue of the ancient English! will tell their auditors of our disinterestedness and scorn of bribes and pensions, and make us blush in our graves at their ridiculous panegyrics. Who knows but even our Indian usurpations and villainies may become topics of praise to American schoolboys? As I believe our virtues are extremely like those of our pre-



decessors the Romans, so I am sure our luxury and extravagance are too.

What do you think of a winter Ranelagh<sup>2</sup> erecting in Oxford Road, at the expense of sixty thousand pounds? The new bank, including the value of the ground, and of the houses demolished to make room for it, will cost three hundred thousand; and erected, as my Lady Townley<sup>3</sup> says, *by sober citizens too!* I have touched before to you on the incredible profusion of our young men of fashion. I know a younger brother who literally gives a flower-woman half a guinea every morning for a bunch of roses for the nosegay in his button-hole. There has lately been an auction of stuffed birds; and, as natural history is in fashion, there are physicians and others who paid forty and fifty guineas for a single Chinese pheasant: you may buy a live one for five. After this, it is not extraordinary that pictures should be dear. We have at present three exhibitions. One West<sup>4</sup>, who paints history in the taste of Poussin, gets three hundred pounds for a piece not too large to hang over a chimney. He has merit, but is hard and heavy, and far unworthy of such prices. The rage to see these exhibitions is so great, that sometimes one cannot pass through the streets where they are. But it is incredible what sums are raised by mere exhibitions of anything; a new fashion, and to enter at which you pay a shilling or half a crown. Another rage is for prints of English portraits: I have been collecting them above thirty years, and originally never gave for a mezzotinto above one or two shillings. The lowest are now a crown; most, from half a guinea to a guinea. Lately, I assisted a clergyman<sup>5</sup> in compiling a catalogue of them; since the publica-

<sup>2</sup> The Pantheon. *Walpole.*

<sup>3</sup> In the comedy of the *Provoked Husband.* *Walpole.*

<sup>4</sup> Benjamin West (1738-1820).

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Granger's work is entitled *Biographical History.* *Walpole.*

tion, scarce heads in books, not worth threepence, will sell for five guineas. Then we have Etruscan vases, made of earthenware, in Staffordshire<sup>6</sup>, from two to five guineas; and *or moulu*, never made here before, which succeeds so well, that a tea-kettle, which the inventor offered for one hundred guineas, sold by auction for one hundred and thirty. In short, we are at the height of extravagance and improvements, for we do improve rapidly in taste as well as in the former. I cannot say so much for our genius. Poetry is gone to bed, or into our prose; we are like the Romans in that too. If we have the arts of the Antonines,—we have the fustian also.

Well! what becomes of your neighbours, the Pope and Turk? is one Babylon to fall, and the other to moulder away? I begin to tremble for the poor Greeks; they will be sacrificed like the Catalans, and left to be impaled for rebellion, as soon as that vain-glorious woman the Czarina has glutted her lust of fame, and secured Azoph by a peace, which I hear is all she insists on keeping. What strides modern ambition takes! We are the successors of Aurungzebe; and a virago under the Pole sends a fleet into the Ægean Sea to rouse the ghosts of Leonidas and Epaminondas, and burn the capital of the second Roman Empire! Folks now scarce meddle with their next-door neighbours; as many English go to visit St. Peter's that never thought of stepping into St. Paul's.

I shall let Lord Beauchamp know your readiness to oblige him, probably to-morrow, as I go to town. The spring is so backward here that I have little inducement to stay; not an entire leaf is out on any tree, and I have heard a syren as much as a nightingale. Lord Fitzwilliam<sup>7</sup>,

<sup>6</sup> At Josiah Wedgwood's works at 'Etruria,' opened in 1769.

<sup>7</sup> William Fitzwilliam, afterwards

Wentworth-Fitzwilliam (1748–1833), second Earl Fitzwilliam.





*George Keppel, 3<sup>rd</sup> Earl of Albemarle  
from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.*



who, I suppose, is one of your latest acquaintance, is going to marry Lady Charlotte Ponsonby, Lord Besborough's second daughter, a pretty, sensible and very amiable girl. I seldom tell you that sort of news, but when the parties are very fresh in your memory. Adieu!

## 1302. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, May 6, 1770.

IF you are like me, you are fretting at the weather. We have not a leaf yet large enough to make an apron for a Miss Eve of two years old. Flowers and fruits, if they come at all this year, must meet together as they do in a Dutch picture. Our lords and ladies, however, couple as if it were the real *gioventù dell' anno*. Lord Albemarle<sup>1</sup>, you know, has disappointed all his brothers and my niece; and Lord Fitzwilliam is declared *sposo* to Lady Charlotte Ponsonby. It is a pretty match, and makes Lord Besborough as happy as possible.

Masquerades proceed in spite of Church and King. That knave the Bishop of London persuaded that good soul the Archbishop to remonstrate against them; but happily the age prefers silly follies to serious ones, and dominoes, *comme de raison*, carry it against lawn sleeves.

There is a new institution that begins to make, and if it proceeds, will make a considerable noise. It is a club of *both* sexes to be erected at Almac's, on the model of that of the men of White's. Mrs. Fitzroy, Lady Pembroke, Mrs. Meynell, Lady Molyneux, Miss Pelham, and Miss Loyd, are the foundresses. I am ashamed to say I am of so young and fashionable a society; but as they are people I live with, I choose to be idle rather than morose. I can

LETTER 1302. — <sup>1</sup> Lord Albemarle daughter of Sir John Miller, fourth married on April 20, 1770, Anne, Baronet, of Froyle, Hampshire.

go to a young supper, without forgetting how much sand is run out of the hour-glass. Yet I shall never pass a trist old age in turning the Psalms into Latin or English verse. My plan is to pass away calmly; cheerfully if I can; sometimes to amuse myself with the rising generation, but to take care not to fatigue them, nor weary them with old stories, which will not interest them, as their adventures do not interest me. Age would indulge prejudices if it did not sometimes polish itself against younger acquaintance; but it must be the work of folly if one hopes to contract friendships with them, or desires it, or thinks one can become the same follies, or expects that they should do more than bear one for one's good humour. In short, they are a pleasant medicine, that one should take care not to grow fond of. Medicines hurt when habit has annihilated their force: but you see I am in no danger. I intend by degrees to decrease my opium, instead of augmenting the dose. Good night; you see I never let our long-lived friendship drop, though you give it so few opportunities of breathing.

Yours ever,  
H. W.

1303. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 24, 1770.

Not only the session is at an end, but I think the Middlesex election too, which my Lord Chatham has heated and heated so often over, that there is scarce a spark of fire left. The City, indeed, carried a new Remonstrance<sup>1</sup> yesterday, garnished with my Lord's own ingredients, but much less hot than the former. The court, however, was put into some confusion by my Lord Mayor, who, contrary to all form and precedent, tacked a volunteer speech to the

LETTER 1303.—<sup>1</sup> See *Ann. Reg.* 1770, p. 201.

Remonstrance. It was wondrous loyal and respectful, but being an innovation, much discomposed the solemnity. It is always usual to furnish a copy of what is to be said to the King, that he may be prepared with his answer. In this case, he was reduced to tuck up his train, jump from the throne, and take sanctuary in his closet, or answer extempore, which is no part of the royal trade; or sit silent and have nothing to reply. This last was the event, and a position awkward enough in conscience. Wilkes did not appear. When he misses such an opportunity of being impertinent, you may imagine that his spirit of martyrdom is pretty well burnt out. Thus has the winter, that set out with such big black clouds, concluded with a prospect of more serenity than we have seen for some time. Lord Camden, Lord Granby, Lord Huntingdon, and the Duke of Northumberland, have no great cause to be proud of the finesse of their politics, and Lord Chatham has met with nothing but miscarriages and derision. Disunion has appeared between all the parts of the opposition, and unless experience teaches them to unite more heartily during the summer, or the court commits any extravagance, or Ireland or America furnishes new troubles, you may compose yourself to tranquillity in your representing ermine, and take as good a nap as any monarch in Europe.

During this probable lethargy, I shall take my leave of you for some time, without writing only to make excuses for having nothing to say, which I have made for so many summers, and which I cannot make even so well as I have done. My pen grows very old, and is not so foolish as to try to conceal it; and if Gil Blas was to tell me that my parts, even small as they were, decay, I should not resent it like his archbishop, nor turn away the honest creature for having perceived what I have found out myself for some time. As my memory, however, is still good, you may

depend upon hearing from me again, when I have anything worth telling you. One can always write a gazette, and I am not too proud to descend to any office for your service. Adieu !

## 1304. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, June 11, 1770.

MY company and I have wished for you very much to-day. The Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Delany, Mr. Bateman, and your cousin, Fred. Montagu, dined here. Lord Guilford was very obliging, and would have come if he dared have ventured. Mrs. Montagu was at Bill Hill with Lady Gower. The day was tolerable, with sun enough for the house, though not for the garden. You, I suppose, never will come again, as I have not a team of horses large enough to draw you out of the clay of Oxfordshire.

I went yesterday to see my niece<sup>1</sup> in her new principality of Ham. It delighted me and made me peevish. Close to the Thames, in the centre of all rich and verdant beauty, it is so blocked up and barricaded with walls, vast trees, and gates, that you think yourself an hundred miles off and an hundred years back. The old furniture is so magnificently ancient, dreary and decayed, that at every step one's spirits sink, and all my passion for antiquity could not keep them up. Every minute I expected to see ghosts sweeping by ; ghosts I would not give sixpence to see, Lauderdales, Talmachs, and Maitlands<sup>2</sup> ! There is an old brown gallery full of Vandycks and Lelys, charming miniatures, delightful Wouvermans, and Polenburghs, china, japan, bronzes, ivory cabinets, and silver dogs, poker, bellows, &c., without end.

LETTER 1304.—<sup>1</sup> Charlotte, daughter of Sir Edward Walpole and wife of fifth Earl of Dysart, who had recently succeeded to the title.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth Murray (d. 1698),

Countess of Dysart in her own right, married (1) Sir Lionel Tollemache, third Baronet, of Helmingham, Suffolk ; (2) John Maitland, Duke of Lauderdale.



One pair of bellows is of filigree. In this state of pomp and tatters my nephew intends it shall remain, and is so religious an observer of the venerable rites of his house, that because the gates never were opened by his father but once for the late Lord Granville<sup>3</sup>, you are locked out and locked in, and after journeying all round the house, as you do round an old French fortified town, you are at last admitted through the stable-yard to creep along a dark passage by the housekeeper's room, and so by a back-door into the great hall. He seems as much afraid of water as a cat, for though you might enjoy the Thames from every window of three sides of the house, you may tumble into it before you would guess it is there. In short, our ancestors had so little idea of taste and beauty, that I should not have been surprised if they had hung their pictures with the painted sides to the wall. Think of such a palace commanding all the reach of Richmond and Twickenham, with a domain from the foot of Richmond Hill to Kingston Bridge, and then imagine its being as dismal and prospectless as if it stood

On Stanmore's wintry wild !

I don't see why a man should not be divorced from his prospect as well as from his wife, for not being able to enjoy it. Lady Dysart frets, but it is not the etiquette of the family to yield, and so she must content herself with her château of Tondertentronk as well as she can. She has another such ample prison in Suffolk<sup>4</sup>, and may be glad to reside where she is. Strawberry, with all its painted glass and gloomth, looked as gay when I came home as Mrs. Cornelis's ball-room.

I am very busy about the last volume of my *Painters*, but have lost my index, and am forced again to turn over all my *Vertues*, forty volumes of miniature MSS. ; so this

<sup>3</sup> Father-in-law of the late Earl.

<sup>4</sup> Helmingham Hall.

will be the third time I shall have made an index to them. Don't say I am not persevering, and yet I thought I was grown idle. What pains one takes to be forgotten! Good night!

Yours ever,  
H. WALPOLE.

### 1305. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 15, 1770.

I HAVE no public event to tell you, though I write again sooner than I purposed. The journey of the Princess Dowager to Germany is indeed an extraordinary circumstance<sup>1</sup>, but besides its being a week old, as I do not know the motives, I have nothing to say upon it. It is much canvassed and sifted, and yet perhaps she was only in search of a little repose from the torrents of abuse that have been poured upon her for some years. Yesterday they publicly sung about the streets a ballad, the burthen of which was, *the cow has left her calf*. With all this we are grown very quiet, and Lord North's behaviour is so sensible and moderate that he offends nobody.

Our family has lost a branch, but I cannot call it a misfortune. Lord Cholmondeley<sup>2</sup> died last Saturday. He was seventy, and had a constitution to have carried him to an hundred, if he had not destroyed it by an intemperance, especially in drinking, that would have killed anybody else in half the time. As it was, he had outlived by fifteen years all his set, who have reeled into the ferry-boat so long before him. His grandson<sup>3</sup> seems good and amiable, and

LETTER 1305.—<sup>1</sup> The object of the Princess's journey was to see and remonstrate with her daughter, the Queen of Denmark, upon her undue familiarity with the physician Struensee.

<sup>2</sup> George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, married Mary, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole*.

<sup>3</sup> George James Cholmondeley (1749-1827), fourth Earl of Cholmondeley, created a Marquis in 1816.

though he comes into but a small fortune for an earl, five-and-twenty hundred a year, his uncle the General<sup>4</sup> may re-establish him upon a great foot—but it will not be in his life, and the General does not sail after his brother on a sea of claret.

You have heard details, to be sure, of the horrible catastrophe at the fireworks at Paris<sup>5</sup>. Francès, the French minister, told me the other night that the number of the killed is so great that they now try to stifle it; my letters say between five and six hundred! I think there were not fewer than ten coach-horses trodden to death. The mob had poured down from the Étoile by thousands and ten thousands to see the illuminations, and did not know the havoc they were occasioning. The impulse drove great numbers into the Seine, and those met with the most favourable deaths.

We hear again that my Lady Orford is coming to England—I cannot believe it, after she has been twice at Calais and recoiled.

This is a slight summer letter, but you will not be sorry it is so short, when the dearth of events is the cause. Last year I did not know but we might have a battle of Edgehill by this time. At present, my Lord Chatham could as soon raise money as raise the people; and Wilkes will not much longer have more power of doing either. If you was not busy in burning Constantinople, you could not have a better opportunity for taking a trip to England. Have you never a wish this way? Think what satisfaction it would be to me!—but I never advise; nor let my own inclinations judge for my friends. I had rather suffer their absence, than have to reproach myself with having given

<sup>4</sup> General Hon. James Cholmondeley; d. 1775.

<sup>5</sup> On the occasion of the marriage

of the Dauphin to the Archduchess Marie Antoinette. The catastrophe was caused by a panic in the crowd.

them bad counsel. I therefore say no more on what would make me so happy. Adieu !

## 1306. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, June 29, 1770.

SINCE the sharp mountain will not come to the little hill, the little hill must go to the Mont-aigu. In short, what do you think of seeing me walk into your parlour a few hours after this epistle ? I had not time to notify myself sooner. The case is, Princess Amalie has insisted on my going with her to, that is, meeting her at, Stowe on Monday, for a week. She mentioned it some time ago, and I thought I had parried it, but having been with her at Park Place these two or three days, she has commanded it so positively, that I could not refuse. Now, as it would be extremely inconvenient to my indolence to be dressed up in weepers and hatbands by six o'clock in the morning, and lest I should be taken for chief mourner going to Beckford's<sup>1</sup> funeral, I trust you will be charitable enough to give me a bed at Atterbury<sup>2</sup> for one night, whence I can arrive at Stowe in a decent time, and caparisoned as I ought to be, when I have lost a brother-in-law, and am to meet a Princess. Don't take me for a Lausun<sup>3</sup>, and think all this favour portends a *second* marriage between our family and the blood royal ; nor that my visit to Stowe implies my espousing Miss Wilkes<sup>4</sup>. I think I shall die as I am, neither higher nor lower ; and above all things, no more politics. Yet I shall have many a private smile to myself, as I wander among all those consecrated and desecrated buildings, and think what company I am in, and

LETTER 1306.—<sup>1</sup> William Beckford died on June 21, 1770.

<sup>2</sup> Adderbury, in Oxfordshire.

<sup>3</sup> An allusion to Antoine Nompar de Caumont (1688-1728), Duc de Lau-

zun, and his projected marriage to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, cousin of Louis XIV.

<sup>4</sup> Mary, daughter of John Wilkes ; d. unmarried, 1802.



of all that is past—but I must shorten my letter, or you will not have finished it when I arrive. Adieu! Yours—  
a-coming! a-coming! H. W.

## 1307. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Adderbury, Sunday night, July 1, 1770.

You will be enough surprised to receive a letter from me dated from your own house, and may judge of my mortification at not finding you here—exactly as it happened two years ago. In short, here I am, and will tell you how I came here—in truth, not a little against my will. I have been at Park Place with Princess Amalie, and she insisted on my meeting her at Stowe to-morrow. She had mentioned it before, and as I have no delight in a royal progress, and as little in the Seigneur Temple, I waived the honour and pleasure, and thought I should hear no more of it. However, the proposal was turned into a command, and everybody told me I could not refuse. Well, I could not come so near, and not call upon you; besides, it is extremely *convenient to my Lord Castlecomer*, for it would have been horrid to set out at seven o'clock in the morning, full-dressed in my weepers, and to step out of my chaise into a drawing-room. I wrote to you on Friday, the soonest I could after this was settled, to notify myself to you, but find I am arrived before my letter. *Mrs. White* is all goodness; and being the first of July, and consequently the middle of winter, has given me a good fire and some excellent coffee and bread and butter, and I am as comfortable as possible, except in having missed you. She insists on acquainting you, which makes me write this to prevent your coming; for as I must depart at twelve o'clock to-morrow, it would be dragging you home before your time for only half an hour, and I have too much regard for Lord Guilford to

deprive him of your company. Don't therefore think of making me this unnecessary compliment. I have treated your house like an inn, and it will not be friendly, if you do not make as free with me. I had much rather that you would take it for a visit that you ought to repay. Make my best compliments to your brother and Lord Guilford, and pity me for the six dreadful days I am going to pass. Rosette is fast asleep in your chair, or I am sure she would write a postscript. I cannot say that she is either commanded or invited to be of this royal party; but have me, have my dog.

I must not forget to thank you for mentioning Mrs. Wetenhall, on whom I should certainly wait with great pleasure, but have no manner of intention of going into Cheshire. There is not a chair or a stool in Cholmondeley, and my nephew, I believe, will pull it down. He has not a fortune to furnish or inhabit it; and, if his uncle should leave him one, he would choose a pleasanter country. Adieu! Don't be formal with me, forgive me, and don't trouble your head about me.

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

1308. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday night, July 7, 1770.

AFTER making an inn of your house, it is but decent to thank you for my entertainment, and to acquaint you with the result of my journey. The party passed off much better than I expected. A Princess at the head of a very small set for five days together did not promise well. However, she was very good-humoured and easy, and dispensed with a large quantity of etiquette. Lady Temple is good nature itself, my Lord was very civil, Lord Besborough is made to suit all sorts of people, Lady Mary Coke respects royalty too much not to be very condescending, Lady Ann

Howard<sup>1</sup> and Mrs. Middleton<sup>2</sup> filled up the drawing-room, or rather made it out, and I was so determined to carry it off as well as I could, and happened to be in such good spirits, and took such care to avoid politics, that we laughed a great deal, and had not a cloud the whole time.

We breakfasted at half an hour after nine; but the Princess did not appear till it was finished; then we walked in the garden, or drove about it in cabriolets, till it was time to dress; dined at three, which, though properly proportioned to the smallness of company to avoid ostentation, lasted a vast while, as the Princess eats and talks a great deal; then again into the garden till past seven, when we came in, drank tea and coffee, and played at pharaoh till ten, when the Princess retired, and we went to supper, and before twelve to bed. You see there was great sameness and little vivacity in all this. It was a little broken by fishing, and going round the park one of the mornings; but, in reality, the number of buildings and variety of scenes in the garden made each day different from the rest: and my meditations on so historic a spot prevented my being tired. Every acre brings to one's mind some instance of the parts or pedantry, of the taste or want of taste, of the ambition or love of fame, or greatness or miscarriages, of those that have inhabited, decorated, planned, or visited the place. Pope, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Kent, Gibbs, Lord Cobham, Lord Chesterfield, the mob of nephews, the Lytteltons, Grenvilles, Wests, Leonidas Glover and Wilkes, the late Prince of Wales, the King of Denmark, Princess Amelie, and the proud monuments of Lord Chatham's services, now enshrined there, then anathematized

LETTER 1808.—<sup>1</sup> Eldest daughter of fourth Earl of Carlisle by his second wife, and Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess Amelia.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Catherine Middleton (d. un-

married in 1784), fourth daughter of Sir William Middleton, second Baronet, of Belsay Castle, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess Amelia.

there, and now again commanding there, with the Temple of Friendship, like the Temple of Janus, sometimes open to war, and sometimes shut up in factious cabals—all these images crowd upon one's memory, and add visionary personages to the charming scenes, that are so enriched with fanes and temples, that the real prospects are little less than visions themselves.

On Wednesday night a small Vauxhall was acted for us at the grotto in the Elysian fields, which was illuminated with lamps, as were the thicket and two little barks on the lake. With a little exaggeration I could make you believe that nothing ever was so delightful. The idea was really pretty, but, as my feelings have lost something of their romantic sensibility, I did not quite enjoy such an entertainment *al fresco* so much as I should have done twenty years ago. The evening was more than cool, and the destined spot anything but dry. There were not half lamps enough, and no music but an ancient militia-man, who played cruelly on a squeaking tabor and pipe. As our procession descended the vast flight of steps into the garden, in which was assembled a crowd of people from Buckingham and the neighbouring villages to see the Princess and the show, the moon shining very bright, I could not help laughing as I surveyed our troop, which, instead of tripping lightly to such an Arcadian entertainment, were hobbling down by the balustrades, wrapped up in cloaks and great-coats, for fear of catching cold. The Earl, you know, is bent double, the Countess very lame, I am a miserable walker, and the Princess, though as strong as a Brunswic lion, makes no figure in going down fifty stone stairs. Except Lady Ann—and by courtesy Lady Mary, we were none of us young enough for a pastoral. We supped in the grotto, which is as proper to this climate as a sea-coal fire would be in the dog-days at Tivoli.



But the chief entertainment of the week, at least what was so to the Princess, is an arch, which Lord Temple has erected to her honour in the most enchanting of all picturesque scenes. It is inscribed on one side AMELIAE SOPHIAE, AUG., and has a medallion of her on the other. It is placed on an eminence at the top of the Elysian fields, in a grove of orange-trees. You come to it on a sudden, and are startled with delight on looking through it: you at once see, through a glade, the river winding at the bottom; from which a thicket rises, arched over with trees, but opened, and discovering a hillock full of hay-cocks, beyond which in front is the Palladian bridge, and again over that a larger hill crowned with the castle. It is a tall landscape framed by the arch and the over-bowering trees, and comprehending more beauties of light, shade, and buildings, than any picture of Albano I ever saw.

Between the flattery and the prospect the Princess was really in Elysium: she visited her arch four and five times every day, and could not satiate herself with it. The statues of Apollo and the Muses stand on each side of the arch. One day she found in Apollo's hand the following lines, which I had written for her, and communicated to Lord Temple:—

T'other day, with a beautiful frown on her brow,  
To the rest of the gods said the Venus of Stow,  
'What a fuss is here made with that arch just erected!  
How *our* temples are slighted, our altars neglected!  
Since yon nymph has appear'd, *we* are noticed no more,  
All resort to *her* shrine, all *her* presence adore;  
And what's more provoking, before all our faces,  
Temple thither has drawn both the Muses and Graces.'  
'Keep your temper, dear child,' Phœbus cried with a smile,  
'Nor this happy, this amiable festival spoil.  
Can your shrine any longer with garlands be drest?  
When a true goddess reigns, all the false are supprest.'

If you will keep my counsel, I will own to you, that originally the two last lines were much better, but I was forced to alter them out of decorum, not to be too pagan upon the occasion; in short, here they are as in the first sketch,—

Recollect, once before that our oracle ceased,  
When a real Divinity rose in the East.

So many heathen temples around had made me talk as a Roman poet would have done: but I corrected my verses, and have made them insipid enough to offend nobody. Good night. I am rejoiced to be once more in the gay solitude of my own little Tempe.

Yours ever,

H. W.

### 1309. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, July 9, 1770.

I AM not going to tell you, my dear Lord, of the diversions or honours of Stowe, which I conclude Lady Mary<sup>1</sup> has writ to Lady Strafford. Though the week passed cheerfully enough, it was more glory than I should have sought of my own head. The journeys to Stowe and Park Place have deranged my projects so, that I don't know where I am, and I wish they have not given me the gout into the bargain; for I am come back very lame, and not at all with the bloom that one ought to have imported from the Elysian fields. Such jaunts when one is growing old is playing with edged tools, as my Lord Chesterfield, in one of his *Worlds*, makes the husband say to his wife, when she pretends that grey powder does not become her. It is charming at twenty to play at Elysian fields<sup>2</sup>, but it is no joke at fifty; or too great a joke. It made me laugh as we

LETTER 1809.—<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary Coke, sister of Lady Strafford.

<sup>2</sup> At Stowe. *Walpole*.

were descending the great flight of steps from the house to go and sup in the grotto on the banks of Helicon: we were so cloaked up, for the evening was very cold, and so many of us were limping and hobbling, that Charon would have easily believed we were going to ferry over in earnest. It is with much more comfort that I am writing to your Lordship in the great bow-window of my new round room, which collects all the rays of the south-west sun, and composes a sort of summer; a feel I have not known this year, except last Thursday. If the rains should ever cease, and the weather settle to fine, I shall pay you my visit at Wentworth Castle; but hitherto the damps have affected me so much, that I am more disposed to return to London and light my fire, than brave the humours of a climate so capricious and uncertain, in the country. I cannot help thinking it grows worse; I certainly remember such a thing as dust: nay, I still have a clear idea of it, though I have seen none for some years, and should put some grains in a bottle for a curiosity, if it should ever fly again.

News I know none. You may be sure it was a subject carefully avoided at Stowe; and Beckford's death had not raised the glass or spirits of the master of the house. The papers make one sick with talking of that noisy vapouring fool, as they would of Algernon Sidney.

I have not happened to see your future nephew<sup>3</sup>, though we have exchanged visits. It was the first time I had been at Marble Hill since poor Lady Suffolk's death; and the impression was so uneasy, that I was not sorry not to find him at home. Adieu, my good Lord! Except seeing you both, nothing can be more agreeable than to hear of yours and Lady Strafford's health, who, I hope, continues perfectly well.

<sup>3</sup> John, second Earl of Buckingham, married to his second wife a

daughter of Lady Anne Conolly, sister of Lord Strafford. *Walpole.*

## 1310. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Arlington Street, July 12, 1770.

REPOSING under my laurels! No, no, I am reposing in a much better tent, under the tester of my own bed. I am not obliged to rise by break of day and be dressed for the drawing-room; I may saunter in my slippers till dinner-time, and not make bows till my back is as much out of joint as my Lord Temple's. In short, I should die of the gout or fatigue, if I was to be Polonius to a Princess for another week<sup>1</sup>. Twice a day we made a pilgrimage to almost every heathen temple in that province that they call a garden; and there is no sallying out of the house without descending a flight of steps as high as St. Paul's. My Lord Besborough would have dragged me up to the top of the column, to see all the kingdoms of the earth; but I would not, if he could have given them to me. To crown all, because we live under the line, and that we were all of us giddy young creatures, of near threescore, we supped in a grotto in the Elysian fields, and were refreshed with rivers of dew and gentle showers that dripped from all the trees, and put us in mind of the heroic ages, when kings and queens were shepherds and shepherdesses, and lived in caves, and were wet to the skin two or three times a day. Well! thank Heaven, I am emerged from that Elysium, and once more in a Christian country!—Not but, to say the truth, our pagan landlord and landlady were very obliging, and the party went off much better than I expected. We had no very recent politics, though volumes about the Spanish war; and as I took care to give everything a ludicrous turn as much as I could, the Princess was diverted, the six days rolled away, and the seventh is my

LETTER 1310.—<sup>1</sup> Mr. Walpole had been for a week at Stowe, the seat of Earl Temple, with a party invited to

meet her royal highness the late Princess Amelia. *Walpole.*



sabbath; and I promise you I will do no manner of work, I, nor my cat, nor my dog, nor anything that is mine. For this reason, I entreat that the journey to Goodwood may not take place before the 12th of August, when I will attend you. But this expedition to Stowe has quite blown up my intended one to Wentworth Castle: I have not resolution enough left for such a journey. Will you and Lady Ailesbury come to Strawberry before, or after Goodwood? I know you like being dragged from home as little as I do; therefore you shall place that visit just when it is most convenient to you.

I came to town the night before last, and am just returning. There are not twenty people in all London. Are not you in despair about the summer? It is horrid to be ruined in coals in June and July. Adieu! Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

### 1311. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, July 14, 1770.

I SEE by the papers this morning that Mr. Jenkinson<sup>1</sup> is dead. He had the reversion of my place, which would go away, if I should lose my brother. I have no pretensions to ask it, and you know it has long been my fixed resolution not to accept it. But as Lord North is your particular friend, I think it right to tell you, that you may let him know what it is worth, that he may give it to one of his own sons, and not bestow it on somebody else, without

LETTER 1311.—<sup>1</sup> This was a false report. Charles Jenkinson (1729–1808), M.P. for Appleby; cr. (1786) Baron Hawkesbury of Hawkesbury, Gloucestershire; succeeded his cousin as seventh Baronet in 1789; cr. Earl of Liverpool in 1796. Under Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1761–62; Lord of the Ad-

miralty, 1766–67; Lord of the Treasury, 1767–73; Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1772–75; Secretary at War, 1778–82; President of the Board of Trade, 1786–1804. He had great influence with George III, and was one of the small body known as the 'King's friends.'

being apprised of its value. I have seldom received less than fourteen hundred a year in money, and my brother, I think, has four more from it. There are besides many places in the gift of the office, and one or two very considerable. Do not mention this but to Lord North, or Lord Guilford. It is unnecessary, I am sure, for me to say to you, but I would wish them to be assured that in saying this, I am incapable of, and above any finesse or view to myself. I refused the reversion for myself several years ago, when Lord Holland was Secretary of State, and offered to obtain it for me. Lord Bute, I believe, would have been very glad to have given it to me, before he gave it to Jenkinson; but I say it very seriously, and you know me enough to be certain I am in earnest, that I would not accept it upon any account. Any favour Lord North will do for you will give me all the satisfaction I desire. I am near fifty-three; I have neither ambition nor interest to gratify. I can live comfortably for the remainder of my life, though I should be poorer by 1,400*l.* a year; but I should have no comfort if, in the dregs of life, I did anything that I would not do when I was twenty years younger. I will trust to you, therefore, to make use of this information in the friendly manner I mean it, and to prevent my being hurt by its being taken otherwise than as a design to serve those to whom you wish well. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

### 1312. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday [July 15, 1770].

I AM sorry I wrote to you last night, for I find it is the woman Jenkinson<sup>1</sup> that is dead, and not the man; and

LETTER 1312.—<sup>1</sup> Amelia, daughter of William Watts, Governor of Fort

William and President of the Council in Bengal; m. (1769), as his first wife,

therefore I should be glad to have this arrive time enough to prevent your mentioning the contents of my letter. In that case, I should not be concerned to have given you that mark of my constant good wishes, nor to have talked to you of my affairs, which are as well in your breast as my own. They never disturb me, for my mind has long taken its stamp, and as I shall leave nobody much younger than myself behind me for whom I am solicitous, I have no desire beyond being easy for the rest of my life: I could not be so if I stooped to have obligations to any man beyond what it would ever be in my power to return. When I was in Parliament, I had the additional reason of choosing to be entirely free; and my strongest reason of all is, that I will be at liberty to speak truth both living and *dead*<sup>2</sup>. This outweighs all considerations of interest, and will convince you, though I believe you do not want that conviction, that my yesterday's letter was as sincere in its resolution as in its professions to you. Let the matter drop entirely, as it is now of no consequence. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

### 1313. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, July 26, 1770.

ARE you not glad to have been so long without hearing from me? Your ministerial blood has had time to cool, and settle into the channels of representative dignity. Instead of Wilkes having been so, it looks as if Beckford had been the firebrand of politics, for the flame has gone out entirely since his death,

And corn grows now where Troy town stood:

Charles Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool.

<sup>2</sup> Probably an allusion to the *Memoirs*.

both country gentlemen and farmers are thinking of their harvest, not of petitions and remonstrances.

Yet, don't think I write merely to tell you that I have nothing to tell you. If I have nothing to tell, I have something to ask—something that you would grant without my asking, and yet that you will like to do because I ask it. In short, not to convert my request into a riddle, the Duke of Newcastle's eldest son, Lord Lincoln, is coming to your Florence, and his father has desired my recommendation. I have represented how little occasion there could be for my interposition; you knew his father, are obliging to everybody, and attentive to such rank. However, if you can throw in a little extraordinary cordiality for my sake, it will much oblige me. The Duke and I have been intimate from our schoolhood, and I should like to have him find that I have been zealous about his son. But if a word is enough to the wise, a syllable is enough to the kindness and friendship you have ever had for me, and therefore I will only add, that the Duke has begged another word for Mr. Chamberlayne<sup>1</sup>, who travels with Lord Lincoln. I hope you will find he deserves it: I do not know him, and therefore I am always in a fright when I frank anybody to you that I cannot answer for. And, what is worse, you never complain though one send you bears or tigers.

My Lady Orford has been in England this month, and overwhelms folks with kisses and embraces. I suppose her son thinks she would stifle him, for I believe he has not come near her—but I do not trouble myself with their affairs. She is now gone to her estate in Devonshire, and they say talks of returning to Italy in September.

LETTER 1818.—<sup>1</sup> Probably Edward Chamberlayne, who also acted as tutor to the eldest son of Horace Walpole's cousin, Lord Walpole of Wolterton. He was appointed Joint

Secretary to the Treasury in March 1788, but was so overcome by the idea of his responsibilities that he committed suicide after holding his office a few days.



I have quite done with your Russian expedition ; it travels as slowly as if it went by the stage-coach. I expected another Bajazet in chains by this time. Instead of that, they are haggling with the Turk about some barbarous villages in the Morea. They stop at everything, though their mistress stops at nothing. I know this is a very brief letter ; but you do not wish that I should have a battle of Naseby to send you. Adieu !

## 1314. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 31, 1770.

I MUST write to you this very minute. I have just seen my Lady Orford and Cavalier Mozzi. I came to town this morning on some business, and after dinner went to Holland House, where I was sitting with Lord and Lady Holland, when the Countess and her knight-errant were announced. Lady Holland was distressed, and offered to go down to her: I said, by no means, it was quite a matter of indifference to me ; nay, that I had rather see her than not. Up they came : we bowed and curtseyed, grew perfectly free immediately, and like two persons that are well-bred, easy, and not much acquainted. She stayed a full hour ; we pronounced each other's name without any difficulty, and when she took leave, for she sets out on Tuesday, she asked if I had any orders for Paris. I find her grown much older, bent, her cheeks fallen in, and half her teeth fallen out ; but much improved in her manner and dress. The latter is that of other old women, her face not flustered and heated as it used to be, her impetuosity and eager eyes reduced within proper channels, and none of her screams and exclamations left, though a good deal of kissing remains at her entry and exit. It is not fair to judge at first sight and hearing, but the cavalier seems no genius, and still less adapted to his

profession *en titre d'office*. I cannot say I discovered anything of the Countess's asthma or ill-health. So I hear her silly son thought. He has at last been to see her, but I believe only once, and that for one hour only. I do not think that if she was dying, he would give himself more trouble: he has no more attention for himself than for anybody else.

If you saw this town, you would not think there could be any news in it. It is as empty as Ferrara. Not that there is anything more new anywhere else. If a dead calm portends a storm at land as well as at sea, we are at the eve of a violent hurricane. We have lived these two months upon the poor Duke of Cumberland, whom the newspapers, in so many letters, call *the Royal Idiot*. I do not know how such language will be taken abroad, but there has been a paper on the King of Spain that has half-choked the Prince of Masserano. Unluckily, it was written with uncommon humour, and described his Catholic Majesty falling down upon the floor with excessive fatigue from thrashing a horse in the tapestry, which he tried to mount. Another paper on Louis XV was threatened, but two French officers went to the printer and assured him that they would have the honour of putting him to death if a word appeared against their master,—and the paper has not appeared. The Spanish Ambassador has menaced and complained: the ministers, who could scarce keep their countenances, the paper was so droll, lamented, '*Ma, che fare?* Not a tapestry-horse at home escapes: how can we make you reparation, when we cannot help ourselves?' In the meantime, I must confess, we are a parcel of savages, and scalp all the world.

Our newspapers tell us of Russian victories by sea and land, but I will not believe them till they have your confirmation. I hate such rambling wars: the accounts are more like a book of travels, than journals of a campaign.

One hears a town is besieged, and three months after, one learns that no army has been within two hundred leagues of it. I know almost as much of the Emperor of the moon as of the Grand Signior.

My Lady Orford says you have the gout—I don't mean just now, but she spoke of it as if it was upon your regular establishment. She offered to carry you a pair of the bootikins, but I said I thought I had sent you some, at least that I had mentioned them to you. Did not I? Your brother finds benefit from them, and I very considerable benefit. You have said so little of your gout, that I thought it was not more than, as the French say, a *pretension*. She says as everybody says, that you are fatter. I wonder what she thought of me; I believe she did not find me much younger than I thought her; considering it is at least sixteen years since we met, and such a period embellishes nobody.

Adieu! my dear Sir, tell me if you would have any bootikins. I had rather you would tell me you have no occasion for them; not that I am one of the great abhorrrers of the gout; at least, as I have it rarely. I find it a total dispensation from physicians, and that is something.

### 1315. TO LADY MARY COKE.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 13, 1770.

THE first moment's intermission from pain ought to be dedicated, good Lady Mary, to you, though I have still enough left to make even the pleasure of writing to you some anguish. Your kindness never alters, you [are] one of the very few upon whom one may for ever depend. As I have been out of bed but two single hours since Saturday

LETTER 1315.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. 293, n. 1.

night, I cannot dare to guess when I shall be in town. I should be sorry indeed not to see your Ladyship before you go, but at present I am worse than I should wish any friend to see me. Be so good as to thank Lady Greenwich and Lady Charlotte Edwin for their goodness to me, and if you see Lady Townshend, pray be so obliging as to tell her how sincerely I am concerned for her loss<sup>1</sup>. I am too weak to say more. I wish you all the happiness you deserve, Lady Mary, and am ever faithfully and devotedly yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1316. TO THE COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY.

Strawberry Hill [Sept. 1770].

I AM quite ashamed, Madam, that your Ladyship should ask for such trifles as my writings, and ask so often. I beg your pardon, and obey, to save you any more trouble; which is the cause of my sending them in so improper a manner. I have none bound, nor any but what I send. There are, in truth, besides, and I ought to blush that there are so many, the *Anecdotes of Painting*, the *Castle of Otranto*, and *Richard the Third*. The first cannot entertain you; the second, not a second time; and the third must appear dry when no longer a novelty. Your Ladyship shall have all these if you please, but be assured that, though nobody's approbation flatters me so much as your Ladyship's, it cannot persuade me that my writings deserve half you are so good as to say of them. If you knew how little I am content with them, you would know that I had much rather never hear them mentioned. As I wish to be allowed to see your Ladyship and Lord Ossory as much as I may without being trouble-

<sup>1</sup> The death of her daughter-in-law, Lady Townshend.

LETTER 1316.—Dated Sept. 15 by

original editor, but the day of the month is probably wrong, as the following letter is dated Sept. 15.



some, let it be, Madam, without the authorship coming in question. I hold that character as cheap as I do almost everything else, and, having no respect for authors, am not weak enough to have any for myself on that account. It is a much greater honour to be permitted to call myself

Yours, &c.

1317. TO THE COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 15, 1770.

It was lucky for your Ladyship and Lord Ossory, that I prevented your doing me the honour of a visit last Monday. The very night I wrote (this day se'nnight) I was put into my bed, and have not been out of it since but three times, to have it made. I will not tell your Ladyship what I have suffered, because lovers and good Christians are alone allowed to brag of their pains, and to be very vain of being very miserable. I am content at present with having recovered my write-ability enough to thank your Ladyship and Lord Ossory for your kind intentions, which, for my own sake, I have not virtue enough to decline, nor for your sakes the confidence to accept. Lord Ossory has seen me in the gout, and knows I am not very peevish; consequently you might bear to make me a visit, but as I cannot flatter myself that I shall be able to quit my bedchamber before Tuesday, since, at this instant, I am writing in bed, I dare not ask you, Madam, to risk passing any time in a sick chamber.

As nothing would give me more pleasure sincerely than to see your Ladyship and Lord Ossory here for a few days, when I could enjoy it, why should not you a short time hence bring Mr. Fitzpatrick<sup>1</sup>, Harry Conway, Charles Fox,

LETTER 1317. — <sup>1</sup> Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick (1747-1818), second son of first Earl of Upper Ossory, and brother-in-law of Horace Walpole's

or who you please, and make a little October party hither? It would be the most agreeable honour in the world to me, and I flatter myself, from your kind disposition to me, Madam, would not be very tedious to you. If you will name your time, nothing *shall* interfere with it. When a fit of the gout has just turned the corner, one flatters oneself that nothing bad can happen, and one talks with an impudent air of immortality—how you would smile if you saw the figure my immortality makes at this moment! I fancy I look very like the mummy of some sacred crane which Egyptian piety bundled up in cired cloths, and called preserving. The very bones of the claw I am writing with are wrapped in a flannel glove. However, your Ladyship sees to how near the end of my existence I am

Yours, &c.

### 1318. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 20, 1770.

YESTERDAY I received your confirmation of the great, the vast, the complete victory of the Russians<sup>1</sup> over the Turkish fleet. Indeed, for shortness, I had chosen to credit the first account. As all the part I take in it is the bigness of the event, it would have lost all its poignancy if I had waited to have it authenticated. It is impossible to interest oneself for that woman, who, by murdering her husband, has had an opportunity of spreading so much devastation. Yet, as the French have miscarried in blowing up this conflagration, I am not sorry Catharine is triumphant. It is amusing too,

correspondent, the Countess of Upper Ossory. He entered the army in 1765, and saw service during the American War. He became M.P. for Tavistock in 1774; Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1782; Secretary at War, 1788; General, 1808. Fitzpatrick

was the most intimate friend of Charles James Fox. He was a good scholar, and a writer of *vers de société*. His *Dorinda, a Town Eclogue*, was printed at Strawberry Hill in 1775.

LETTER 1818.—<sup>1</sup> At Chesme, in Asia Minor, on July 5, 1770.

to live at the crisis of a prodigious empire's fall. Consequently, you must take care that Constantinople does not escape. I do not insist on its being sacked, or that, according to a line of Sir Charles Williams, in a parody of a bombast rant of Lord Granville, there

Should viziers' heads come rolling down Constantinople's streets!

I have no Christian fury to satiate, and wish revolutions could happen with as little bloodshed as in the *Rehearsal*. Nor do I interest myself for the honour of prophecies. If the Church pretends, for want of knowing what better to do with it, to wrench Daniel's *times, and time, and half a time*, to the present case, it can only be by the job being accomplished *in half the time* that anybody else expected,—and, let me tell you, it is a good deal for prophecy to come a quarter so near any truth. What will the Czarina do with the Ottoman world? will she hold it *in commendam*, or send her son to reign there, that he may not remain too near her own throne? It may save poisoning him.

And pray what has carried the Pretender to Florence? Does he remain there? Has anybody a mind to be doing with him? He must be adroit indeed if he escapes your vigilance.

I am laid at length upon my couch while I am writing to you, having had the gout above these three weeks in my hand, knee, and both feet, and am still lifted in and out of bed by two servants. This gives me so melancholy a prospect, that I taste very little comfort in that usual compliment, of the gout being an earnest of long life,—alas! is not long life then, an earnest of the gout? and do the joys of old age compensate the pains? What cowards we are, when content to purchase one evil with another! and when both are sure to grow worse upon our hands! Let the happiest old person recount his enjoyments, and see

who would covet them; yet each of us is weak enough to expect a better lot! Oh, my dear Sir, what self-deluding fools we are through every state!—but why fill you with my gloom? perhaps our best resource is the cheat we practise on ourselves. Adieu!

## 1319. TO LADY MARY COKE.

Monday evening, Sept. 24, 1770.

It was a thorough mortification, dear Lady Mary, not to see your Ladyship yesterday, when you was so very good as to call; and it was no small one not to be able to answer your note this morning. My relapse, I believe, was owing to the very sudden change of weather. However, it has humbled me so much that I shall readily obey your commands and be much more careful of not catching cold again. If it is possible I shall remove to London before you set out: if it is not, I wish you health, happiness, and amusement—and, may I say, a surfeit of travelling. I am glad you cannot go and visit the Ottoman Emperor, and I have too good an opinion of you to think you will visit the Northern Fury. If after this journey you will not stay at home with us, I protest I will have a painted oilcloth hung at your door, with an account of your having been shown to the Emperor of Germany and the Lord knows how many other potentates. Well! Madam, make haste back; you see how fast I grow old; I shall not be a very creditable lover long, nor able to drag a chain that is heavier than that of your watch. Yet while a shadow of me lasts, it will glide after you with friendly wishes, and put you in mind of the attachment of

Your most faithful slave,

HOR. WALPOLE.



## 1320. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 8, 1770.

I AM going on in the sixth week of my fit, and having had a return this morning in my knee, I cannot flatter myself with any approaching prospect of recovery. The gate of painful age seems open to me, and I must travel through it as I may!

If you have not written one word for another, I am at a loss to understand you. You say you have taken a house in London for a year, that you are gone to Waldeshare for six *months*, and then shall come for the winter. Either you mean six *weeks*, or differ with most people in reckoning April the beginning of winter. I hope your pen was in a hurry, rather than your calculation so uncommon. I certainly shall be glad of your residing in London. I have long wished to live nearer to you, but it was in happier days—I am now so dismayed by these returns of gout, that I can promise myself few comforts in any future scenes of my life.

I am much obliged to Lord Guilford and Lord North, and was very sorry that the latter came to see Strawberry in so bad a day, and when I was so extremely ill, and full of pain, that I scarce knew he was here; and as my coachman was gone to London to fetch me bootikins, there was no carriage to offer him—but, indeed, in the condition I then was, I was not capable of doing any of the honours of my house, suffering at once in my hand, knee, and both feet. I am still lifted out of bed by two servants, and by their help travel from my bedchamber down to the couch in my blue room—but I shall conclude, rather than tire you with so unpleasant a history. Adieu!

Yours ever,  
H. W.

## 1321. TO THE COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 4, 1770.

YOUR Ladyship's very obliging letter would at any other time have been a cruel disappointment to me; but I am so unfit to receive good company, that, in charity to your Ladyship and Lord Ossory, I believe I should once more, mortifying as it would have been to me, have begged you to avoid me. Had you come hither, Madam, at your return from Winterslow<sup>1</sup>, you would have found me about as much at ease as St. Lawrence was upon his gridiron, and, though I have been in no danger, as he was, I think I may say I have been *saved, but so as by fire*; for I do not believe roasting is much worse than what I have suffered—one can be broiled, too, but once; but I have gone through the whole fit twice, it returning the moment I thought myself cured. I am still dandled in the arms of two servants, and not yet arrived at my go-cart. In short, I am fit for nothing but to be carried into the House of Lords to prophesy.

I beg your Ladyship's pardon for troubling you with this account. The young and happy ought not to be wearied with the histories of the ancient and the sick. We should bid adieu to the world when we are no longer proper for it; it is enough if we are excused for being out of our coffin, without fatiguing people till they wish one there. You may depend upon it, therefore, Madam, that I will not come to Houghton Park<sup>2</sup> with any monumental symptoms about me. If by one of those miracles which self-love or blindness firmly believes in, I should grow prodigiously juvenile and healthy before Christmas, I will certainly come

LETTER 1321. — <sup>1</sup> Lord Holland's seat near Salisbury.

<sup>2</sup> Horace Walpole here seems to confuse Ampthill Park, Lord Ossory's

seat in Bedfordshire, with Houghton Park House, an ancient mansion at no great distance from it.

and thank you, Madam, for all your goodness. If not, you will, I trust, believe my gratitude, till I can assure you of it in Brook Street, where I hope you will still allow me a place by your fireside, in consideration of my having been so long

Your Ladyship's most devoted, &c.

### 1322. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 4, 1770.

SEEING such accounts of press-gangs in the papers, and such falling of stocks, you will wonder that in my last I did not drop a military syllable. Alas! when I had a civil war all over my own person, you must not wonder, unpatriotic as it was, that I forgot my country. But I ought not to call ignorance forgetfulness: I did not even know with whom we were going to war; and now that I know with whom, I do not know that we *are* going to war. England that lives in the north of Europe, and Spain that dwells in the south, are vehemently angry with one another about a morsel of rock<sup>1</sup> that lies somewhere at the very bottom of America,—for modern nations are too neighbourly to quarrel about anything that lies so near them as in the same quarter of the globe. Pray, mind; we dethrone nabobs in the most north-east corner of the Indies; the Czarina sends a fleet from the Pole to besiege Constantinople; and Spain huffs, and we arm, for one of

LETTER 1322.—<sup>1</sup> The Falkland Island. *Walpole*.—In June 1770 the English garrison at Port Egmont in the Falkland Isles was captured by the Spanish under the Governor of Buenos Ayres. When this news reached England (in October) the Government made preparations for war, and instructed the English Chargé d'Affaires at Madrid (Mr. Harris, afterwards Earl of Malmes-

bury) to demand the restitution of the settlement and the disavowal of the Governor's action. The court of Spain refused to comply with these demands, and Mr. Harris was ordered by the Secretary of State to leave Madrid. Before he had got far from the capital he was overtaken by a courier who announced that Spain had granted the demands of England (Jan. 1771).

the extremities of the southern hemisphere. It takes a twelvemonth for any one of us to arrive at our object, and almost another twelvemonth before we can learn what we have been about. Your patriarchs, who lived eight or nine hundred years, could afford to wait eighteen or twenty months for the post coming in, but it is too ridiculous in our post-diluvian circumstances. By next century, I suppose, we shall fight for the Dog-star and the Great Bear. The stocks begin to recover a little from their panic, and their pulse is a very tolerable indication.

Two of your brethren died last Sunday morning ; so your spurs, wherein true knighthood lies, should go into double mourning. Lord Grantham<sup>2</sup> and Sir Richard Lyttelton are the persons ; the latter died very suddenly, though each has long been in a deplorable way, the first with excess of scurvy, the latter with the loss of his limbs. Lord Grantham was a miserable object, but Sir Richard all jollity and generosity, and a very cheerful statue.

I am not such a philosopher with my temporary confinement. To-day I began to be led a little about the room. The pain would be endurable, were it to end here ; but being the wicket through which one squeezes into old age, and the prospect pointing to more such wickets, I cannot comfort myself with that common delusion of intermediate health. What does the gout cure that is so bad as itself ? With this raven-croaking mortality at my window, I am acting as if I did not believe its bodings—I am building again ! Nay, but only a bedchamber, the sort of room I seem likely to inhabit much time together. It will be large, and on the first floor, as I am not at all proud of that American state, being carried on the shoulders of my servants. Indeed, I raise mole-hills with little pleasure

<sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas Robinson, Knight of the Bath, and first Lord Grantham of that family. *Walpole*.



now. When reflection has once mixed itself with our pursuits, it renders them very insipid. Charming, thoughtless folly can alone give any substance to our visions! The moment we perceive they are visions, it is in vain to shut our eyes and pretend to dream.

Saturday, 6th.

I was interrupted on Thursday by a visit from London, and now my letter cannot set out till Tuesday; but it gives me time to acknowledge one I received from you this morning of September 22nd.

Notwithstanding the testimonies you give, and which I well recollect, of the juvenile huntings of the great Prince of Tuscany<sup>3</sup>, and the slaughter he used to make of game in tapestry, it is, nevertheless, certain that the paper published here was a mistake, and ascribed to him what related to his predecessor. It was King Ferdinand that was so watch-mad, and who kept a correspondence by constant couriers with Elliker<sup>4</sup>, the famous watchmaker. It was Ferdinand, too, who, on going out of the drawing-room, always made an effort, or at least motion with his leg, that indicated a temptation to mount a horse in tapestry that hung near the door. It may, indeed, be a disorder in the family, and it may run in the blood to have an itch after tapestry animals. I am sure I wish I had a rage for riding and shooting my furniture, by a genealogic disorder, instead of the gout, which, though we can scarce discover any gouty stains in my pedigree, I must conclude derived thence, as my temperance and sobriety would have set up an ancient philosopher. I begin to creep about my room, and can tell you, for your comfort, that by the cool, uncertain manner in which you speak of your fits, I am sure you never have had the gout. I have known several persons talk of it, that

<sup>3</sup> Don Carlos, afterwards King of Naples, and then of Spain. *Walpole*.

<sup>4</sup> Probably John Ellicott; d. 1772.

might as well have fancied they had the gout when they sneezed. You shall have, however, a pair of bootikins to hang up in your armoury.

I still know nothing of the war. Vast preparations everywhere go on, yet nobody thinks it will ripen. We used to make war without preparing; I hope the reverse will be true now. Where is the gentleman<sup>5</sup> that came lately from Rome? Has there been any thought of lending him a tapestry-horse? There is a terrible set of hangings in the House of Lords<sup>6</sup> that would frighten them—I was going to say, *out of*, but I should say, *into* their senses. It is the representation of the destruction of the Spanish Armada. It is enough to cure the whole royal family of Spain of their passion for encountering tapestry.

We have a new ship, which, I hear, terrifies all the foreign ministers; it is named the *Britannia*, and though carrying an hundred and twenty guns, sails as pertly as a frigate. Seamen flock in apace; the first squadron will consist of sixteen ships of the line. Your Corps Diplomatique says our seamen are so impetuous, and so eager for prize-money, that it will be impossible to avoid a war: I am sure it would be impossible if they were the contrary.

Who do you think is arrived? The famous Princess Daschkaw, the Czarina's favourite and accomplice, now in disgrace—and yet alive! Nay, both she and the Empress are alive! She has put her son to Westminster School. The devil is in it, if the son of a conspiratress with an English education does not turn out a notable politician. I am impatient to get well, or at least hope she may stay till I am, that I may see her. Cooled as my curiosity is about most things, I own I am eager to see this amazon, who had so great a share in a revolution, when she was not

<sup>5</sup> The Pretender. *Walpole.*

<sup>6</sup> A tapestry in the House of Lords. *Walpole.*

above nineteen. I have a print of the Czarina, with Russian verses under it, written by this virago. I do not understand them, but I conclude their value depends more on the authoress than the poetry. One is pretty sure what they do not contain—truth. Adieu!

### 1323. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, Oct. 16, 1770.

At last I have been able to remove to London, but though seven long weeks are gone and over since I was seized, I am only able to creep about upon a flat floor, but cannot go up or down stairs. However, I have patience, as I can at least fetch a book for myself, instead of having a servant bring me a wrong one.

I am much obliged to Lord Guilford<sup>1</sup> for his goodness to me, and beg my thanks to him.

When you go to Canterbury, pray don't wake the Black Prince; I am very unwarlike, and desire to live the rest of my time upon the stock of glory I saved to my share out of the last war.

I know no more news than I did at Strawberry; there are not more people in town than I saw there. I intend to return thither on Friday or Saturday. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.<sup>2</sup>

LETTER 1323.—<sup>1</sup> The letter is addressed to

'George Montagu, Esq.,  
at the Earl of Guilford's,  
Waldeshare,  
Kent.'

<sup>2</sup> This is the last of the letters addressed by Walpole to Montagu. The following note in Horace Walpole's handwriting, relating to the corre-

spondence between himself and Montagu, is prefixed to the collection of the original letters of Walpole to Montagu in the Kimbolton MSS.:—  
'Mr. Frederick Montagu will do what he pleases with these letters. As mine must be preserved, they may be kept together, as they may serve to explain passages in each other.

Oct. 28, 1784. HOR. WALPOLE'

## 1324. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Arlington Street, Oct. 16, 1770.

THOUGH I have so very little to say, it is but my duty, my dear Lord, to thank you for your extreme goodness to me and your inquiring after me. I was very bad again last week, but have mended so much since Friday night, that I really now believe the fit is over. I came to town on Sunday, and can creep about my room even without a stick, which is more felicity to me than if I had got a white one. I do not aim yet at such preferment as walking upstairs; but having moulted my stick, I flatter myself I shall come forth again without being lame.

The few I have seen tell me there is nobody else in town. That is no grievance to me, when I should be at the mercy of all that should please to bestow their idle time upon me. I know nothing of the war-egg, but that sometimes it is to be hatched and sometimes to be addled. Many folks get into the nest, and sit as hard upon it as they can, concluding it will produce a golden chick. As I shall not be a feather the better for it, I hate that game-breed, and prefer the old hen Peace and her dunghill brood. My compliments to my Lady and all her poultry.

I am, my dear Lord,

Your infinitely obliged and faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

## 1325. TO THE EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

MY LORD,

Arlington Street, Oct. 17, 1770.

I am very glad your Lordship resisted your disposition to make me an apology for doing me a great honour; for, if you had not, the Lord knows where I should have found words to have made a proper return. Still you have left



me greatly in your debt. It is very kind to remember me, and kinder to honour me with your commands: they shall be zealously obeyed to the utmost of my little credit; for an artist that your Lordship patronizes will, I imagine, want little recommendation, besides his own talents. It does not look, indeed, like very prompt obedience, when I am yet guessing only at Mr. Jervais's<sup>1</sup> merit; but though he has lodged himself within a few doors of me, I have not been able to get to him, having been confined near two months with the gout, and still keeping my house. My first visit shall be to gratify my duty and curiosity. I am sorry to say, and beg your Lordship's pardon for the confession, that, however high an opinion I have of your taste in the arts, I do not equally respect your judgement in books. It is in truth a defect you have in common with the two great men who are the respective models of our present parties—

The hero William, and the martyr Charles.

You know what happened to them after patronizing Kneller and Bernini—

One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles.

After so saucy an attack, my Lord, it is time to produce my proof. It lies in your own postscript, where you express a curiosity to see a certain tragedy, with a hint that the other works of the same author have found favour in your sight, and that the piece ought to have been sent to you. But, my Lord, even your approbation has not made that author vain; and for the play in question, it has so many perils to encounter, that it never thinks of producing itself. It peeped out of its lurking corner on or twice; and one of those times, by the negligence of a friend, had like to

LETTER 1825.—<sup>1</sup> John Jervais or Jarvis (d. 1799), a glass-painter. He was afterwards employed on the

window in New College Chapel, Oxford, for which the designs were given by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

have been, what is often pretended in prefaces, *stolen*, and *consigned to the press*. When your Lordship comes to England, which, for every reason but that, I hope will be soon, you shall certainly see it; and will then allow, I am sure, how improper it would be for the author to risk its appearance in public. However, unworthy as that author may be, from his talents, of your Lordship's favour, do not let its demerits be confounded with the esteem and attachment with which he has the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most devoted servant.

## 1326. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 12, 1770.

I BEGIN my letter to-night, on the eve of many events, which will probably fill my paper, but at present I am only making my letter ready. The Parliament is to meet to-morrow, though the definitive courier from Spain is not expected these three days; so the King's Speech must blow both hot and cold. However, the ministers need fear no Parliamentary war of any consequence. The deaths of Beckford and Lord Granby, and that of Mr. Grenville<sup>1</sup>, which is expected every day, leave Lord Chatham without troops or generals, and unless like Almanzor<sup>2</sup> he thinks he can conquer alone, he must lean on Lord Rockingham; and God knows! that is a slender reed. Wilkes and his party are grown ridiculous; so that, upon the whole, opposition is little formidable. I believe and hope the complexion of the answer from Spain will be pacific. We have by this time, or shall by to-morrow, have a Lord

LETTER 1326.—<sup>1</sup> George Grenville, younger brother of Richard, Earl Temple, had been First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Ex-

chequer. *Walpole*.

<sup>2</sup> In Dryden's *Conquest of Grenada*. *Walpole*.

Chancellor<sup>3</sup>. It is De Grey, the Attorney-General; a very proper one, as often as the gout will let him be so. I am not afflicted with it like him, and mine, thanks to water and the bootikins, is entirely gone; yet I would not take the Great Seal. Mr. Conway has succeeded Lord Granby as Colonel of the Blues, the most agreeable post in the army. Lady Aylesbury's father<sup>4</sup>, the Duke of Argyle, is just dead; so the charming Duchess of Hamilton is now Duchess of Argyle. As she is not quite so charming as she was, I don't know whether it is not better than to retain a title that put one in mind of her beauty. Lord Egmont<sup>5</sup> is given over too, so the next volume of our history will have few of the old actors in it. Thus much for preface. To-morrow, or Friday, I may tell you more.

To-morrow, 13th.

Mr. Grenville died at seven this morning; consequently Lord Chatham and Lord Temple cannot be at the House of Lords. The King's Speech is very firm, and war must ensue if Spain is not very yielding. As we shall probably know in two or three days, I shall keep back my letter till Friday.

Thursday, 15th.

No courier, no Chancellor yet. De Grey was only to be Lord Keeper, and now hesitates—for men in these times are the reverse of commodities at an auction: when there is but one man to be sold, and but one bidder for him, that bidder is forced to enhance upon himself. Half the revenue goes in salaries, and the other half will go in pensions to persuade people to accept those salaries. However, Lord Mansfield, who had already been frightened out of the Speaker's chair, will not be encouraged by a Junius that came out yesterday,

<sup>3</sup> The Great Seal continued in commission until January 1771.

<sup>4</sup> General John Campbell succeeded his cousin Archibald, Duke

of Argyll, in that title. *Walpole*.

<sup>5</sup> John Perceval, second Earl of Egmont. *Walpole*.—He died on Dec. 4, 1770.

the most outrageous, I suppose, ever published against so high a magistrate by name. The excess of abuse, the personality, and new attacks on the Scotch, make people ascribe it to Wilkes—to me the composition is far above him.

The Parliament opened with nothing more than conversation in both Houses: Lord Chatham, Lord Temple, and all the friends of Mr. Grenville, absenting themselves, as he was dead that morning. The complexion, however, seemed to be military. Lord North spoke well, and with great prudence; Colonel Barré with wit and severity; Burke warmly, and not well. I write this to-day because I am obliged to go to Strawberry to-morrow on some business of my own; but if I learn anything particular to-night, I will add it before I set out in the morning.

Friday morning.

No, nothing new, but that Baron Smyth, one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, is to be Lord Keeper. I know nothing of him, but that he is a Methodist, and a grandson of Waller's Sacharissa, by a second husband.

Well! I have seen the Princess Daschkaw, and she is well worth seeing—not for her person, though, for an absolute Tartar, she is not ugly: her smile is pleasing, but her eyes have a very Catiline fierceness. Her behaviour is extraordinarily frank and easy. She talks on all subjects, and not ill, nor with striking pedantry, and is quick and very animated. She puts herself above all attention to dress, and everything feminine, and yet sings tenderly and agreeably, with a pretty voice. She, and a Russian lady that accompanies her, sung two songs of the people, who are all musical; one was grave, the other lively, but with very tender turns, and both resembling extremely the Venetian barcarolles. She speaks English a little, understands it easily: French is very familiar to her, and she knows Latin. When the news of the naval victory over



the Turks arrived at Petersburg, the Czarina made the archbishop mount the tomb of Peter the Great, and ascribe the victory to him as the founder of the marine. It was a bold *coup de théâtre*, and Pagan enough. The discourse, which is said to be very elegant, the Princess has translated into French, and Dr. Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, is to publish it in English. But, as an instance of her quickness and parts, I must tell you that she went to a Quakers' meeting. As she came away, one of the women came up to her, and told her she saw she was a foreigner, that she wished her all prosperity, and should be very glad if anything she had seen amongst them that day should contribute to her salvation. The Princess thanked her very civilly, and said, 'Madame, je ne sçais si la voie de silence n'est point la meilleure façon d'adorer l'Être Suprême.' In short, she is a very singular personage, and I am extremely pleased that I have seen her. Adieu !

## 1327. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR,

Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1770.

If you have not engaged your interest in Cambridgeshire, you will oblige me much by bestowing it on young Mr. Brand, the son of my particular acquaintance, and our old school-fellow. I am very unapt to trouble my head about elections, but wish success to this.

If you see Bannerman, I should be glad you would tell him that I am going to print the last volume of my *Painters*, and should like to employ him again for some of the heads, if he cares to undertake them : though there will be a little trouble, as he does not reside in London. I am in a hurry, and am forced to be brief, but am always glad to hear of you, and from you. Yours most sincerely.

## 1328. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

Arlington Street, Nov. 20, 1770.

I BELIEVE our letters crossed one another without knowing it. Mine, it seems, was quite unnecessary, for I find Mr. Brand has given up the election. Yours was very kind and obliging, as they always are. Pray be so good as to thank Mr. Tyson for me a thousand times; I am vastly pleased with his work, and hope he will give me another of the plates for my volume of heads (for I shall bind up his present), and I by no means relinquish his promise of a complete set of his etchings, and of a visit to Strawberry Hill. Why should it not be with you and Mr. Essex, whom I shall be very glad to see—but what do you talk of a single day? Is that all you allow me in two years?

I rejoice to see Mr. Bentham's advertisement at last. I depend on you, dear Sir, for procuring me his book<sup>1</sup> the instant it is possible to have it. Pray make my compliments to all that good family.

I am enraged, and almost in despair, at Pearson<sup>2</sup> the glass-painter, he is so idle and dissolute—he has done very little of the window, though what he has done is glorious, and approaches very nearly to Price.

My last volume of *Painters* begins to be printed this week, but, as the plates are not begun, I doubt it will be long before the whole is ready. I mentioned to you in my last Thursday's letter a hint about Bannerman the engraver. Adieu!

Dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER 1328.—<sup>1</sup> *The History of Ely Cathedral*.<sup>2</sup> James Pearson; d. 1805.

## 1329. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 26, 1770.

I THIS minute receive your letter of October 27th, and do not wonder you are impatient to hear what the Spanish courier says. He arrived this day sevensnight; and, had his message been definite, or published, you should have heard immediately; but, whatever he brought, it was left to the Spanish Ambassador to traffic with, and make the best market he could of it. At first, the stocks, who are our most knowing politicians, opined that the answer was pacific, and they held their heads very high. On Saturday last, their hearts sunk into their breeches; all officers were ordered to their posts. I am just come from the King's levee, where Lord Howe kissed hands for being appointed commander in the Mediterranean. He is no trifier. The army is to be augmented. Still I will hope we shall remain in peace, for, whether we beat or are beaten, we always contrive to make a shameful treaty. At home, the ministers are victorious. Motions were made in both Houses last Thursday for the papers relating to Falkland's Island, which were refused in the Lords by 61 to 25; in the Commons, by 225 to 101. Lord Chatham, who is Almanzor himself, and kicks and cuffs friend and enemy, abused the ministers, opposition, Wilkes, and the City. Lord Temple did not appear, nor any of Grenville's friends. Wilkes has his own civil wars in his own party, and by the consequence of fractions in small numbers, both he and his rival-mates are become ridiculous. This is the present state at home. We have neither Chancellor nor Keeper yet: Bathurst<sup>1</sup> is now talked of.

LETTER 1329.—<sup>1</sup> Hon. Henry Bathurst, appointed Lord Chancellor on

Jan. 28, 1771, when he was made a peer as Baron Apsley.

I am much obliged to you for the detail of Le Fevre's medicine; but I am perfectly recovered without it, and strong in opinion against it. I am persuaded he is a quack, and his nostrum dangerous. By quack I mean impostor, not in opposition to, but in common with physicians. He has been here and carried off five thousand pounds, at a hundred pounds per patient<sup>2</sup>. You must know, I do not believe the gout to be curable. In the next place, I am sure he cannot give any proof of its being a humour, and if it is, it is not a single fund of humours, but probably a mass thrown off at periods by the constitution. It is doubtful whether wind is not the essence of gout; it certainly has much to do with it. There must have been longer experience of this new remedy's effects before I would try it upon myself. I have known many nostrums stop every cranny into which the gout is used to crowd itself, and the consequence has always been an explosion. I am not desperate, nor like the adage, *kill or cure*. But my great objection of all is, that the medicine begins with *giving* the gout. Thank it; I have not the disorder above once in two years, and it would be bad economy to bring on what I may never live to have. In short, the bootikins, water, and lemonade, have restored me so completely, that I have not the smallest symptom left of lameness or weakness; and Mr. Chute, who has a much deeper mine of gout in his frame than I have, finds his fits exceedingly diminished by the constant use of the bootikins, and walks better than he did ten years ago.

Tuesday.

I must send away my letter without being able to tell you whether it is war or peace. You shall hear again as soon as either is determined. Adieu.

<sup>2</sup> His medicine proved extremely noxious. *Walpole*.



## 1330. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 18, 1770.

THE Peace is an errant Will-o'-wispy, a Jack-o'-lanthorn, that dances before one's eyes, and one cannot set one's foot upon it. A new vapour has started up before it, which, as I am no natural philosopher, I cannot tell whether it will bring us nearer to the meteor, or prevent our reaching it. The day before yesterday Lord Weymouth resigned the Seals. If you ask why? so does everybody; and I do not hear that anybody has received an answer. Lord Sandwich succeeds him, but takes the Northern Province, not yours, as you would wish. However, Lord Rochford does, and I flatter myself you are very well with him too.

Recent as this event is, it is almost forgotten in a duel that happened yesterday between Lord George Germaine<sup>1</sup> and a Governor Johnstone<sup>2</sup>, the latter of which abused the former grossly last Friday in the House of Commons. Lord George behaved with the utmost coolness and intrepidity. Each fired two pistols, and Lord George's first was shattered in his hand by Johnstone's fire, but neither were hurt. However, whatever Lord George Sackville was, Lord George Germaine is a hero!

If we have nothing else to do after the holidays we are to amuse ourselves with worrying Lord Mansfield, who between irregularities in his court, timidity, and want of judgement, has lowered himself to be the object of hatred to many, and of contempt to everybody. I do not think that he could re-establish himself if he was to fight Governor Johnstone.

LETTER 1880.—<sup>1</sup> Lord George Sackville took the name of Germain on succeeding to the estate of Lady Elizabeth Germain in 1769.

<sup>2</sup> Commodore George Johnstone (1730–1787), fourth son of Sir James

Johnstone, third Baronet, of Westerhall; M.P. for Cockermouth; Governor of West Florida, 1763–67; Commissioner to treat with America, 1778.

Last week there was a great uproar in the House of Lords<sup>3</sup>, followed by a secession of Lord Chatham and a dozen of the opposition. They returned next day very quietly. Part of the House of Commons, whose members the majority had turned out, attempted to convert this riot into a quarrel between the Houses, but could make nothing of it<sup>4</sup>. M. de Guines<sup>5</sup>, the new French Ambassador, stares and wonders what all these things mean: some fresh hurly burly arrives before he has got halfway into a comprehension of the preceding. He is extremely civil and attentive to please—I do not know whether he will have time to succeed.

This is but a mezzanine letter; something, if you will allow me to pun, between two *stories*. I don't know what is to be built up or pulled down, for I am no architect, but only sketch out what I see. Our fabrics, indeed, of late years, seem to be erected with cards, easily raised, and as easily demolished. As we have used all our packs round and round, we can but have some of the old ones again. Adieu!

### 1331. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR,

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1770.

I am very zealous, as you know, for the work, but I agree with you in expecting very little success from the

<sup>3</sup> On Dec. 10, when the Duke of Manchester made a motion calling attention to the defenceless state of the nation.

<sup>4</sup> 'The members of the Commons went down in a fury to their own House. . . . George Onslow . . . made complaint of the injurious manner in which they had been thrust out by force, and moved for a Committee to inspect the journals of the Lords on that occasion. . . . Lord North, to

humour the Commons, joined in the blame, but dissuaded the motion. It was battled, however, for two hours; and some Lords who had come thither were turned out: but the motion was rejected by the influence of the courtiers.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. iv. p. 146.)

<sup>5</sup> Adrien Louis de Bonnières (1735–1806), Comte, afterwards Duc, de Guines.

plan<sup>1</sup>. Activity is the best implement in such undertakings, and that seems to be wanting; and, without that, it were vain to think of who would be at the expense. I do not know whether it were not best that Mr. Essex should publish his remarks as simply as he can. For my own part, I can do no more than I have done, sketch out the plan. I grow too old, and am grown too indolent, to engage in any more works, nor have I time. I wish to finish some things I have by me, and to have done. The last volume of my *Anecdotes*, of which I was tired, is completed, and with them I shall take my leave of publications. The last years of one's life are fit for nothing but idleness and quiet, and I am as indifferent to fame as to politics.

I can be of as little use to Mr. Granger in recommending him to the Antiquarian Society. I dropped my attendance there four or five years ago, from being sick of their ignorance and stupidity, and have not been three times amongst them since. They have chosen to expose their dullness to the world, and crowned it with Dean Milles's<sup>2</sup> nonsense. I have written a little answer to the last, which you shall see, and there wash my hands of them.

To say the truth, I have no very sanguine expectation about the Ely window. The glass-painter, though admirable, proves a very idle worthless fellow, and has yet scarce done anything of consequence. I gave Dr. Nichols notice of his character, but found him apprised of it; the Doctor, however, does not despair, but pursues him warmly. I wish it may succeed!

If you go over to Cambridge, be so good as to ask Mr. Gray when he proposes being in town: he talked of last

LETTER 1331.—<sup>1</sup> For a History of Gothic Architecture.

<sup>2</sup> Jeremiah Milles (1714-1784), Dean of Exeter, President of the Society of Antiquaries. He published in 1770 *Observations on the Wardrobe*

*Account for 1483, the Coronation of Richard III*, answered by Horace Walpole in *A Reply to the Observations of Dean Milles on the Wardrobe Account*.

month. I must beg you, too, to thank Mr. Tyson for his last letter. I can say no more to the plan than I have said. If he and Mr. Essex should like to come to town, I shall be very willing to talk it over with them, but I can by no means think of engaging in any part of the composition.

These holidays I hope to have time to range my drawings, and give Bannerman some employment towards my book—but I am in no hurry to have it appear, as it speaks of times so recent; for though I have been very tender of not hurting any living relations of the artists, the latter were in general so indifferent, that I doubt their families will not be very well content with the coldness of the praises I have been able to bestow. This reason, with my unwillingness to finish the work, and the long interval between the composition of this and the other volumes, have, I doubt, made the greatest part a very indifferent performance. An author, like other mechanics, never does well when he is tired of his profession.

I have been told that, besides Mr. Tyson, there are two other gentlemen engravers at Cambridge. I think their names are Sharp or Show, and Cobbe, but I am not at all sure of either. I should be glad, however, if I could procure any of their portraits—and I do not forget that I am already in your debt. Boydell<sup>3</sup> is going to recommence a suite of *Illustrious Heads*, and I am to give him a list of indubitable portraits of remarkable persons that have never been engraved; but I have protested against his receiving two sorts; the one, any old head of a family, when the person was moderately considerable; the other, spurious or doubtful heads; both sorts apt to be sent in by families who wish to crowd their own names into the work; as was the case more than once in Houbraken's set, and of which honest

<sup>3</sup> John Boydell (1719–1804), print publisher; elected Alderman in 1782; Lord Mayor, 1790.



Vertue often complained to me. The Duke of Buckingham, Carr, Earl of Somerset, and Thurloe<sup>4</sup>, in that list, are absolutely not genuine—the first is John Digby, Earl of Bristol.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1332. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Christmas Day.

IF poplar pines<sup>1</sup> ever grow, it must be in such a soaking season as this. I wish you would send half a dozen by some Henley barge to meet me next Saturday at Strawberry Hill, that they may be as tall as the Monument by next summer. My cascades give themselves the airs of cataracts, and Mrs. Clive looks like the sun rising out of the ocean. Poor Mr. Raftor is tired to death of their solitude; and, as his passion is walking, he talks with rapture of the brave rows of lamps all along the street, just as I used formerly to think no trees beautiful without lamps to them, like those at Vauxhall.

As I came to town but to dinner, and have not seen a soul, I do not know whether there is any news. I am just going to the Princess<sup>2</sup>, where I shall hear all there is. I went to *King Arthur*<sup>3</sup> on Saturday, and was tired to death, both of the nonsense of the piece and the execrable performance, the singers being still worse than the actors. The scenes are little better (though Garrick boasts of rivalling

<sup>4</sup> John Thurloe (1616–1668), Secretary of State; his portrait was engraved by Vertue.

LETTER 1332.—<sup>1</sup> According to Miss Berry the first poplar pine (or Lombardy poplar) raised in England was at Park Place, from a cutting brought

from Turin by the Earl of Rochford, and planted by General Conway.

<sup>2</sup> The late Princess Amelia. Walpole.

<sup>3</sup> An opera by Dryden, altered by Garrick.

the French Opera), except a pretty bridge, and a Gothic church with windows of painted glass. This scene, which should be a barbarous temple of Woden, is a perfect cathedral, and the devil officiates at a kind of high mass! I never saw greater absurdities. Adieu!

## 1333. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Dec. 29, 1770.

THE trees<sup>1</sup> came safe: I thank you for them: they are gone to Strawberry, and I am going to plant them. This paragraph would not call for a letter, but I have news for you of importance enough to dignify a dispatch. The Duc de Choiseul is fallen! The express from Lord Harcourt<sup>2</sup> arrived yesterday morning; the event happened last Monday night, and the courier set out so immediately, that not many particulars are yet known. The Duke was allowed but three hours to prepare himself, and ordered to retire to his seat at Chanteloup: but some letters say, 'il ira plus loin.' The Duc de Praslin is banished, too, and Châtelet is forbidden to visit Choiseul. Châtelet was to have had the Marine; and I am sure is no loss to us. The Chevalier de Mui is made Secretary of State *pour la guerre*; and it is concluded that the Duc d'Aiguillon is Prime Minister, but was not named so in the first hurry. There! there is a revolution! there is a new scene opened! Will it advance the war? Will it make peace? These are the questions all mankind is asking. This whale has swallowed up all gudgeon-questions. Lord Harcourt writes, that the d'Aiguillonists had officiously taken opportunities of assuring him, that if they prevailed it would be peace; but in this country we know that opponents turned ministers *can* change their

LETTER 1898. —<sup>1</sup> The Lombardy poplars. *Walpole*.

<sup>2</sup> Then Ambassador at Paris. *Walpole*.

language. It is added, that the morning of Choiseul's banishment, the King said to him, 'Monsieur, je vous ai dit que je ne voulois point la guerre.' Yet how does this agree with Francès's<sup>3</sup> eager protestations that Choiseul's fate depended on preserving the peace? How does it agree with the Comptroller-General's offer of finding funds for the war, and of Choiseul's proving he could not?—But how reconcile half the politics one hears? De Guisnes and Francès sent their excuses to the Duchess of Argyle last night; and I suppose the Spaniards, too; for none of them were there.—Well! I shall let all this bustle cool for two days; for what Englishman does not sacrifice anything to go his Saturday out of town? And yet I am very much interested in this event; I feel much for Madame de Choiseul, though nothing for her *Corsican* husband; but I am in the utmost anxiety for my dear old friend<sup>4</sup>, who passed every evening with the Duchess, and was thence in great credit; and what is worse, though nobody, I think, can be savage enough to take away her pension, she may find great difficulty to get it paid—and then her poor heart is so good and warm, that this blow on her friends, at her great age, may kill her. I have had no letter, nor had last post—whether it was stopped, or whether she apprehended the event, as I imagine—for everybody observed, on Tuesday night, at your brother's, that Francès could not open his mouth. In short, I am most seriously alarmed about her.

You have seen in the papers the designed arrangements in the law. They now say there is some hitch; but I suppose it turns on some demands, and so will be got over by their being granted.

Mr. Mason, the bard, gave me yesterday the enclosed memorial, and begged I would recommend it to you. It is

<sup>3</sup> Then the Chargé des Affaires from the French court in London. *Walpole*.

<sup>4</sup> Madame la Marquise du Deffand. *Walpole*.

in favour of a very ingenious painter. Adieu! the sun shines brightly; but it is one o'clock, and it will be set before I get to Twickenham.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1334. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday evening, Dec. 29, 1770.

WE are alarmed, or very glad, we don't know which. The Duke de Choiseul is fallen! but we cannot tell yet whether the mood of his successors will be peaceable or martial. The news arrived yesterday morning, and the event happened but last Monday evening. He was allowed but three hours to prepare for his journey, and ordered to retire to his seat at Chanteloup; but there are letters that say, 'qu'il ira plus loin.' The Duke de Praslin is banished too—a disagreeable man; but his fate is a little hard, for he was just going to resign the Marine to Châtelet, who, by the way, is forbidden to visit Choiseul. I shall shed no tears for Châtelet, the most peevish and insolent of men, our bitter enemy, and whom M. de Choiseul may thank in some measure for his fall; for I believe while Châtelet was here, he drew the Spaniards into the attack of Falkland's Island. Choiseul's own conduct seems to have been not a little equivocal. His friends maintained that his existence as a minister depended on his preventing a war, and he certainly confuted the Comptroller-General's plan of raising supplies for it. Yet, it is now said, that on the very morning of the Duke's disgrace, the King reproached him, and said, 'Monsieur, je vous avois dit, que je ne voulois pas la guerre'; and the Duke d'Aiguillon's friends have officiously whispered, that if Choiseul was out it would certainly be peace; but did not Lord Chatham, immediately before he was minister, protest not half a man should be sent to



Germany, and yet, were not all our men and all our money sent thither? The Chevalier de Muy is made Secretary at War, and it is supposed Monsieur d'Aiguillon is, or will be, the minister.

Thus Abishag<sup>1</sup> has strangled an administration that had lasted fourteen years. I am sincerely grieved for the Duchess de Choiseul, the most perfect being I know of either sex. I cannot possibly feel for her husband: Corsica is engraved in my memory, as I believe it is on your heart. His cruelties there, I should think, would not cheer his solitude or prison. In the meantime, desolation and confusion reign all over France. They are almost bankrupts, and quite famished. The Parliament of Paris has quitted its functions, and the other tribunals threaten to follow the example. Some people say that Maupeou, the Chancellor, told the King that they were supported underhand by Choiseul, and must submit if he was removed. The suggestion is specious at least, as the object of their antipathy is the Duke d'Aiguillon. If the latter should think a war a good diversion to their enterprises, I should not be surprised if they went on, especially if a bankruptcy follows famine. The new minister and the Chancellor are in general execration. On the latter's lately obtaining the *Cordon Bleu*, this epigram appeared:—

*Ce tyran de la France, qui cherche à mettre tout en feu,  
Mérite un cordon, mais je pense que ce n'est pas le cordon bleu.*

We shall see how Spain likes the fall of the author of the Family Compact. There is an Empress<sup>2</sup> will not be pleased with it, but it is not the Russian Empress; and much less the Turks, who are as little obliged to that bold man's intrigues as the poor Corsicans. How can one regret such a general *boute-feu*?

LETTER 1834.—<sup>1</sup> Madame du Barri. Walpole.

<sup>2</sup> The Empress Maria Theresa.

Perhaps our situation is not very stable neither. The world, who are ignorant of Lord Weymouth's motives, suspect a secret intelligence with Lord Chatham. Oh, let us have peace abroad before we quarrel any more at home!

Judge Bathurst is to be Lord Keeper, with many other arrangements in the law; but as you neither know the persons, nor I care about them, I shall not fill my paper with the catalogue, but reserve the rest of my letter for Tuesday, when I shall be in town. No Englishman, you know, will sacrifice his Saturday and Sunday. I have so little to do with all these matters, that I came hither this morning, and left this new chaos to arrange itself as it pleases. It certainly is an era, and may be an extensive one; not very honourable to old King Capet<sup>3</sup>, whatever it may be to the intrigues of his new ministers. The Jesuits will not be without hopes. They have a friend<sup>4</sup> that made mischief *ante Helenam*.

Jan. 1, 1771.

I hope the new year will end as quietly as it begins, for I have not a syllable to tell you. No letters are come from France since Friday morning, and this is Tuesday noon. As we had full time to reason—in the dark—the general persuasion is, that the French Revolution will produce peace—I mean in Europe—not amongst themselves. Probably I have been sending you little but what you will have heard long before you receive my letter; but no matter; if we did not chat about our neighbour Kings, I don't know how we should keep up our correspondence, for we are better acquainted with King Louis, King Carlos, and Empresses Catharine and Teresa, than you with the English that I live amongst, or I with your Florentines. Adieu!

<sup>3</sup> Louis XV. *Walpole*.

<sup>4</sup> The Duc de la Vauguyon, go-

vernor of the late Dauphin, and a protector of the Jesuits.

## 1335. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

Arlington Street, Jan. 10, 1771.

As I am acquainted with Mr. Paul Sandby<sup>1</sup>, the brother of the architect, I asked him if there was a design, as I had heard, of making a print or prints of King's College Chapel, by the King's order? He answered directly, by no means. His brother made a general sketch of the Chapel for the use of the Lectures he reads on Architecture at the Royal Academy. Thus, dear Sir, Mr. Essex may be perfectly easy that there is no intention of interfering with his work. I then mentioned to Mr. Sandby Mr. Essex's plan, which he much approved, but said the plates would cost a great sum. The King, he thought, would be inclined to patronize the work; but I own I do not know how to get it laid before him. His own artists would probably discourage any scheme that might entrench on their own advantages. Mr. Thomas Sandby, the architect, is the only one of them I am acquainted with, and Mr. Essex must think whether he would like to let him into any participation of the work. If I can get any other person to mention it to his Majesty, I will; but you know me, and that I have always kept clear of connections with courts and ministers, and have no interest with either; and perhaps my recommendation might do as much hurt as good, especially as the artists in favour might be jealous of one who understands a little of their professions, and is apt to say what he thinks. In truth, there is another danger, which is that they might not assist Mr. Essex without views of profiting of his labours. I am slightly acquainted with Mr. Chambers, the

LETTER 1335. — <sup>1</sup> Paul Sandby (1725-1809), water-colour painter and engraver. His brother was Thomas

Sandby (1721-1798), Professor of Architecture to the Royal Academy.

architect, and have a good opinion of him; if Mr. Essex approves my communicating his plan to him or Mr. Sandby, I should think it more likely to succeed by their intervention, than by any lord of the court, for, at last, the King would certainly take the opinion of his artists. When you have talked this over with Mr. Essex, let me know the result. Till he has determined, there can be no use in Mr. Essex coming to town. I am much obliged to you, as I am continually, for the trouble you have taken to procure me Mr. Orde's, Mr. Topham's, and Mr. Sharpe's prints<sup>2</sup>, and shall be very thankful for them. As to Roman antiquities, I do not collect prints of them, having engaged in too many other branches already.

Mr. Gray will bring down some of my drawings to Bannerman, and when you go over to Cambridge, I will beg you now and then to supervise him. For Mr. Bentham's book, I rather despair of it; and should it ever appear, he will have made people expect it too long, which will be of no service to it, though I do not doubt of its merit. Mr. Gray will show you my answer to Dr. Milles.

I am, dear Sir,

Your ever obliged

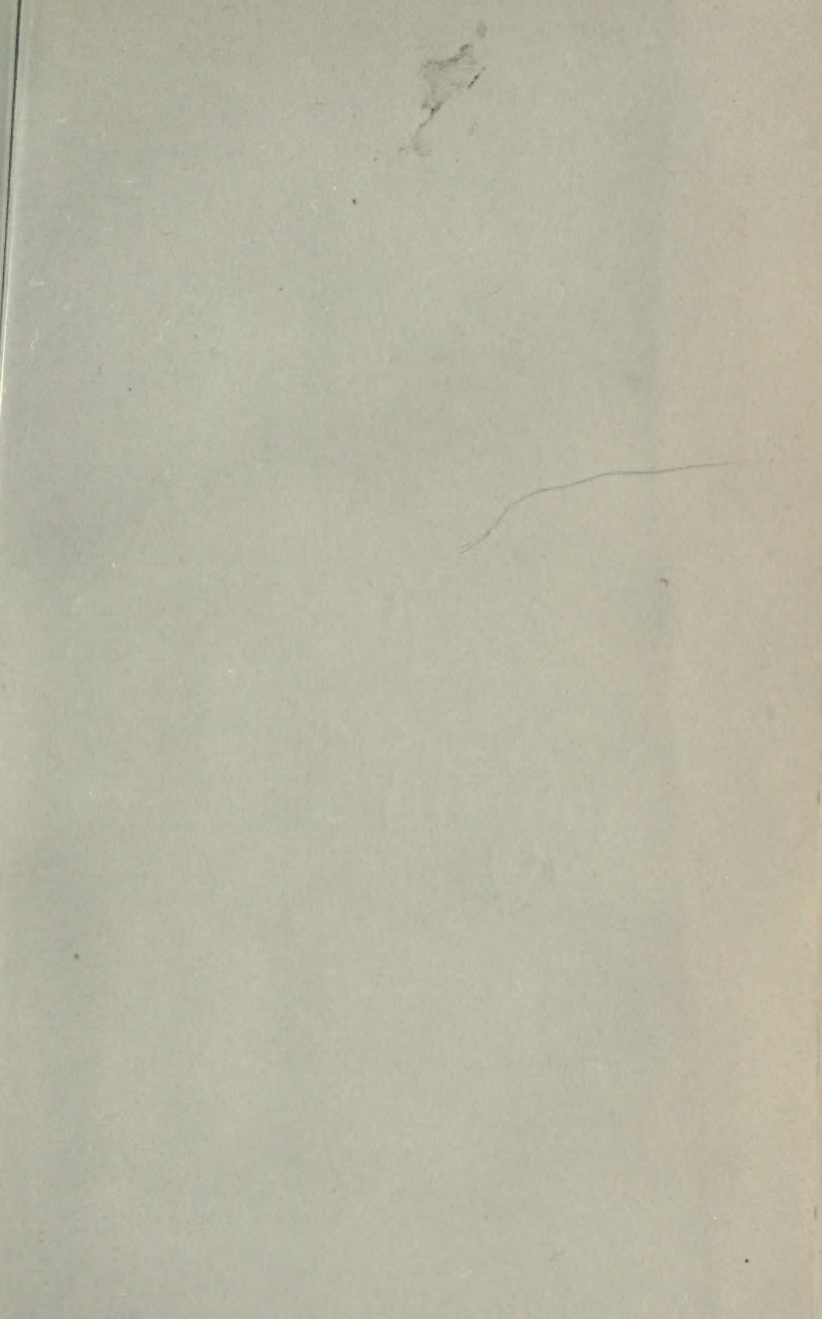
Humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps portraits of Craven Ord (1756-1832), John Topham (1746-1803), antiquaries, and the Rev. John Sharpe of Bene't (or Corpus

Christi) College, Cambridge, with all of whom Cole was likely to be acquainted.





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